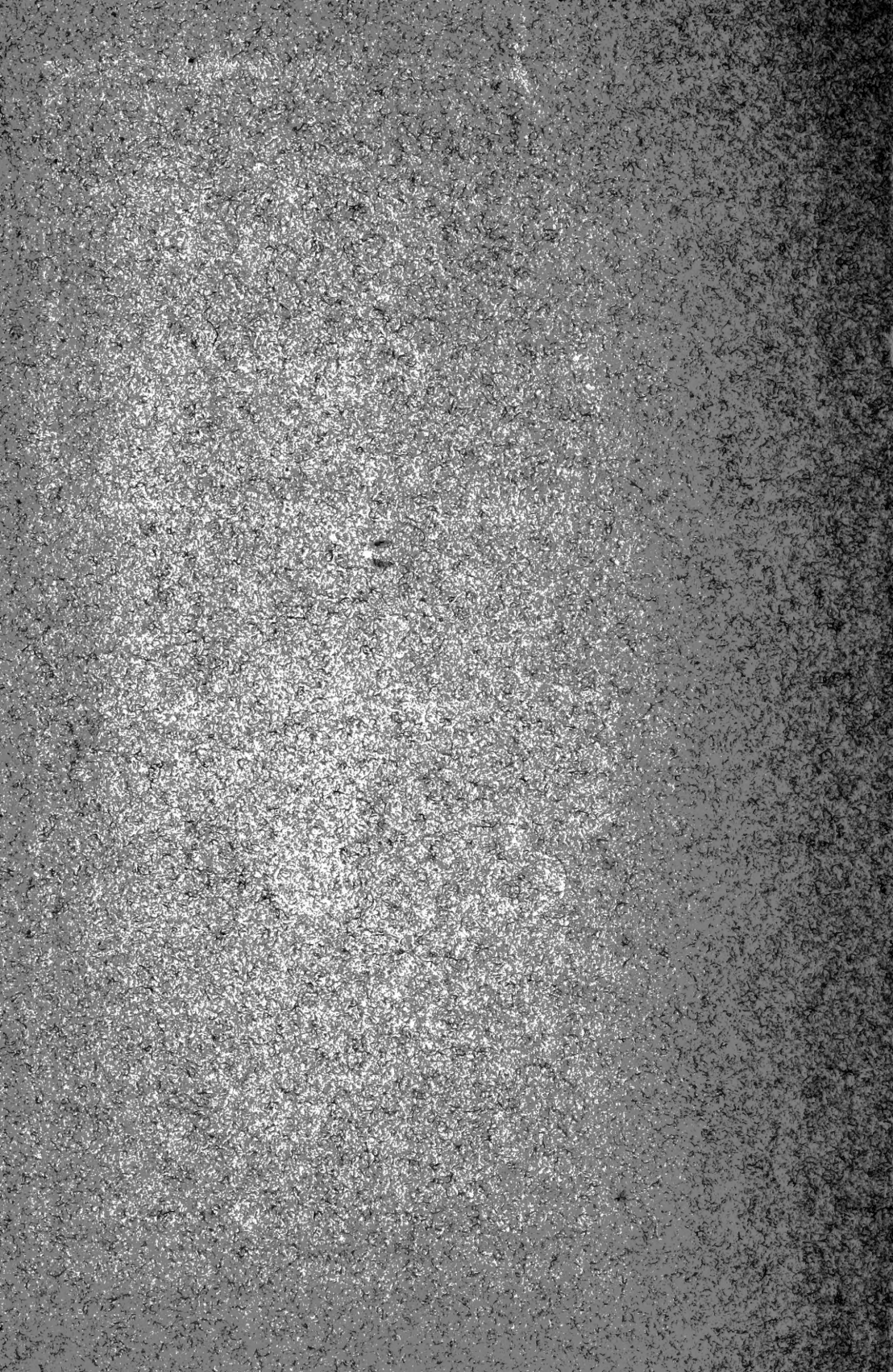


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ARBOR DAY EXERCISES



Teachers' Help Series



ARBOR DAY

EXERCISES FOR THE SCHOOL-ROOM

COMPILED BY

E. ISABEL REVELL

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

BOSTON

NEW YORK

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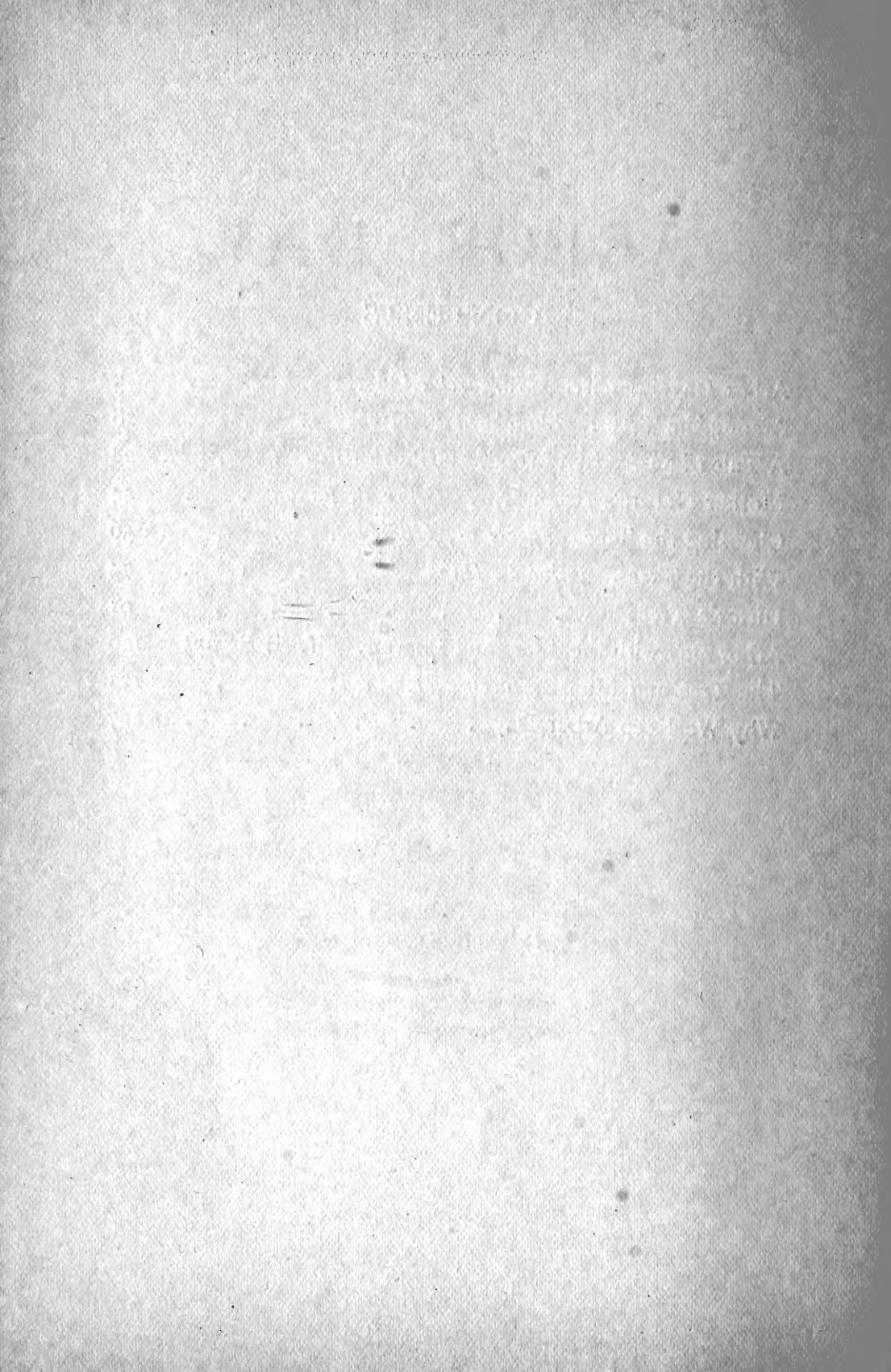
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ARBOR DAY

Arbor Day Exercise

MARGARET KIDD

(Any appropriate songs may be substituted for those given here.)

Our Neighbors

First pupil

“How in the world can I grow up,”
A tiny little seed once said,
“With all this heavy, black old earth
Crowded down upon my head?”

“I’m tired, cold and lonely, too,
Buried deep away out of sight;
There’s nothing here for me to do
And not a speck of light.”

“Stay, stay,” the other seeds cried out,
“The rest of us all know
There s plenty of work for us to do;
But first we’ll have to grow.”

“There’s work for you and there’s work for me.
Just keep on growing and you will see

What there is for all of us to do;
 What there is for me and what there is for you.

“Just bide your time, my little friend,
 And patiently, faithfully trust to the end.
 We must grow a little every day
 While in this dark, damp spot we stay.”

Second pupil

In the heart of a seed
 Buried deep, so deep,
 A dear little plant
 Lay fast asleep.

“Wake,” said the sunshine,
 “And creep to the light;”
 “Wake,” said the voice
 Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard
 And it rose to see
 What the beautiful
 Outside world might be. — *Sel.*

Third pupil

The trees are full of crimson buds
 And the woods are full of birds;
 And the water flows to music
 Like a tune with pleasant words.

— *N. P. Willis*

Fourth pupil

March! March! March! They will hurry
 Forth at the wild bugle sound.
 Blossoms and birds in a flurry
 Fluttering all over the ground.
 Hang out your flags, birch and willow!
 Shake out your red tassels, larch!
 Up, blades of grass, from your pillow,
 Hear who is calling you — March!

— *Lucy Larcom.*

Fifth pupil

Recites "Oh! you pussy willow," from "Songs and Games for Little Ones," by Jenks and Walker.

Class

Song, "Pussy Willow," from Educational Music Course.

Sixth pupil

New are the leaves on the oaken spray,
 New the blades of the silky grass;
 Flowers that were buds but yesterday,
 Peep from the ground where'er I pass.

— *Bryant*

Seventh pupil

(Recites "The Planting of the Apple Tree," by William Cullen Bryant.

Class

Song, "Swinging 'Neath the Old Apple Tree," from "The Singer."

Eighth pupil

We have a secret, just we three,
 The robin and I and the sweet cherry tree;
 The bird told the tree and the tree told me,
 And nobody knows it but just we three.

But of course the robin knows it best.
 Because he built the — I sha'n't tell the rest;
 And laid the four little — somethings in it —
 I am afraid I shall tell it every minute.

But if the tree and the robin don't peep,
 I'll try my best the secret to keep;
 Though I know when the little birds fly about,
 Then the whole secret will be out.

— From "*Little Flower Folks*"

Class

Song, "What Robin Told," from Educational Music Course.

Ninth pupil

(Recites "Sir Robin," by Lucy Larcom.)

Tenth pupil

(Recites "The Brown Thrush," by Lucy Larcom.)

Eleventh pupil

The bluebird chants from the elm's long branches
 A hymn to welcome the budding year.

The south wind wanders from field to forest,
And softly whispers, "The Spring is here."

— *Bryant*

Twelfth pupil

A Wonder Story

A bunch of dry dead leaves
To a bare, brown willow clung,
And all the winter through
In the icy breezes swung.

