

SM5438

To Mrs. L. L. Krebs

# Trees

JOYCE KILMER\*

OSCAR RASBACH

Andante *p*

I think that I shall nev-er see

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

*f*

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

*p*

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

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*p*

A tree that may in sum-mer 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*