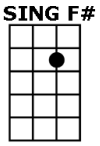
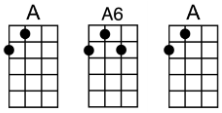
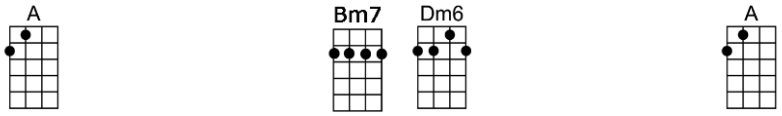


TREES w. Joyce Kilmer/m. Oscar Rasbach

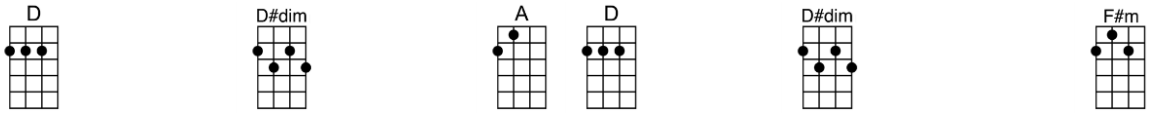
4/4 1234 (slow count)

Intro: 

(X2)



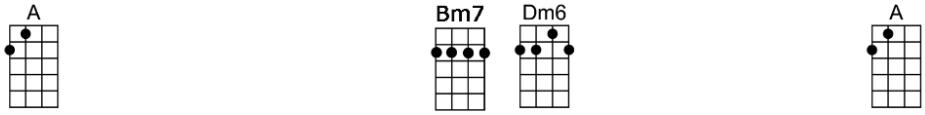
I think I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree.



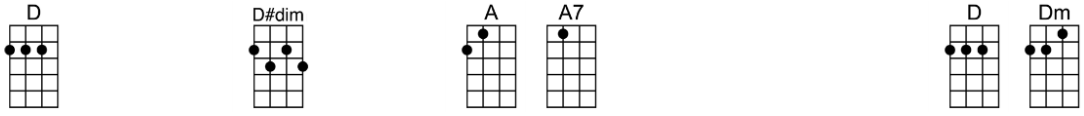
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed against the earth's sweet flowing breast

A tree that looks at God all day, and lifts her leafy arms to pray

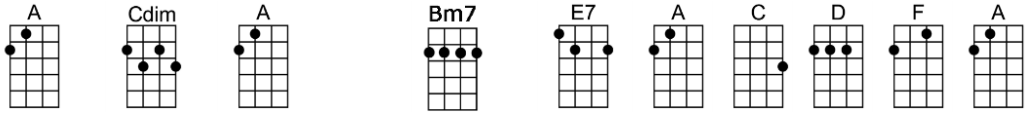
Interlude: same as intro



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

TREES w. Joyce Kilmer/m. Oscar Rasbach

4/4 1234 (slow count)

Intro: A A6 A (X2)

A Bm7 Dm6 A
I think I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree.

D D#dim A D D#dim F#m
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed against the earth's sweet flowing breast

A B7 Bm7 E7 E7+ A
A tree that looks at God all day, and lifts her leafy arms to pray

Interlude: same as intro

A Bm7 Dm6 A
A tree that may in summer wear a nest of robins in her hair

D D#dim A A7 D Dm
Upon whose bosom snow has lain, who intimately lives with rain

A Cdim A Bm7 E7 A C D F A
Poems are made by fools like me, but only God can make a tree