Even when the springtime came,
And the tree was clad in green,
Still on the topmost bough
Might the withered leaves be seen.

"If I could reach," said a boy one day,
"I'd I pluck those leaves and throw them away."
Out from the dry, dead leaves
Came a beautiful butterfly.

It fluttered from twig to twig,
And spread its wings for flight,
Leaving the child below
To marvel at the sight.

"I certainly never dreamed," said he,
That such a wonderful thing could be."

— *Sel.*

Class

Song, "Leaves at Play," from Educational Music Course.

*Thirteenth pupil***The Ripened Leaves**

Said the leaves upon the branches
 One sunny autumn day,
 "We've finished all our work, and now
 We can no longer stay.
 So our gowns of red and yellow,
 And our cloaks of sober brown
 Must be worn before the frost comes
 And we go rustling down.

"We have had a jolly summer,
 With the birds that build their nests
 Beneath our green umbrellas,
 And the squirrels that were our guests.
 But we cannot wait for winter,
 And we do not care for snow;
 When we hear the wild northwesterners
 We loose our clasp and go.

"But we hold our heads up bravely
 Unto the very last,
 And shine in pomp and splendor
 As away we flutter fast.
 In the mellow autumn noontide
 We kiss and say good-bye;
 And through the naked branches
 Then may children see the sky."

— *Margaret Sangster*

Class

Song, "Autumn Leaves," from Educational Music Course.

Fourteenth pupil

Who Loves the Trees Best?

Who loves the trees best?

"I," said the Spring.

"Their leaves so beautiful
To them I bring."

Who loves the trees best?

"I," Summer said.

"I give them blossoms,
White, yellow, red."

Who loves the trees best?

"I," said the Fall.

"I give luscious fruits,
Bright tints to all."

Who loves the trees best?

"I love them best,"

Harsh Winter answered,
I give them rest."

— *Alice May Douglas in the Independent*

Fifteenth pupil

"Time is never wasted listening to the trees," etc.

— *Lucy Larcom*

Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth pupils

We have come to tell you stories about some strange trees.

The banyan trees in India are very curious. After the branches are about twenty feet long, they bend and strike root in the ground. These send out branches which in turn bend down and strike root. In this way a whole forest has been made from one tree.

The cow tree grows in South America. Its branches are bare and appear to be dead. This, however, is not true, for if you cut little notches in the trunk, there will flow out a liquid which looks and tastes like milk. People living in the neighborhood go every morning to get their supply of milk for the day.

The cocoanut palm tree is one of the most useful of all trees. It is found in India and on the Islands in the Pacific. It is very tall, with fifteen or twenty leaves at the top, and often a cluster of nuts under the leaves.

The native builds his cabin with the wood and thatches his roof with the leaves. He makes his chairs, tables, and dishes from the shells of the nuts. He makes a pudding from the meat of the nut. He has wine from the flower stalks. When this wine sours, it is vinegar; when it is boiled, it makes sugar. From the nut he gets oil for his lamps and his cooking. He also gets soap from the oil.

The leaves of the tree furnish thread, which is woven into cloth. From these leaves are made ropes, mats, hats, brushes, and many other things.

Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first pupils

We call to your mind a few trees noted in history.

Tell story of the Washington Elm, the Charter Oak, and of Longfellow's Chestnut Tree.

Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth pupils

We have come to tell you what the poets have written about our native trees.

Celia Thaxter says:

“The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.

Longfellow mentions several kinds of wood in “Hiawatha.”

(*Recites*)

“Give me of your bark, O Birch-tree!” to
“Like a yellow water-lily.”

In his “One Hoss Shay,” Holmes writes:

“So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bend nor broke —
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these.

James Russell Lowell says of the oak:

“What gnarled stretch, what depth of shade is his
 There needs no crown to mark the forest’s king.
 How in his leaves outshines full summer’s bliss!
 Sun, storm, rain, dew, to him their tribute bring.
 How towers he, too, amid the billowed snows,
 An unequalled exile from the summer’s throne,
 Whose plain uncinctured front more kingly shows,
 Now that the obscuring courtier leaves are flown.

Class

Song, “Come to the Old Oak Tree,” from Franklin Square Song Collection.

Twenty-sixth pupil

It was once thought that the pine supply of Maine was inexhaustible, and that the same thing was true of the Adirondacks. Just before the war it was said that the timber in Michigan would last forever. In 1866, Schuyler Colfax said there never would be an end to the pine in the far West and Northwest. A report from the Forestry Bureau says we have now enough timber to last only a few years.

In the case of the Pennsylvania railroad alone, five million railroad ties have to be procured annually. In order to be sure of this supply, the company has been forced to do its own planting. It proposes to set out two million, two hundred fifty thousand red oak, Scotch pine, chestnut, locust, and catalpa trees. This will cover about a thousand acres of land. The Scotch pine and red oak

trees will not be large enough to cut for thirty or forty years.

Twenty-seventh pupil

Large numbers of fir trees are cut every year and used for Christmas trees. American buyers have found it is much cheaper to get their trees from Canada than from Maine. The cutting this year reached larger proportions than ever before. Almost every village had its small bands of men who cut trees in the woods and sold them to the agents. Some of the dealers at the railroad stations had orders for twenty-five thousand trees. In New Brunswick alone, over one hundred fifty thousand trees were sold.

Twenty-eighth pupil

Districts which have been cleared are not so warm as before wood was cut, and this has caused a failure in the crops. In northern Illinois, the peach crops were seriously injured. Winter wheat was killed in open fields but saved where it was protected.

To prevent loss and unnecessary destruction of trees, the government has taken the matter in hand and has urged all persons to exercise the greatest care and watchfulness.

To this end, Arbor Day has been established. On this day, which is generally the last Saturday in April, many new trees are set out and we are brought to realize the great benefits which come to us from the forests.

Twenty-ninth pupil

Did you ever stop to think of the many ways in which we use the wood after the trees are cut down?

We must have fuel, houses, furniture, vessels, cars, wagons, toys, tools, and numerous other things.

Lumbermen cut the trees, sawmills buzz, buzz, buzz, cutting the trees into boards and then the carpenter hammers, saws, and planes to make the many, many things which we really need.

Class

Song, "The Carpenter," from Songs and Music of Froebel's Mother Play.

Thirtieth pupil

Lucy Larcom says:

"He who plants a tree,
 He plants love;
 Tents of coolness spreading out above
 Wayfarers he may not live to see.
 Gifts that grow are best;
 Hands that bless are blest;
 Plant; Life does the rest!
 Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
 And its work its own reward shall be."

Thirty-first pupil

Holmes says:

"When we plant a tree we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling

place for those who come after us, if not for ourselves. As you drop the seed, as you plant the sapling, your left hand hardly knows what your right hand is doing. But Nature knows, and in due time the power that sees and works in secret will reward you openly.”

Class

Song, “America.”

Among the Trees

An Arbor Day Program

Arranged by BLANCHARD F. HICKS

(*Scenery* — The back curtain may be white, or sky blue, or of cheese-cloth covered with wall paper having a woods effect. Arrange a back row of small trees or shrubs, and a front row (or semi-circle), leaving an open space between the rows. Use scantling to fasten the bottom of the trees to the floor, and fine wire to steady the tops. Use trees without lower branches for the middle trees in the front row. Cover the floor with pine needles, leaves, dry moss, lawn mowings, etc. A row of small bushes in front will help. For early spring use, have the leafless trees the least prominent, and the evergreen trees, vines, etc., the most prominent.

Instead of "The Beautiful Woods" and "The Brave Old Oak," any other appropriate songs may be given.)

I. The Talking Trees

(*A child standing behind or near each tree recites the selection for the tree.*)

All

Song, "The Beautiful Woods."

The Talking Trees

Pine

To tell my name, behold I'm here,
And speak the first in line,

My green plumes waving in the breeze,
A tall and stately pine.

And I tell of constancy. In my sweet voice
I whisper of hope till sad mortals rejoice.

Beech

So high, they seem to touch the sky,
My spreading branches reach,
From mossy woods and bosky dells,
I come to you — the beech.

And I, with my branches wide-spreading and low,
Awake in your heart hospitality's glow.

Elm

I am the Elm. On sunny slopes
My graceful form is seen,
Or, like a sentinel, I stand
In meadows fair and green.

The elm teaches you to be pliant yet true,
Though bowed by rude winds, it still rises anew.

Maple

In groves, on hillsides, fields, and plains
My form you'll often see,
Or standing by your happy homes,
A goodly maple tree.

You should learn from the maple, that beauty, to win
The love of all hearts, must have sweetness within.

Birch

My home is on the mountain side,
There, like a bird, I perch,
And, like a silver column, gleams
My trunk — I'm the white birch.

And I in my wrappings of silvery gray
Show that beauty needs not to make gorgeous display.

Fir

A stately balsam fir am I,
With healing in my breath;
From mountain and from forest dim
I come to vanquish Death.

From the rough, rocky hills where I grew in scant soil
I come to reveal how you'll win by hard toil.

Cedar

In mossy swamps and ferny bogs
My form you'll often see;
From there I come to you to-day,
A Christmas cedar tree.

We firm-rooted cedars, like sentries of old,
Show that virtues deep-rooted may also be bold.

Oak

I come, a tall and sturdy oak,
 Whose praises poets sing,
 And eager children seek to find
 The treasures that I bring.

You are taught by the oak to be rugged and strong
 In defense of the right; in defiance of wrong.

— *Adapted from The Talking Birds, Lizzie M. Hadley,*
and What the Trees Teach Us, Helen O. Hoyt
(Rhode Island Arbor Day Manual, 1906)

(In the above stanzas other trees may often be substituted.)

All

Song, "The Brave Old Oak." — *Franklin Square*
Collection, No. 2.

II. The Children's Visit

(*All enter singing*)

The Grand Old Trees

(TUNE — "There's Music in the Air")

We love the grand old trees,
 With the oak, their royal king,
 And the maple, forest queen,
 We to her homage bring.
 And the elm with stately form,
 Long withstanding wind and storm,

Pine, low whispering to the breeze,
O we love the grand old trees!

We love the grand old trees —
The cedar bright above the snow,
The poplar straight and tall,
And the willow weeping low.
Butternut and walnut, too,
Hickory so staunch and true,
Basswood blooming for the bees,
O we love the grand old trees!

We love the grand old trees —
The tulip branching broad and high,
The beech with shining robe,
And the birch so sweet and shy,
Aged chestnuts, fair to see,
Holly bright with Christmas glee,
Laurel crown for victories,
O we love the grand old trees!

— *Journal of Education*

Choosing the Tree

(*Leader recites*)

Come, happy children, with footsteps light,
To the cool green woods this way!
Let us choose a tree that is young and strong
To plant on Arbor Day.

Shall it be the beech with its folded leaves
And its trunk so rough and brown?

Or the maple whose crimson blossoms burn,
While softly drifting down?

Here is the chestnut that turns to gold
When the summer days are dead,
And here the oak that then shall wear
A robe of russet red.

Here are the linden's pointed buds,
And the sweet gum's spicy smell,
And the graceful elm whose drooping boughs
The bluebirds love so well.

