

TREES

words by Joyce Kilmer
music by Oscar Rasbach (P.D.)
adapted by Tom Lehrer

I reckon I shall never see
A pome as purty as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth finds room
Against old Mother Earth's bazoom,
A tree that looks at God all day,
Because it cannot run away.
A tree that may in summer wear
A mess of buzzards in her hair,
On whose bazoom the snow has lain,
Who now and then shacks up with rain.
Pomes are made by jerks like me,
But only God ---
I said God ---
I mean God ---
Can make a tree.

Original poem by Joyce Kilmer:

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.

free sheet music for the original song may be found online, e.g., at digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu