

LET'S PLANT A TREE

by Aileen Fisher

It's time to plant a tree, a tree.
What shall it be? What shall it be?

Let's plant a pine—we can't go wrong:
a pine is green the whole year long.

Let's plant a maple—more than one,
to shade us from the summer sun.

Let's plant a cherry—you know why:
there's nothing like a cherry pie!

Let's plant an elm, the tree of grace,
where robins find a nesting place.

Let's plant an apple—not too small,
with flowers in spring and fruit in fall.

Let's plant a fir—so it can be
a lighted outdoor Christmas tree.

Let's plant a birch, an oak, a beech,
there's something extra-nice in each...
in winter, summer, spring or fall.

Let's plant a...

why not plant them ALL?



TREES
by Joyce Kilmer

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

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the sweet earth's 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.

VERTICAL
by Linda Pastan

Perhaps the purpose
of leaves is to conceal
the verticality
of trees
which we notice
in December
as if for the first time:
row after row
of dark forms
yearning upwards.
And since we will be
horizontal ourselves
for so long,
let us now honor
the gods
of the vertical:
stalks of wheat
which to the ant
must seem as high
as these trees do to us,
silos and
telephone poles,
stalagmites
and skyscrapers.
but most of all
these winter oaks,
these soft-fleshed poplars,
this birch
whose bark is like
roughened skin
against which I lean
my chilled head,
not ready
to lie down.

SCHOOL OUTDOOR LEARNING



INSPIRING TEACHING BEYOND THE CLASSROOM

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

by William Shakespeare

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

SCHOOL OUTDOOR LEARNING



INSPIRING TEACHING BEYOND THE CLASSROOM

I LOVE A TREE
by Samuel N. Baxter

When I pass on to my reward,
Whatever that may be,
I'd like my friends to think of me
As one who loved a tree.

I may not have a statesman's poise,
Nor thrill a crowd with speech,
But I can benefit mankind
If I set out a beech.

If I transport a sapling oak
To rear its mighty head,
'Twill shade and shelter those who
come
Long after I am dead.

If in the park I plant an elm,
Where children come to play,
To them 'twill be a childhood shrine
That will not soon decay.

Of if I plant a tree with fruit,
On which the birds may feed,
I've helped to foster feathered
friends,
And that's a worthy deed.

For winter, when the days grow
short
And spirits may run low,
I'd plant a pine upon the 'scape;
'Twould lend a cheering glow.

I'd like a tree to mark the spot
Where I am laid to rest,
To me 'twould be an epitaph
That I would love the best.

And though not carved upon a
stone
For those who come to see,
My friends would know that resting
here
Is one who loved a tree.



THE OAK

by Alfred Lord Tennyson

Live thy Life,
Young and old,
Like yon oak,
Bright in spring,
Living gold;

Summer-rich
Then; and then
Autumn-changed
Soberer-hued
Gold again.

All his leaves
Fall'n at length,
Look, he stands,
Trunk and bough
Naked strength.

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