The silver birch, like a white clad ghost,
'Mid the other trees is seen;
And the wild plum drops her blossoms now,
To open leaves of green.

Which shall it be, oh, children dear?
We may choose whate'er we will,
For a hundred others as fair as these
Are left in the forest still.

— *Angelina W. Wray* (*Rhode Island Manual*, 1902)

First pupil

I speak for the elm. It is a noble tree. It has the shape of a Greek vase and such rich foliage running down the trunk to the very roots, as if a vine were wreathed about it.

Second pupil

My favorite is the maple. What a splendid cupola of leaves it builds up into the sky. And in the autumn its crimson is so rich, one might call it the blush of the woods.

Third pupil

The birch is the tree for me. How like a shaft of ivory it gleams in the daylight woods! How the moonlight turns it into pearl!

Fourth pupil

What a tree is the oak! First a tiny needle, rising toward the sun, a wreath of green to endure for ages. The child gathers the violet at its foot; as a boy, he pockets the acorns; as a man, he looks at its towering heights and makes it the emblem of his ambition.

Fifth pupil

The oak may be the king of the lowlands, but the pine is the king of the hills. There he lifts his haughty head like a warrior, and when he is aroused to meet storm, the battle cry he sends down the wind is heard above all the voices of the greenwood.

— *Selections (Rhode Island Manual, 1906)*

Leader (giving a reason for a certain choice)

Shall we choose that this year?

Chorus

Yes.

(*March off singing*)

An Ode for Arbor Day

(TUNE—“Ring the bells of Heaven”—Gospel Hymn)

Raise a song of gladness on this festal day,
Which shall be a forest symphony,
Chiming with the music of melodious May,
Sung in honor of each growing tree.

Chorus

Happy, happy with the joys of spring,
Gayly, gayly, our delights we sing.
Children blest of Heaven, who so glad as we,
Pealing forth the anthem of the free?

Maker of each glory of our native land,
May each form of beauty which we see,
In the pleasant meadow and the forest grand,
Lift our souls to higher thoughts of Thee.

Chorus

— *Parr Harlow (Rhode Island Manual, 1900)*

III. Recitation During the Planting

A strong, fair shoot from the forest bring,
Gently the roots in the soft earth lay;
God bless with His sunshine, and wind, and rain
The tree we are planting on Arbor Day.

May it greenly grow for a hundred years,
 And our children's children around it play,
 Gather the fruit and rest in the shade
 Of the tree we are planting on Arbor Day.

So may our lives be an upward growth,
 In wisdom's soil every rootlet lay;
 May every tree bear some precious fruit,
 Like the tree we plant on Arbor Day.

— *Arbor Day Manual*

A Song for Arbor Day

TUNE — "America"

Strike deep thy rootlets down,
 Spread forth thy leafy crown,
 Make fair this place,
 Richly by nature blest.
 Shelter the song-bird's nest,
 Shadow the traveler's rest,
 With airy grace.

Upright as truth, O tree,
 Wide-spread as charity,
 Rooted in love.
 Though skies be blue or gray,
 Reach farther day by day,
 Bare boughs or leaves of May
 Ever above.

When hands that turn this soil
Rest from life's care and toil,
Let thy leaves fall;
Russet, or red, or gold,
Covering the barren mold
With beauty fold on fold;
Heaven over all.

— *Martha J. Hawkins (Rhode Island Manual, 1904)*

A Tale of an Ancient Wood

ALICE E. ALLEN

The characters chosen for this Arbor Day Play are as follows:

- CHERRY — the Wild Cherry Tree.
- ALADDIN — with his sunbeam lamp.
- BABES IN THE WOOD — Johnny-Jump-Up and Violet Blue.
- LITTLE MEN IN GREEN (2) — Small Spruce and Pine Trees.
- CURLY LOCKS — Alder Tree.
- COCK ROBIN — the Little Bird Who Told.
- BOY BLUES — Willow Trees with whistles.
- RED RIDING HOODS — Maple Trees with keys.
- DRYADS (2) — Arbor Day's Waiting Maids.
- CINDERELLA — Arbor Day.

There should be as many Boy Blues as Red Riding Hoods — the number of each to depend upon the number of children taking part.

Cinderella may be the tiniest girl of the grade or school.

Except the shoe provided for Cinderella, no costuming is necessary, although, of course, appropriate costumes may be devised if desired. Use real cones, maple-keys, and whistles, if available. If not, toy guns, real keys, and whistles of any description may be substituted. Any bright little lamp or pretty lantern may be used for Aladdin. In the centre of stage is the orchid or lady's slipper, which is Cinderella's shoe. For the real orchid is substituted a small slipper with high heel, fluffy bow, or pretty buckle. It is hung tip-tilted from a small bough, and seems to be growing from the ground. The slipper is pale yellow and should fit Cinderella's foot. It must resemble, as nearly as possible, in all but size, a real orchid.

Any woody stage decoration that suggests itself may be carried out in green and brown, with as many real boughs as possible. The children as Trees stand in pretty groups about the stage. Maples

form background; at left are the Willows, the Alder, who sits on the ground with Cock Robin near by; at the right the Evergreens and the Wild Cherry. The Babes in the Wood lie asleep on ground at right of centre. Cinderella is hidden among the Maples; the Dryads are on either side of her; Aladdin is invisible until his part is taken. (If desired, Cherry may try slipper on foot of Violet Blue, Curly Locks, and a Red Riding Hood, but without success.)

(With a blast of whistles from the Willows, one of them comes forward and with a flourish recites the Prologue of the Play.)

Prologue

Once on a time, in the good green wood,
 Where Trees, big, little, and middle-sized, stood,
 Queen Arbor Day, in a leaf-green gown,
 A leaf-green sash and a leaf-green crown,
 Running along through the moss and the dew
 Lost off her tiny golden shoe,
 And searching for it — little Tree-Elf —
 Straightway, she lost her own sweet self.
 Then all the Trees of the good green wood
 Fell fast asleep just where they stood,
 The flowers slept, too, and the little streams
 Murmured sometimes in their happy dreams,
 Till one glad day, in a sun-gold hour,
 That little lost shoe turned into a flower!
 And all the Trees of the forest woke
 And into music and motion broke,
 And the Cherry Tree in the moss and dew,
 Where close beside her it gaily grew,
 Spied the dainty flower like a lady's shoe.

With the lady's slipper away she went —
 To find its owner her sweet intent,
 Of the happy happenings that then befell,
 This Tale of the Ancient Wood shall tell,
 And of how at last, in a magic way,
 Under the Oak Tree where she lay,
 The Trees of the wood found Arbor Day!

(With another shrill blast of the whistles, Willow takes his place among the other Trees and Cherry comes forward. She sees the shoe, examines it prettily, hesitates, finally picks it off, and measures it to her own foot, for which it is too small. With it in her hand she starts out; she looks to right and left, she turns and retraces her steps — in fact, here and throughout play, make the search for Arbor Day as real as may be. Aladdin appears at right of stage, carrying lamp, overtakes Cherry.)

Cherry, Cherry, so Contrary

(To be given by Aladdin and Cherry, with appropriate motions throughout.)

Aladdin

Cherry, Cherry, so contrary,
 How does your garden grow?

Cherry (showing shoe)

With leaf-like bow and petaled toe,
 And slippers in a row.

Aladdin (examining shoe)

Cherry, Cherry, so contrary,
Who wears such slippers, pray?

Cherry

Along her way, buds open gay —
I think 'twas Arbor Day.

Aladdin (lighting lamp)

Cherry, Cherry, so contrary,
I'll light my sunbeam lamp.

Cherry

Dry days and damp, where fairies camp,
To find her we will tramp.

Aladdin

Cherry, Cherry, so contrary,
Should other sprites arise? —

Cherry (holding up shoe)

By shape and size, this shoe so wise
Its foot will recognize.

(Aladdin rubs lamp and lifts it high. Hand in hand he and Cherry set out. As they come upon the Babes in the Wood, Willows softly whistle air, "Comin' Through the Rye." When light of Aladdin's lamp falls over them, Babes wake instantly, and hand in hand spring to feet, courtesy and sing.)

The Babes in the Wood

(TUNE — "Comin' Through the Rye")

(With pretty pantomime of tossing tennis balls)

Johnny Jump Up and his sister,
 Little Violet Blue,
 Played at tennis in the forest
 All the springtime through;
 Sunbeams were their dainty rackets,
 Nets were cobwebs new,
 And their fragile balls were only
 Drops of silver dew.

(Their heads close together, they fall asleep, singing drowsily)

Johnny Jump Up and his sister,
 When their play was done,
 Lay them down in tiny cradles
 Out of mosses spun,
 Lay them down and soon were sleeping
 In the setting sun,
 While the red leaves fell about them
 Slowly one by one.

Trees (sing softly in sing-song, with gestures of rocking, scattering leaves, etc.)

"Rock-a-by, Baby,
 Under the trees,"
 Sang the tall maples
 Stirred by the breeze,
 "Winter shall fold you

Safe where you lie,
Till spring awakes you —
Hush — rock-a-by."

Johnny and Violet (waking up and resuming play with tennis balls)

Johnny Jump Up and his sister
All the winter long,
Through their dreaming heard the murmur
Of the forest's song,
Heard the footsteps all about them
Of the snowflake throng,
Then all sounds were merged in April's
Summons, clear and strong:

Trees (joyously)

"Wake up, wee blossom,
Babes of the Wood,"
Sang all the maples
In tender mood,
"Wake, it is morning —
Morning and May —
Wake, little blossoms,
Find Arbor Day!"

(Johnny Jump Up and Violet takes places back of Cherry and Aladdin; Aladdin rubs his lamp and the search is resumed. After a minute, Trees hum lightly melody of "Rig-a-Jig" (well-known college air), and Two Little Men in Green strut jauntily forward, each with large cone carried as gun. They sing:)

Little Men in Green

(TUNE — “Rig-a-Jig”)

Two little men in green are we —

(*One after another touches breast and bows*)

Just look at me — and likewise me —

All winter to be seen are we —

(*As above*)

Just me — and likewise me.

Chorus

Rig-a-jig-jig, in our jaunty rig,

First

I'm *spruce* and fine,

Second

I always *pine*,

Both

Rig-a-jig--jig, in our jaunty rig —

We're little men in green.

Two hunters clad in green are we —

Just look at me — and likewise me —

Out hunting for our Queen are we —

Just me — and likewise me.

Chorus

For Arbor Day in our bright array,

First

So *spruce* and fine,

Second

For her I *pine*,

Both

For Arbor Day in our bright array —

We're little men in green.

The forest's valiant sons are we —
 Just look at me — and likewise me —
 Two handy little guns have we —
 Just me — and likewise me.

(Raising and firing guns)

	Rig-a-jig-jig, so true and trig —
<i>First</i>	Now, clickity, click —
<i>Second</i>	And bang! so quick —
<i>Both</i>	Rig-a-jig-jig, so true and trig —
	We're little men in green.

(Give brisk drill with guns if desired. At close fall in line behind others. Trees hum music below. Search continues until Curly Locks is found twining her tresses, Cock Robin behind her.)

