113854

Piano Transcription

of

TREES

A Song by

OSCAR RASBACH

Set to

JOYCE KILMER'S POEM

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree,
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
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.

Transcription by

CARL DEIS

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