Poems about Trees and Arbor Day

What does he plant who plants a tree
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,
In love of home and loyalty,
And far-cast thought of civic good
His blessing on the neighborhood.

- Charles Lathrop Pack

AN ARBOR DAY TREE
(for four small children)

ALL: "Dear little tree that we plant today,
   What will you be when we're old and gray?"

FIRST: “The savings bank of the squirrel and mouse,
   For the robin and wren an apartment house.”

SECOND: “The dressing room of the butterfly’s ball,
   The locust’s and katydid’s concert hall.”

THIRD: “The school boy’s ladder in pleasant June,
   The school girl’s tent in the July noon.”

FOURTH: “And my leaves shall whisper right menily,
   A tale of children who planted me.”

- Author Unknown

TREES OF THE FRAGRANT FOREST
(For six children. As they take their places upon the stage, those in seats recite the first stanza.)

ALL: Trees of the fragrant forest,
   With leaves of green unfurled,
   Through summer’s heat, through winter’s cold
   What do you do for our world?

FIRST: Our green leaves catch the raindrops
   That fall with soothing sound,
   Then drop them slowly, slowly down;
   ‘Tis better for the ground.

SECOND: When, rushing down the hillside,
   A mighty freshet foams,
   Our giant trunks and spreading roots
   Defend your happy homes.

THIRD: From burning heat in summer
   We offer cool retreat,
   Protect the land in winter’s storm,
   From cold, and wind, and sleet.

FOURTH: Our falling leaves in autumn,
   By breezes turned and tossed,
   Will rake a deep sponge-carpet warm,
   Which saves the ground from frost.

FIFTH: We give you pulp for paper,
   Our fuel gives you heat;
   We furnish lumber for your homes,
   And nuts and fruit to eat.

SIXTH: With strong and graceful outline,
   With branches green and bare,
   We fill the land through all the year,
   With beauty everywhere.

ALL: So listen! From the forest
   Each one a message sends
   To children on this Arbor Day:
   “We trees are your best friends!”

- Primary Education

Poems about Trees

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth’s sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

- Joyce Kilmer

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