Curly Locks



Curly Locks and Cock Robin (with humming accompaniment by Trees)

(Slur last two notes in seventh measure)

Down beside the river
 Where the tall reeds quiver,
 All day long a fairy sits and rocks,
 Golden curls about her —
 You can scarcely doubt her
 Dainty little name is Curly Locks.

But the breeze that searches
 Through the tall white birches,
 Told a bird and he told me,
 That this woodland fairy
 With her tresses airy,
 After all is but an Alder Tree.

(Curly Locks and Cock Robin take places; search is resumed. Humming and whistling air on next page, Boy Blues and Red Riding Hoods trip gaily forward—two and two—each Boy Blue leading a Red Riding Hood. Boy Blues—with accompaniment of whistles—sing)

A Tale of Little Boy Blue

Long, long ago — or so they say —
 Boy Blue slept sound upon the hay —
 And on that morn,
 He lost his horn —
 Thus he lost his little tinkling silver horn.

The image shows a musical score for a piece in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of seven staves of music. The first four staves are the main melody, and the last three are the chorus. The chorus is marked 'CHORUS.' and begins with a repeat sign. The melody is simple and catchy, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

Chorus

All

Tinkle, tinkle, silver horn —
 Poor Boy Blue, poor Boy Blue,
 Tinkle, tinkle, silver horn —
 What will Boy Blue do?

So hard he wept — or so they say —
 Upon that mound of fragrant hay,
 That straightway he
 Became a tree —
 Thus he was at once a weeping willow tree.

Chorus

Tinkle, tinkle, silver horn —
 Poor Boy Blue, poor Boy Blue, etc.

When now a willow bough you take,
 And out of it a whistle make,
 Sure as you're born
 'Tis Boy Blue's horn —
 Thus he finds again his tinkling silver horn.

Chorus

Tinkle, tinkle, silver horn —
 Glad Boy Blue, glad Boy Blue,
 Tinkle, tinkle, silver horn —
 Hark! he pipes to you!

(Repeat chorus, whistling air. At close Red Riding Hoods sing softly with pretty motions.)

A Queer Little Red Riding Hood

'Tis said once the dear little Red Riding Hood
 Stayed out in the dark of the big quiet wood,
 What straight-away happened is strange as can be —



For she was, in a twinkling, turned into a tree —
A slim little, trim little, prim maple tree.

The sunshine falls round her in soft golden floods,
Her red riding hood is all cut up in buds,
No butter she carries, but sugar — you'll see —
Yes, and always in springtime a little gold key —
Just her own little, slim little, prim little key.

Oh, should you discover in some happy hour,
Dear Arbor Day's own little leaf-shaded bower,
If you can't get in, ask a red maple tree,
And perhaps she will lend you her own little key —
Just her own little, slim little, trim little key.

(*Red Riding Hoods and Boy Blues fall into line — two and two — behind others. To music below, Dryads dance lightly forward. The following song is given with suitable motions and gestures to interpret words*)

The Lady's Slipper

CHARLES E. BOYD

Dryads

What seek you, gay folk of the wood,
Little Boy Blue and Red Riding Hood?

Wood Folk

The Queen o' the May —
She's our own Arbor Day —

She surely must soon come this way — this way —
All She surely must soon come this way.

Dryads

Two jolly oak Dryads are we —
 And her little hand-maids as you see.

Wood Folk

In dingle or dell
 Where, oh, where does she dwell? —
 Oh, Dryads, now please, won't you tell — do tell —

All (Dryads, one to the other)

Oh, Dryads, now please won't you tell?

Dryads

Somewhere in the wood, to her cost,
 She one pretty gold slipper has lost —

(Revealing Arbor Day asleep)

In this covert deep
 Where she sat down to weep,

(Very softly, with gesture of "Hush"!)

Just see — she has fallen asleep — asleep —

All (clustering eagerly about)

Just see — she has fallen asleep!

Wood Folk

- ¹ A wee lady's slipper we bear
 Surely none but a fairy could wear,
² Toot, merry horns, toot,
 For it fits her wee foot —
³ 'Tis Arbor Day's own little boot — her boot —
 'Tis Arbor Day's own little boot!

1 Cherry lifts slipper high.

2 Cherry kneels down, slips slipper carefully on Arbor Day's foot. Aladdin, meanwhile, lifts lamp and rubs it; Boy Blues blow soft blast on whistles; Maples lift keys and turn them, as if in lock; all watch eagerly.

3 Arbor Day awakes, springs to her feet, gazes at her feet, recognizes her lost slipper, claps hands, and with a Dryad on either side, leads all the others to central position for closing chorus.

When Arbor Day Awakes

(TUNE — "The Lorelei")

All (with gay dance at close if desired)

When willows have sounded their whistles
 To wake the woodland flowers,
 When pine-cones have fired out their missiles
 And maple-keys fall in showers,
 When sunbeams light hillside and hollow,
 When robin his silence breaks,
 And all of the wood voices follow —
 Then Arbor Day awakes.

When everywhere buds are a-quiver,
When alder wakes from her dream
And bends o'er the edge of the river
To see herself in the stream,
When, out of an orchard soft yellow,
For Arbor Day, April makes
A slipper — 'twould fit Cinderella
Then Arbor Day awakes!

Mother Nature's Arbor Day

GRACE B. FAXON

A tall girl is chosen to represent Mother Nature. She may be dressed in a long, clinging gown of green or brown cambric with cap of the same on flowing hair.

(Mother Nature takes center of platform. Children enter in two files and march down right and left of platform. They close at back centre of platform, forming a semi-circle. Each child carries a small branch. They sing as they file in.)

Arbor Day Hymn

(TUNE — "Hold the Fort")

Friends and parents gather with us,
In our school to-day,
Thoughts of groves and tangled wildwoods,
In our minds hold sway.

Chorus

Let us try to save the forests,
Clothing hill and dale;
Revel in the spicy fragrance
That their depths exhale.

Lofty firs and murmuring pine trees
Shading mountain's crest,

Are the growths of weary ages,
For them we protest.

Chorus

Spare these trees, O thoughtless woodman,
Hew but what you need;
They give balms to vagrant breezes,
For their lives we plead.

Giant oaks in sunny pastures
Cast their pleasant shade;
Maples clad in gold and crimson
Cheer the darkened glade.

Chorus

Spare these trees, O thoughtless woodman,
Hew but what you need;
They give shade and brilliant beauty,
For their lives we plead.

Heralded in leafy banners,
Seasons four we greet;
Every bough a sacred temple
For the song-birds sweet.

Chorus

Beauty, balms and shade they give us,
Spare our forests fair!
Cut and cull with thought and wisdom,
Other's wastes repair.

Let each one who gathers with us,
 See in treelets small,
 Shade and song and fairest landscape
 Rise at Future's call.

Chorus

Spare the trees and guard the treelets,
 Lest our fair land be
 In the future shorn of beauty,
 Robbed of every tree.

Mother Nature

Well, children, I am glad you have responded so quickly
 to my call. Your faces all look bright as if this day meant
 much to you.

Children (in chorus)

It does, Mother Nature.

Mother Nature

But I called upon you because I wanted you to plant
 another tree for me. Did you all forget to bring the tree?
 Ah, this is sad!

Children (in chorus)

Here it comes, Mother Nature.

*(Enter boy carrying a small tree which may be placed
 in a tub or pail. He sets it at the feet of Mother Nature
 and takes his place in semi-circle.)*

Mother Nature

Bless your hearts! This is indeed a tree. You have chosen well. Before we have our planting let us talk about the good this tree may bring to us and others, for "What do we plant when we plant the tree?"

Children

We plant the houses for you and me,
 We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
 We plant the studding, the laths, the doors,
 The beams and siding, all parts that be;
 We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
 A thousand things that we daily see.
 We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
 We plant the staff for our country's flag,
 We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;
 We plant all these when we plant the tree.

Mother Nature

Yes, "we plant all these when we plant the tree."

First pupil

He who plants a tree
 Plants a joy;
 Plants a comfort that will never cloy.
 Every day a fresh reality,
 Beautiful and strong,

To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.

— *Lucy Larcom*

Second pupil

Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are ever a new delight.

— *Stoddard*

Third pupil

He who plants a tree,
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.

Fourth pupil

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou would'st forget;
If thou would'st read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

— *Longfellow*

Fifth pupil

Give fools their gold; give knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

— *J. G. Whittier*

Sixth pupil

The blue-bird chants from the elm's long branches
A hymn to welcome the budding year;

The south wind wanders from field to forest,
 And softly whispers, "The spring is here."
 — *W. C. Bryant*

Seventh pupil

Among the beautiful pictures
 That hang on memory's wall,
 Is one of a dim old forest,
 That seemeth best of all.

— *Alice Cary*

Eighth pupil

A song to the old oak! — the brave old oak!
 Who hath ruled in the greenwood long.
 Here's health and renown to his broad, green crown,
 And his fifty arms so strong.

— *Chorley*

Ninth pupil

The happy hearts that meet to-day
 In loving band, are drawn more near
 By the loving end that crowns our work,
 Planting trees for a future year.

— *Wright*

Tenth pupil

The groves were God's first temples.

— *Bryant*

Eleventh pupil

Time is never wasted listening to the trees;
 If to heaven as grandly we arose as these,
 Holding to each other half the kindly grace
 Haply we were worthier of our human place.

— *Lucy Larcom*

Twelfth pupil

As the leaves of trees are said to absorb all noxious qualities of the air, and to breathe forth a purer atmosphere, so it seems to me as if they drew from us all sordid and angry passions, and breathed forth peace and philanthropy.

— *Washington Irving*

Thirteenth pupil

In fact there's nothing that keeps its youth
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.

— *O. W. Holmes*

Fourteenth pupil

In June 'tis good to be beneath a tree,
While the blithe season comforts every sense;
Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals the heart,
Brimming it o'er with sweetness unawares,
Fragrant and silent as that rosy snow
Wherewith the pitying apple tree fills up
And tenderly lines some last year's robin's nest.

— *Lowell*

Fifteenth pupil

Arbor Day is for the study of Nature, and for assisting Nature in pleasing mankind. As you plant a tree or a flower remember that you are likewise planting a thought in your life, which will become fragrant and fruitful if it be planted in good soil. — *Frank J. Browne*

Sixteenth pupil

Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees
Rocked in the cradle of the western breeze.

— *Cowper*

Seventeenth pupil

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture in the lonely shore,
 There is a society where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
 I love not man the less, but nature more.

— *Byron*

Eighteenth pupil

And this one life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
 Sermons in stones and good in everything.

— *Shakespeare*

Nineteenth pupil

Gifts that grow are best,
 Hands that bless are blest;
 Plant: Life does the rest!
 Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
 And his work its own reward shall be.

Twentieth pupil

“A tree,” says Pope, “is a nobler object than a king
 in his coronation robes.”

Twenty-first pupil

Come, let us plant the apple tree;
 Cleave the tough greensward with the spade:
 Wide let its hollow bed be made;
 There gently lay the roots, and there
 Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
 And press it o'er them tenderly —

As round the sleeping infant's feet
 We softly fold the cradle sheet,
 So plant we the apple tree.

— *W. C. Bryant*

(Children, taking hold of hands, circle around Mother Nature and tree, singing.)

