The Single Tree

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I've waded rivers, climbed the rocks; I've sought the clouds,
envied the sky; Picked prairie flowers and wove a crown;

But the single tree caught my eye. But it was the single tree
caught my eye. My spring tree is tender and new,

Watching, sharing, young and alive; Humble leaves and branches few,
Inferior now, but soon to thrive; I gain fresh knowledge from her heart; Day and night, a work of art._
My summer tree is green and lush;_ I yearn to climb her branches still; In dappled shade are treasures found;_ Majestic time-less sentimentnel; Life depends on her pure clean air; Breathe deep, branch out in nature's prayer. My autumn tree is tall and proud, _ Crimson, orange, gold, and brown; As I grab each branch, upward bound, I feel the harsh, frigid air. Then suddenly fall's change occurs, And
vib - rant hues soon dis - ap - pear. My win - ter tree is stark and iced, Ar - rayed in nat - ure's spark - ling grip; My friend, my con - fi - dant, my soul, Sec -rets carved in each wood chip; Root -ed well but wil - ling to bend, Her his - tor - y cir - cled with - in. I love my tree, my for - est, my earth in all their glo - ry from death to birth.