

# Trees

Joyce Kilmer\*

Oscar Rasbach

Andante *p*

Voice

I think that I shall nev-er see

Piano

*p*

A po-em love-ly as a tree. A tree whose hungry mouth is prest —

*f*

Against the earth's sweet flow-ing breast; A tree that looks at God all

*f*

*p*

day, — And lifts her leaf-y arms to pray;

*p*

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*p*

A tree that may in summer wear                      A nest of rob-ins in her hair;

*gradually faster*

Up-on whose bos-om snow has lain;                      Who in-ti-mate-ly lives with

*gradually faster*

*f*                      *broadly*                      *f*                      *mp rit.*

rain. ——— Po-ems are made by fools like me, ——— But on-ly

*f*                      *broadly*                      *mp rit.*

God can make a tree.

*p a tempo*                      *dolce*