(TUNE — “Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean”)

The tree we are planting on this day
 Is chosen with tenderest care;
 May beauty adorn it hereafter,
 And clothe it with usefulness rare.
 May green leaves appearing each springtime
 Be leaves of the fair book of fame,
 And spread to the breezes the story,
 Extolling the new-given name.

The tree is an emblem of greatness,
 As, springing from one tiny seed,
 It mounts ever upward and onward,
 An emblem of greatness, indeed!
 The birds sing its praises to others,
 The winds carry swiftly the tale,
 The tree is the monarch of forest,
 Of hill, valley, greenwood and dale.

Chorus Recitation

(With motions)

- ¹ Nature's children, beautiful trees!
- ² Whose branches bow to the gentle breeze;

3 Maple, beech, oak, and elm,
 4 In every country, in every realm;
 5 In lonely valley, on mountain side,
 6 They tower aloft in stately pride,
 7 In pasture, meadow, and forest dell,
 8 Dear old landmarks! we love them well.

9 Where would the birds build their curious nests,
 10 Humming-bird, oriole, robin red-breast?
 Away from the school-boy's eyes so keen,
 11 Safe in the tree-top's leafy screen.
 12 How could we build our houses grand,
 If trees grew not in every land?
 13 Our beautiful trees, stately and tall,
 Must help to build school-house, church and hall.

1. Hands clasped over head.
2. Sway body forward and back.
3. Point right, palm down.
4. Arms at fullest length out from shoulder, palm down.
5. Right hand out, palm down, level with waist-line; gradually ascend.
6. High oblique.
7. Coming slowly down to waist level.
8. Keep right hand at front; bring left to chest.
9. Turn right hand over, so palm is up.
10. Point right.
11. Point high.
12. Bring hand down, turn palm up.
13. Clasp hands over head.

Mother Nature

Come, children, we must not delay longer. Let us go at once to the place we have selected for our tree, and carefully plant it.

(Children fall into two lines. A boy takes the tree and he and Mother Nature walk last. All sing the following song, the first verse being sung before starting and the last off the platform, the voices gradually growing fainter.)

The Planting of the Tree

(TUNE — "Auld Lang Syne")

In soil the dearest and the best
 On which the sun can shine,
 We plant thee, tree, in hope to-day,
 Oh, let our cause be thine!
 Strike down thy roots, wax wide and tall,
 That all this truth may know,
 Thou art our type of future power;
 Like thee, we, too, shall grow.

Chorus

Like thee, we, too, shall grow,
 Like thee, we, too, shall grow;
 Thou art our type of future power,
 Like thee, we, too, shall grow.

In coming years their kindly shade
 The sons of toil shall bless;
 Thy beauty and thy grace shall all
 With grateful voice confess;
 And so our youth, in wisdom trained,
 Shall render service great;
 Our schools send sons and daughters forth,
 The glory of the state.

Chorus

The glory of the state,
 The glory of the state;
 Our schools send sons and daughters forth
 The glory of the state.

Strike deep thy roots, wax wide and tall,
 Since thou our pledge shall be
 Of all the good we vow to bring
 Our country grand and free.
 In place of one by axe or age
 Cut off, long may'st thou stand;
 We march to take our fathers' room,
 And do the work they planned.

Chorus

And do the work they planned,
 And do the work they planned;
 We march to take our fathers' room,
 And do the work they planned.

— *Sarah J. Underwood*

Choosing the Tree

LIZZIE M. HADLEY

(One child may sit — or stand — near the center and several girls at the left front of the stage, with the same number of boys at the right.)

(Boys and girls sing)

(TUNE — “Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean”)

The earth from its sleep is awaking,
The meadows are slow greening o'er,
The birds joyous music are making,
For springtime is coming once more.
All bleakly the winds have been blowing,
But winter must soon bid adieu,
The ice and the frost now are going,
And springtime is hastening to you.

(Repeat last two lines)

O, now while the south winds are blowing,
While birds sing and loud hum the bees,
Forget that it ever was snowing,
And come plant with us the green trees.
Then softly the raindrops shall patter
The tender green leaflets to lave,
The bright drops above them they'll scatter,
O, long may their green branches wave.

Child in center of stage

Whence do they come, those fair green trees,
That sway and swing in the summer breeze?

Girls

God said, "Let the earth bring forth the fruit tree
yielding fruit after its kind."

Boys

Out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every
tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food.

School

Aye, the Father looked on us from above,
And sent the trees. They are tokens of love.

Child in center

They are fair to see, but I'd like to know
What they can do, but *grow* and *grow*.

Boys

The tree of the field is man's life.

Girls

The trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord.

School

Then shall the trees of the wood sing out at the presence
of the Lord.

All

If the trees shall sing, then in prayer and praise
Let us to the Lord our voices raise.

(TUNE — "America")

Father in heav'n above,
 Look on us now in love,
 To Thee we pray.
 Hear as to Thee we call,
 And may Thy blessing fall
 On us Thy children all,
 This Arbor Day.

Child in center

What is this Arbor Day of which you sing?

School

Each year when the spring sunshine is awakening
 Nature from her winter's sleep, we meet to plant in field,
 orchard and garden the trees for shelter, food and beauty.

Boys

What shall we plant in the wilderness?
 What shall we plant for the Lord to bless?

School

Plant in the wilderness the cedar . . . and the
 oil-tree.

Girls

On the desert under the burning sky,
 What shall we plant where the hot sands lie?

School

Set in the desert the fir tree and the pine and the box to-
 gether.

Boys

For God's own temple, so vast and dim,
 What shall we plant to honor him?

School

The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree
 and the pine and the box together to beautify the place
 of my sanctuary.

All

Yes, we'll plant them ev'ry one
 In the field and wilderness,
 In the wastes and deserts drear,
 Plant them for the Lord to bless.

(Music outside)

Hark! a sound of sweetest music
 Faintly falls upon my ear,
 And with trees like banners waving,
 Merry children now appear.

*(Enter eight children. Each one carries a branch from
 a tree. They march around the stage and arrange them-
 selves in front of child in center. Each child may carry
 a letter to spell Arbor Day.)*

Song

We are coming, coming, coming,
 Don't you hear our happy song?
 We are coming, coming, coming,
 Now, a joyous happy throng.

For the sky is bright above us,
 Round us springtime zephyrs play,
 And the green trees whisper welcome,
 Welcome, welcome, Arbor Day.

(Spoken)

' Line after line we are drawing near,
 Lads and lassies so fair to see,
 Rank after rank we are marching here,
 To choose for ourselves some fair green tree.
 O, little lads and lasses gay,
 What is your choice for Arbor Day?

First child

Sharer of our country's glory,
 Famous e'er in song and story,
 Tall and graceful, fair and free,
 Here's the stately elm for me.
 I will choose the elm.

(Holds up branch of elm.)

Girls

History bids us keep in remembrance Penn's "Treaty Elm" in Philadelphia, the Washington Elm in Cambridge, and the Liberty Elm in Boston.

Second child

You may search the country far and wide
 For many a forest tree,
 But the sturdy oak, O the brave old oak,

Is ever the one for me.
I will choose the oak.

(Holds up branch of oak.)

Boys

In the pages of history we read of the Charter Oak of Connecticut, of "Fox's Oak" on Long Island, and the "Royal Oak" in England.

Third child

Willow standing beside the brook
Where rippling waters all seaward flow,
Laving your roots as they hurry by,
Never a fairer tree I know.
I will choose the willow.

(Holds up branch of willow.)

Fourth child

When the birds of summer have southward flown,
And the winds of autumn are blowing cold,
The maples put off their gowns of green,
And don their garments of red and gold.
I will choose the maple.

(Holds up maple.)

Fifth child

Just on the edge of the marshy bog,
Or down by the side of the rushing river,
Fairest of trees the poplar stands,

With its green and silvery leaves a-quiver.
I will choose the poplar.

(Holds up poplar.)

Sixth child

When the ground is white
And the days are drear,
The pine tree murmurs
Good cheer, good cheer!
I will choose the pine.

(Holds up pine.)

Seventh child

Out in the woods is the fair beech tree,
With its pretty brown nuts for the squirrels and *me*.
I will choose the beech.

(Holds up beech.)

All

We have chosen our trees and our task is done,
Upon Arbor Day we will plant each one.

School

Wisely you've chosen each fair green tree,
May they grow and flourish for aye,
And, O, may you plant as each year goes by,
A tree upon Arbor Day.

Boys and Girls

And, now, e'er you pass from our sight away,
Tell to us something you've heard or read,

Tell of the waving forest trees
 Something the poets have sung or said.

Children representing Arbor Day

We'll do your bidding and tell to you,
 These words of the poets so wise and true.

First child

Friendship is a sheltering tree.

— *Coleridge*

Second child

I hear the wind among the trees
 Play celestial harmonies.

— *Longfellow*

Third child

The groves were God's first temples.

— *Bryant*

Fourth child

Summer or winter, day or night,
 The woods are ever new delight.

— *Stoddard*

Fifth child

In fact there's nothing that keeps its youth
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.

— *Holmes*

Sixth child

He who plants a tree,
 He plants love;
 Tents of coolness spreading out above
 Wayfarers we may not live to see.

— *Lucy Larcom*

Seventh child

Living or dying I'll take my ease,
Under the trees, under the trees.

— *R. H. Stoddard*

The Little Leaf

(Recitation)

Once, 'tis said, the parent branches
Heard a little leaflet cry,
For the winds had slyly whispered,
“Some day you must die, must die.”

Laughed and rustled then the branches,
“Little one, O, never mind,
You won't go till you are ready,
So don't heed the chattering wind.”

All through summer days of gladness
Tightly to the boughs it clung,
While the birds and bees around it
In the sunshine buzzed and sung.

But when autumn days grew chilly,
And its green had changed to gold,
Once again the wind came whispering,
And it gladly loosed its hold.

How it danced and whirled and floated,
Until tired out with play,

Close beside the sleeping daisies,
Snugly it was tucked away.

There beneath the snows of winter,
Now the little leaflet lay,
And, the pretty story tells us,
It is sleeping there to-day.

All on the stage

That is well, and now together,
One and all, we'll march away,
And within the fields and gardens
Plant our trees this Arbor Day.

(They march around the stage singing)

(TUNE — "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush")

Now let us marching go, marching go, marching go,
Now let us marching go
To plant the greenwood tree.

Deep down within the mold, in the mold, in the mold,
Deep down within the mold,
We'll plant the greenwood tree.

Send now the rain and dew, rain and dew, rain and dew,
Send down the sunshine, too,
On this our woodland tree.

And may Thy blessing fall, blessing fall, blessing fall,
Father, upon us all,
While here we plant our tree.

Voices of the Trees

ANNIE CHASE

The Invitation

(TUNE: "John Brown")

Hark, don't you hear us calling, put your books and slates
away,

Don't you see our branches beckoning? We have some-
thing we would say,

For the winter now is over, and no snow-drifts block the
way;

Come learn of us to-day;
Listen, children, we are calling,
Listen, children, we are calling,
Listen, children, we are calling,
Come learn of us to-day.

