



## The Tree

The Tree's early leaf buds were  
bursting their brown;  
"Shall I take them away?" said  
the Wind, sweeping down.

"No, leave them alone  
Till the blossoms have grown,"  
Prayed the Tree, while he trem-  
bled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and  
all the birds sung:

"Shall I take them away?" said  
the Wind, as he swung.

"No, leave them alone  
Till the blossoms have grown,"  
Said the Tree, while his leaflets  
quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the  
mid-summer glow:

Said the child, "May I gather  
thy berries now?"

"Yes, all thou canst see:  
'Take them; all are for thee,'"  
Said the Tree, while he bent  
down his laden boughs low.

—Adapted from  
*Bjornstjerne Bjornson*

