

# The Giving Tree

There's a tree outside my door,  
That offers gifts and so much more.  
Apples ripe for me to eat,  
Shade to cool me from the heat.

Branches low that I can climb,  
A perfect place to spend my time.  
Leaves that fall and twirl around,  
Landing gently on the ground.

In the autumn, colors bright,  
A wondrous and delightful sight.  
In the winter, bare but proud,  
Standing tall against the crowd.