First pupil

I am the elm tree; I love best to bend
Above some country lane, where cattle wend
Their homeward way. I dearly love to fill
Some spot upon the hot and sunny hill
With cool and shadow; love to stand
Beside the wall between the meadow land
And upland reaches, where the golden-rod
Nods all day long; and where the crickets sing;
And where the meadow grass is whispering

With dainty wreaths I love my trunk to twine;
To rock the oriole's nestlings and to call them mine.

Second pupil

The elms of Old England are not as graceful as ours; still they have a quaint beauty of their own. Their queer, gnarled trunks, so tough-grained and heavy, are used in making water-troughs, water-wheels or anything of the kind that must be exposed to damp. In the dock yards the wood is used for keels, blocks, and the planking of boats, and for whatever part of the boat is most exposed to water.

Third pupil

I am the oak tree, made for strength,
E'en as the elm for gracefulness. I stretch
My giant arms aloft and never quail
In torrent or in tempest. Did you mind
How long in springtime I held back my leaves?
It was to give them strength; now autumn's here
And all the trees are naked; I stand forth
Bedecked with robes of purple; it is meet
I should be clothed thus, for I am king.
I love you, children, love to have you twine
Long garlands of my leaves and deck yourselves;
Or hunt for acorns underneath my boughs,
Come often, come, and visit me, and I will make
You wise, and strong, and brave, and beautiful.

Fourth pupil

Wonderful as is the oak for strength and beauty it is yet more wonderful in its uses. The soldier must have

the oak for his weapons, often for the fortifications he defends; for the axle wheels of his wagons that must bring to him all the necessaries of war. The gun powder, too, if of the best kind, is made from the burnt branches of this same tree. Add to this its uses in ship-building, in furniture making, in polished floors for the homes of rich lords and ladies and we still have only a feeble idea of its value. Then, too, there is the supply of cork from its bark, and of acids from its nutgalls, so useful to tanners, dyers and photographers.

Song

(TUNE: "Over the River")

What tree brings the children the first news of spring?

Oh! 'tis the willow, the willow.

Where do the early birds love best to sing?

Oh! on the willow, the willow.

Down where the bridge spans the river so fair,

Oh! see the willow, the willow;

What makes the perfume that's filling the air?

Oh! 'tis the willow, the willow.

Fifth pupil

And what boy could spare us or exist if living in the country, without the score of whistles, whips and pop-guns he can manufacture from our wood with that precious knife of his? But we have other and still better uses; we are made into gunstocks, harrows, rakes, shoemaker's lasts, painter's charcoal, all kinds of basket work and

scores of other things. When next you use your cricket bat or tennis racquet, boys and girls, stop and examine them a moment and see if you do not cry out, "Why here is another present from our old friend, the willow!"

Sixth pupil

Keeping the willow company, in the swamps and by the streams, are the alders and birches. Did you ever think, boys, when you have climbed some lithe, supple birch and have had such a fine swing there, that Indian lads have done the same thing and that the white bark was once used by the Indians who wrote upon it in their strange way as you write upon paper? and did you know the bark of the black birch which tastes so sweet to you was made by them into strong canoes?

Seventh pupil

I am the timid poplar, I quail at every breeze;
I tremble and quiver and shiver long ere the other trees
Have dreamed the wind is coming;

Whenever clouds cover the sun
You can hear the "pat, pat" of my pale, pale leaves
Entreating them to be gone.

Am I sad, do you ask, little children,

That the dear God made me so?
Now the breeze is quiet a moment

I can answer you bravely — no.
Mother Nature has made a fine music

Tuned alone to my sensitive ear;
'Tis so sweet I am often wishing

That other trees might hear.

Eighth pupil

The smooth, clean looking, white wood of the poplar is easily cut into almost any shape and is often made into light casks, butter tubs, and in vineyards into the different vessels used in carrying about the grapes.

Ninth pupil

The lime, a kind of tree quite common in England, gives us keyboards for our musical instruments. Numbers of the same kind grow in Canada, but the wood is softer and is used for sleds, cradles, and light carriages.

Tenth pupil

Ho! children, don't forget me, the walnut; for I give you walnuts and pickles. The old Poet says my

“Timber is for various uses good;
 The carver she supplies with useful wood;
 She makes the painter's fading colors last,
 A table she affords and a repast:
 E'en while we feast, her oil our lamp supplies,
 The rankest poison by her virtues dies.”

Eleventh pupil

Don't forget the ash either, growing here and there in our own country, but more plentifully in England. There its strong light timbers are made into the handles of farming tools and light ladders while the carriage builders could hardly do without it for poles of omnibuses, cabs, etc.

Twelfth pupil

I am the beech tree; I have made my home
 Hard by the forest lake; when breezes come
 I dip my sweeping branches lower down
 And dangle 'mong the rushes; scatter queer
 Three-cornered nuts upon the white sand here
 And in the boat drawn up beneath my shade.

Thirteenth pupil

(Let the pupil tell about the maple in his own words
 not forgetting, of course, the sugar maple.)

Number of pupils

We're the junipers and cedars; we love best to stand
 High up in rocky pastures; where, on every hand
 The thorny barberry grows and hangs in fall
 Long rows of corals out,
 Where wild rooks call
 And call and answer one another.

Fourteenth pupil

At least all the country boys know that cedars and
 junipers make capital fence posts, besides furnishing us
 with many light articles such as pencil cases, penholders,
 etc.

Fifteenth pupil

This pupil reads a composition on fruit trees.

Song

(TUNE: "Life on the Ocean Wave")

Number of pupils

O pine trees in the grove
 Forever murmuring,
 O say what does it mean
 The grand slow song you sing?
 Tell us now, just now,
 We long so much to know
 Why through the summer days
 You're always sighing so.

Sixteenth pupil

But the pines make us no answer, so we will pass on to their uses. When we think about it, shall we not give the pine tree the first place in the rank of usefulness? Think of the loads of timber it gives us for ship and house building, besides hundreds of smaller things we could not do without. (If the pupil draws a line upon the map through the middle of Norway and the north of Scotland, across to North America and down through North America just below the Great Lakes he will form an idea of the pine regions.)

All

Oh sturdy oaks and hemlocks, larches and all the others,
 Are you not sad that you must fall, you and your noble
 brothers?

Many voices

Whether we stand
 Upon some mountain top and answer back

The ocean's thunderings: whether we dwell
 Down in the quiet valley where we rock
 The wee wild birds to sleep, and shade the kinc:
 Whether we stand within the forest with a host of friends;
 Or singly on the plains; whether we grow
 By country homestead or in city squares
 Where men need comforting; — we are content;
 Content because we live not for ourselves
 But just to make the sad world better
 And to praise our God. *We live for Him*
And if it be His will the axe should strike our hearts,
That we should fall, be stripped of all our treasures
And be wrought to forms of usefulness, we die for Him,
Contented still.

With the Trees

OLIVE E. DANA

First pupil

Life's lessons bid us bide its worth,
With all its fruitage bound in toil;
Trust God, and trust the generous soil
Of human hearts as trusting earth.

So here we set this little seed,
And trust its tender boughs to time;
To grow to touch the stars sublime;
As grows and grows some small good deed.

Set deep where lilies ever nod,
Walled round by everlasting snows,
To grow as some great, strong soul grows
When growing upward to its God.

— *Joaquin Miller*

Second pupil

When we plant a tree, we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling-place for those who come after us, if not for ourselves. As you drop the seed, as you plant the sapling, your left hand hardly knows what your right hand is doing. But Nature knows, and in due time the Power that sees and works in secret will reward you openly.

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes*

Third pupil

He who plants a tree,
 Plants a joy;
 Plants a comfort that will never cloy;
 Every day a fresh reality,
 Beautiful and strong,
 To whose shelter throng
 Creatures blithe with song,
 If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
 Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee?

— *Lucy Larcom*

Fourth pupil

What are these maples and beeches and birches but odes and idyls and madrigals? What are these pines and firs and spruces but holy hymns, too solemn for the many-hued raiment of their gay, deciduous neighbors?

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes*

Fifth pupil

Neither are trees, as seen in winter, destitute of their own peculiar beauty. If it be a gorgeous study in summer time to watch the play of their abundant foliage, we still may thank winter for laying bare before us the grand and beautiful anatomy of the tree, with all its interlacing net-work of boughs, knotted on each twig with the buds of next year's promise.

— *Harriet Beecher Stowe*

Sixth pupil

It has been found that forests exert an appreciable influence in "the equalization and conservation of the rainfall," that they have a favorable effect upon climate;

and that they are one of nature's own agencies for preserving the natural fertility of the soil.

Seventh pupil

There are said to be nearly seventy occupations, as enumerated by the United States census, requiring wood as material, wholly or partially, beside the enormous quantities annually used by the railroads and the telegraph companies. It is said that the "progress of a nation may be measured to a large extent by its consumption of wood." We have our part to do in replenishing these fast-diminishing stores.

Eighth pupil

The forest area still remaining in this country is very great. If the estimates of the department are approximately correct, the timber lands of the country, exclusive of Alaska, cover an area equal to fifteen States the size of Pennsylvania. If proper measures are taken to prevent the rapid and unnecessary destruction of what is left of our forest domain, it should be equal to all reasonable requirements for an indefinite period. With the adoption of a policy of judicious tree planting, the evil effects which have followed denudation in Europe and some portions of Asia would never exist here.

Ninth pupil

It was to protect the forests still standing, to repair the constant decimation of waste and use, and to restore the former beauty to some desolated tracts, that societies

have been organized and conferences held, and, as a more effectual agency, Arbor Day was instituted. Its originator was J. Sterling Morton, Ex-Governor of Nebraska.

Tenth pupil

The day was first kept in Nebraska, in April, 1872. Kansas next adopted the day, and the example of these pioneer states was speedily followed by others, until it is now recognized as an established national institution. On that day, or on the dates appointed by the governors of the several states, the willing hands of the children may render a service, which shall be a lasting benefaction to home and native land.

Eleventh pupil

He who plants a tree,
 He plants love;
 Tents of coolness spreading out above
 Wayfarers he may not live to see.
 Gifts that grow are best;
 Hands that bless are blest;
 Plant! Life does the rest!
 Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
 And his work its own reward shall be.

— *Lucy Larcom*

Twelfth pupil

Tree-planting is fitted to give a needful lesson of forethought to the juvenile mind. Living only in the present and for the present, too often youth will sow only where they can quickly reap. A meagre crop soon in hand,

outweighs a golden harvest long in maturing. Youth should learn to forecast the future as the condition of wisdom. Arboriculture is a discipline in foresight, it is always planting for the future and sometimes for the distant future.

— *B. G. Northrup*

Thirteenth pupil

What plant we in the apple-tree?
 Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,
 To load the May-wind's restless wings
 When, from the orchard row, he pours
 Its fragrance through our open doors.
 A world of blossoms for the bee,
 Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
 For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
 We plant in the apple-tree.

Fourteenth pupil

The fruitage of this apple-tree,
 Winds and our flags of stripes and stars
 Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
 Where men shall wonder at the view
 And ask in what fair groves they grew;
 And sojourners beyond the sea
 Shall think of childhood's careless day,
 And long, long hours of summer play,
 In the shade of the apple-tree.

