

# The Tree's Song

When the wind begins to sing,  
Tree trunks gently start to ring.  
Branches sway and leaves dance high,  
Underneath the bright blue sky.

Whispering secrets to the air,  
Telling tales without a care.  
Stories of the sun and rain,  
Of growth, and life, and joy, and pain.

In the night, it sings a tune,  
Softly to the rising moon.  
A lullaby so sweet and dear,  
For all who take the time to hear.