— *William Cullen Bryant*

Fifteenth pupil

Said Sir Walter Scott: "I advise all young men to plant trees." And again, of his magnificent estate of

Abbotsford, which he had planned and adorned with thousands of trees of his own planting: — “My heart clings to this place I have created. There is scarce a tree in it, which does not owe its being to me. Once well planted, a tree will grow when you are sleeping, and it is almost the only thing that needs no tending.”

Sixteenth pupil

Washington Irving planted many trees at Sunnyside-on-the-Hudson. Daniel Webster did the same at his country home in Marshfield. Mr. Gladstone finds one of his chief pleasures in his woodlands. Oliver Wendell Holmes declares that his best poems are the trees he has planted on the hillside which overlooks the broad meadows, scalloped and rounded at their edges by the sinuous Housatonic.

Seventeenth pupil

Washington Irving says: “There is something nobly simple and pure in such a taste for trees. It argues a sweet and generous nature to have this strong friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. There is a serene majesty in woodland scenery that enters into the soul, dilates and elevates it, and fills it with noble inclinations. There is a grandeur of thought, connected with this heroic line of husbandry. It is worthy of liberal and free-born and aspiring men. He who plants an oak, looks forward to future ages and plants for posterity.”

Eighteenth pupil

John Greenleaf Whittier says: “The wealth, beauty,

fertility, and healthfulness of the country, largely depends upon the conservation of our forests and the planting of trees." John Burroughs, writing of English woods, says, ours "have a certain beauty and purity unknown in England; certain delicacy and sweetness, and charm of unsophisticated nature, that are native to our forests."

Nineteenth pupil

Henry Thoreau said: "The intellect of most men is barren. It is the movings of the soul with nature, that makes the intellect fruitful, that gives birth to imagination."

Twentieth pupil

Time is never wasted, listening to the trees;
 If to heaven as grandly we arose as these;
 Holding toward each other half their kindly grace
 Haply we were worthier of our human place.

Every tree gives answer to some different mood;
 This one helps you climbing; that for rest is good;
 Beckoning friends, companions, sentinels afar,
 Good to live and die with, good to greet afar.

— *Lucy Larcom*

Twenty-first pupil

Wild as the vales he scorned to till,
 Those vales the idle Indian trod.
 Nor knew the the glad, creative skill,
 The joy of him who toils with God.

O painter of the fruits and flowers!
We thank thee for thy wise design,
Whereby those human hands of ours
In nature's garden work with thine.

Give fools their gold, give knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall own his worth,
Who toils to leave as his bequest,
An added beauty to the earth.

— *J. G. Whittier*

An Arbor Day Exercise

EMILY F. BASS

Have the exhibition room a bower of greenery and fragrance. With only a few suggestions from the teacher the children will do it very satisfactorily by themselves. Use the evergreens, and those only of the deciduous trees which do not wither readily.

Song

(TUNE: "Comin' Through the Rye")

Class

Now the springtime sun is shining
On the fields, I ween;
Veiled in misty robes of greenness,
All the trees are seen.
And we merry lads and lassies,
Now have come this way,
So let us help you all to keep
This happy Arbor Day.

Let us plant for future years
Now the spreading trees,
Birds shall build their nests within them,
Rocked by every breeze.
Little children, too, shall bless us,
In the coming years,
And every face shall wear a smile
When Arbor Day appears.

Scriptural Texts about Trees

(For three boys and three girls)

First pupil

As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat under his shadow with great delight and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

— *Songs of Solomon*, II., 3

Second pupil

She heweth him down cedars, and taketh the cypress and the oak, which he strengtheneth for himself among the trees of the forest; he planteth an ash and the rain doth nourish it.

— *Isaiah*, XLIV., 14

Third pupil

The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted.

— *Psalms*, CIV., 16

Fourth pupil

They burn incense upon the hills under oaks and poplars and elms, because the shadow thereof is good.

— *Hosea*, IV., 13

Fifth pupil

And Abraham planted a grove in Beer-sheba, and called thereon the name of the Lord, the everlasting God.

— *Genesis*, XXI., 33

Sixth pupil

And they gave unto Jacob all the strange gods which were in their hand, and all their ear-rings which were

in their ears, and Jacob hid them under the oak which was by Shechem.

— *Genesis*, xxxv., 4

Class (recite in concert)

If thou art worn and hard beset
 With sorrows, that thou would'st forget,
 If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
 Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
 Go to the woods and hills! No tears
 Dim the sweet look that Nature wears

— *Longfellow*

Why We Plant Trees

(A boy reads or recites)

Before the Secretary of Agriculture, Hon. J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska, thought of setting apart a day of every year for the planting of trees, there was such a widespread, thoughtless destruction of them in our land that the time would have come when we should have had to import our timber from foreign lands.

April twenty-second, Mr. Morton's birthday, is the day now generally observed by most of our states for tree-planting.

Regard for the rights of others, a generous spirit of benevolence to man and beast and a reverence for trees should be the direct results of the observance of this very important Arbor Day. Let us remember that forests affect the climate of a country, that they influence the rainfall, that they build up a wall and protect the farmer's crops, that they keep the air pure, and that the leaf-mold in forests holds back the rains and gives refreshing springs instead of floods.

A Group of Trees

(For five children, each having a spray of the tree they represent)

First pupil

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay," says of me —

"The hubs of logs from the 'Settler's ellum,'
Last of its timber — they couldn't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips."

The elms are an ancient race and always beautiful, strong, and graceful. From the wonderful twisting and interlacing of our fibres, our wood is of exceeding toughness. Some of us have become historic. For example, the Washington Elm in Cambridge (Mass.), beneath whose shade our own General Washington first drew his sword on taking command of the American army. And in Philadelphia a marble column to-day marks the spot where the famous elm stood, underneath which William Penn made his treaty with the Indians.

Second pupil

I get my name from a Latin word meaning "to beat," because the axes of the Roman lictors, which were always made of birch rods, were used to drive back the people.

Coleridge calls me

"Most beautiful of forest trees — the Lady of the Woods."

Our lustrous, creamy white bark is the joy and pride of every woodsman, whether he be tourist, guide, or hunter. To us he looks for his canoe, the roof of his cabin, and his dinner service. Seven hundred years before Christ, the thin papery layers into which my bark may be separated, were used to write upon.

Third pupil

In the springtime you see me slender and delicate, clothed in a misty, rosy sheen of buds and opening leaves. I am one of a large family — the maples. One of our family, the sycamore maple, has the distinction of being the tree into which Zaccheus climbed in order that he might better see Jesus as he passed by. And it was in the shade of this tree that Joseph and Mary rested during their flight into Egypt.

Fourth pupil

Just why I, the willow, should be the emblem of despairing love, I cannot tell, but Shakespeare says:

“In such a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.”

And in Psalms, cxxxvii., we read: “By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Zion! As for our harps we hanged them up upon the willow trees that are therein.”

The most famous of our family now grows upon the site of Napoleon’s grave at St. Helena.

Fifth pupil

I belong to the family of which Longfellow writes:

“The murmuring pine and the hemlocks,
 Bearded with moss and in garments green, indistinct
 in the twilight,
 Stand like Druids of eld with voices sad and prophetic;
 Stand like harpers hoar with beards that rest on their
 bosoms.”

The world finds its most important trees in our family. Our close-grained wood is used for lumber, shingles, cabinet-making, interior of houses, masts and spars of vessels. In damp, close, northern woods, tufts of gray moss are found abundantly on the trunks of all the pines, hence Mr. Longfellow's “bearded with moss.” The Indians gather this moss by the bushel. It is a warm, soft substance, and with it the Indian babies are packed for transportation on their cradle boards. It is like linen to the tender flesh — soft, resinous, aseptic, porous, and healthful, and we can imagine the small, brown baby wrapped in moss, as well off physically as our babies clothed in flannel and linen.

These five children then sing

(TUNE: “Tramp, Tramp, Tramp”)

“Plant, plant, plant, the trees are ready!
 Elm, birch, maple, willow, pine;
 Underneath the April sky,
 While the friendly winds go by;
 We will plant and trust the sun and rain.”

“Plant, plant, plant, the seeds are ready!
 Elm, birch, maple, willow, pine;
 Deep down in the mellow ground,
 By our watch care fended round;
 We will plant and leave to sun and rain.”

The Pine Tree Story

(To be read)

In that very strange and far-off land of Kamchatka, there lived a very poor family. There were father, mother, and four children.

In the best of weather and the best times it was hard to live, but when a grain famine was on the land, when the fish swam in other waters, and worst of all, cold and snowy weather came, the entire family would have perished from hunger and cold had it not been for one thing. That thing gave them food, fuel, and clothing. That thing was a bunch of pine trees near their poor little hut. The father and two boys chopped down the trees. The trunk and branches furnished them wood to burn and boards to patch the worn places in the weak little house. They ate the sweet oily nuts which they got from the cones. Pressing out the oil it served as a medicine. The little girls pulled the fibres from the leaves. With these their mother wove cloth and made it into garments. Then their flour gave out, but the pine trees still were their friends. The tender, sweet, inner bark was stripped from the trunks. Between two stones they ground it into flour. Thus the pines kept this poor family through the winter, until the land could give them bread and the

river meat. How thankful these people were to the great Giver of the pine trees, though He was all unknown to them.

The Oak in Literature

(For four children)

First pupil

The oak is the most majestic of forest trees. It has been represented as holding the same rank among the plants of temperate zones that the lion does among the quadrupeds, and the eagle among birds; that is to say it is the emblem of grandeur, strength, and duration; of force that resists, as a lion is of force that acts.

— *London*

Second pupil

Jove's own tree
That holds the woods in awful sovereignty.

— *Virgil*

Third pupil

It seems idolatry with some excuse
When our forefather Druids in their oaks
Imagined sanctity.

— *Cowper*

Fourth pupil

What gnarled stretch, what depth of shade is his!
There needs no crown to mark the forest's king.
How in his leaves outshines full summer's bliss!
Sun, storm, rain, dew, to him their tribute bring.

— *Lowell*

Children sing

(TUNE: "Auld Lang Syne")

"Then let us go with spade and hoe
 And plant our tree so strong;
 The robin's nest shall safely rest
 Upon it's boughs ere long;
 And 'neath its bower the modest flower
 Will bloom in fragrance sweet,
 While summer weaves with moss and leaves
 A carpet for her feet."

(Adjourn to the yard where tree is planted. It adds greatly to the interest if the tree is named for a noted author or prominent person in the community. Children now stand in circle around their tree and recite in concert)

"Through all the year some ministry they bring,
 To birds that fly and every creeping thing;
 And man, earth's lord,
 Before the trees should bow in sweet accord —
 In 'God's first temples' walk with reverent care,
 All sights, all sounds invite the soul to prayer.
 Thank God for trees."

Historic Trees

Charter Oak

PLACE: Hartford, Connecticut.

TIME: 1687.

CHARACTERS: Six colonists and Governors Treat and Andros.

COSTUMES OF COLONISTS: Colonial styles, large drab felt hats, drab capes, shoe buckles, broad white collars, belts. One or two may wear spectacles, carry a cane, and one or two carry guns.

SCENE I

(Colonists all are seated about a table strewn with books, papers, ink, etc.)

(Enter Governor Treat.) Am I late, my friends?

First Colonist O no, but what news, Governor Treat?

Governor Treat Our Royal Governor, Andros, has arrived from England. He has landed in Boston.

Second Colonist I feared this, but ah, I distrust him, I distrust him. We have been so prosperous I do fear him greatly.

Third Colonist Think you we shall be obliged to surrender this liberal charter of ours to the crown?

Fourth Colonist *(Bringing fist down upon table.)* We will argue and expostulate but never yield, *never* *(another blow on the table)*, but we will not resort to action until the time for action is fully come."

Enter messenger *(in riding habit, whip in hand.)*

Here is a letter to Governor Treat from Sir Edmund Andros, Governor of New England.

Governor Treat steps forward, takes letter (old-fashioned seal) saying: "Wait outside, boy." Messenger bows and retires. Governor Treat opens letter and reads aloud:

"TO ROBERT TREAT,
Governor of Connecticut.

I am commanded and authorized by his majesty, at my arrival in these parts, to receive in his name, the surrender of your charter, if tendered by you, and to take you into my present care and charge, as other parts of the government, assuring his Majesty's good subjects of his countenance and protection in all things relating to his service and their welfare.

EDMUND ANDROS,
Governor of New England."

(Governor Treat lays letter upon table.) Gentlemen, what action shall we take?

Fifth Colonist I move you, we leave it with the Governor and Council to take good care to do what is requisite to be done in reference to affairs in England and the last *quo warranto*.

Sixth Colonist I second the motion.

Governor Treat It is moved and seconded we leave this matter with the Governor and Council; all those in favor of this motion please manifest by the usual sign; contrary minded? It is a vote.

First Colonist I move you we prepare an answer to this message from Governor Andros.

Second Colonist In our old charter are all our cherished political and ecclesiastical institutions. Even the titles of individuals to their lands and houses.

Shall all these rights be swept away? I say No. Shall every foot of soil become the personal property of the King of England? Again I say, *no*, gentlemen, *no*.

Third Colonist Our charter is extraordinary. It has given us unqualified power to govern ourselves. We have been allowed to elect all our officers, to enact our own laws, to administer justice without appeals to England, to inflict punishments, to confer pardons, and to exercise every power. In a word, we are independent except in name. We have long been the happiest State in the world. Shall we give this up? *No*; gentlemen.

Governor Treat Shall a letter similar to this be sent to Governor Andros? (*Takes up paper and reads.*)

“We are his Majesty’s loyal subjects and we are heartily desirous that we may continue in the same station that we are in, if it may consist with his princely wisdom to continue us so.

But if his Majesty’s royal purposes be otherwise to dispose of us, we shall as in duty bound, submit to his royal commands; and if it be to conjoin us with other colonies and provinces, under Sir Edmund Andros, his Majesty’s present Governor, it will be more pleasing than to be joined with other Provinces.”

Third Colonist I move you, this letter be sent.

Fourth Colonist Second the motion.

Governor Treat Moved and seconded this letter be sent.

The meeting is now adjourned.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II

(*Governor Andros enters arrayed in lace, velvet, gold buckles, and regalia. He walks slowly across the stage, back and forth, saying*):

“My sixty soldiers are with me, but everything seems in profound doubt and distress. I have demanded their charter. They tell me how dear it is to them, it gives them so many rights and privileges, and that it is impossible to give it up. I have watched that charter with longing eyes from the banks of the Hudson, and I have no intention of giving up my object now that the King of England has put me in power in Connecticut.”

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III

Evening. (Colonists and Governors) Tables, and candles lighted.

Enter Governor Andros, who is waited upon by the Governor, Deputy Governor, and assistants. He is conducted to the Governor's seat.

Governor Treat turns to others (who have entered) saying:

His Excellency has declared that his Majesty has given him a commission to be publicly read.

First Colonist (aside) We must resist openly or make a formal surrender of our charter.

Andros I come to demand the surrender of your charter. Bring forth the document that I may see it.

Governor Treat (turning to Colonist 3) Well, I order you to bring in the precious document.

(Third Colonist exit; re-enters with roll) The document is here before your eyes, Governor Andros. *(Lays charter down upon the table.)*

Andros adjusts his spectacles and is about to reach forth for the charter. (Two men suddenly blow out the candles.) Captain Wadsworth seizes the charter and runs away swiftly and noiselessly.

Governor Andros Light your candles, quick! quick!

Fourth Colonist Well! well! I will presently, after scraping the tinder.

(Fourth Colonist lights candles.)

Andros Now where is the charter?

(All look. Great consternation.)

First Colonist Our charter is not here, Governor Andros, and we know not where it is; therefore we have none to surrender.

Second Colonist As a colony we are no longer able to comply with your demand for a surrender.

Third Colonist Ah, you are now responsible to the King for whatever you do.

(Governor Andros rises, bows low, unfolds a long paper and reads)

“His Excellency, Sir Edmund Andros, Knight, Captain-General, and Governor of his Majesty’s Territory

and Dominion in New England, by order from his Majesty, James the Second, King of England, Scotland, and Ireland, the 31st of October, 1687, took into his hands the government of this Colony of Connecticut, it being by his Majesty annexed to the Massachusetts and other Colonies under his Excellency's government."

[*Exeunt*

The Charter Oak

I sing of that old Charter Oak,
 Wind-swayed, in stately pride
 Its strong arms stretching broad and green,
 Its shade cast far and wide.
 In days of old, one autumn's eve,
 With swift but noiseless step,
 The charter in this tree was thrust,
 Yet the oak its secret kept.

No man saw and but one knew,
 In the gloom that autumn night,
 That the fathers of Connecticut
 Had hid from Andros' sight
 Their precious, guarded document —
 That government so free —
 They'd ne'er give up; their hearts were firm
 As the roots of that brave old tree.

And the years passed on; another ruled,
 And Andros from them fled;
 Their hidden charter, all intact,
 Revived as from the dead.

Forth from the oak it then was drawn.
 This liberal charter, as before,
 Brought peace and plenty, love and joy,
 And liberty once more.

Penn's Treaty Elm

PLACE: Shackamaxon, near Philadelphia.

TIME: 1682.

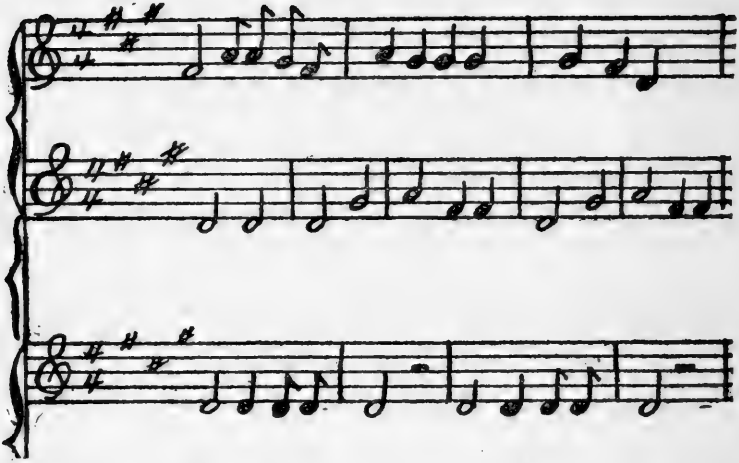
CHARACTERS: William Penn, Indian Chief, ten Indians — male and female.

COSTUMES: William Penn should be dressed in the costume of Charles the Second's reign — large felt hat, drab coat, buckles, and a sash of bright blue silk about the waist. The Indian Chief should wear a large blanket of brown or buff trimmed with gay bands and a fringe about the bottom; leggins with a fringe down the outside edge, moccasins, head-dress made of a long stiff band with long stiff feathers hanging from it. Bright pieces of tin hang about in front. Face painted red and black. The other Indians should wear blankets of various colors, feathers, beads, bangles, weapons, porcupine quills, bits of fur skins, necklaces, bells, tin disks, etc.

On the stage should be a large tree, or the play may be given outdoors under an elm tree which the school plant.

The ten Indians march in singing (very softly at first and gradually increasing in tone); a drum, with muffled sticks marks the time. They all chant the following weird and famous Indian song in its strange minor key. This is sung over several times, as they march faster and faster, singing louder and louder, and the Indians bending low, dance around, one after another, in a circle.

“Ina he ku ye misunkala
 Ceya omaniye-e. Ina he kuye.
 Ate he lo. Ate he lo.”



Translated "Here come my mother, my younger brother is walking. Here come my mother. Here is the father, here is the father."

Suddenly all but the chief stop, sit down in a circle and gaze fixedly at William Penn, who enters, holding in one hand, a large roll of parchment. The Indian Chief stands in front, facing Penn, with arms folded.

Penn comes forward, greeting all, and standing by the chief's side says:

We meet on the broad pathway of good faith and good will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only, for brothers differ. The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain, for *that* the rains might rust or the falling tree might break.

We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood.

Penn proceeds to give to them strings of beads, ornaments, etc. The Indians all nod and gaze pleasantly upon Penn, admiring their presents.

The Indian Chief then steps forward, grasps Penn's hand, saying: "We will live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun, moon, and stars shall endure."

The chief then presents Penn with a great belt of wampum, and others give fur skins and feathers.

The muffled drum now sounds again. The Indians rise and sing once more the song:

"Ate he ye lo, canupaware
Ci ci ca hu pi ca yani pi kta lo.
Ate he ye lo. Ate he ye lo."



Translated: "This the father said, he brings the pipe for you, and you will live. This the father said, this the father said."

Penn's Treaty

(This should be read or recited by some pupil)

This treaty of peace and friendship was made under a wide-spreading elm, with the open sky above, the waters of the Delaware flowing past, with only the sun, the river, and the great forest beyond for witnesses.

It was not confirmed by an oath, nor ratified by signatures and seals; no written record of the conference can be found and its terms and conditions had no abiding place but in the heart, where they were written like the law of God, and were never forgotten.

The simple sons of the wilderness, returning to their wigwams, kept the history of the covenant by strings of wampum and afterwards in their cabins would count over the shells on a piece of bark, and recall to their own memory, and repeat to their children the words of William Penn.

(The following should be recited by some pupil)

"Thou'lt find," said the Quaker, "in me and mine,
 But friends and brothers in thee and thine,
 Who abuse no power and admit no line,
 'Twixt the red man and the white."
 And bright was the spot where the Quaker came

To leave his hat, his drab, and his name,
That will sweetly sound from the trump of Fame
Till its final blast shall die.

The old "Treaty Tree" was for years an object of veneration. Benjamin West commemorated the scene in a beautiful painting.

The tree was protected with great care, but during a gale in March, 1810, it fell. Its consecutive rings proved it to be 283 years of age. The wood of the tree was converted by art into a great variety of forms. The Penn Society erected a monument upon its site with appropriate inscriptions.

After the tree had fallen, Judge Peters, the esteemed personal friend of Washington, wrote:

"Let each take a relic from that hallowed tree,
Which, like Penn, whom it shaded, immortal shall be;
As the pride of our forests let *elms* be renowned,
For the justly prized virtues with which they abound.

. . .

Though Time has devoted our tree to decay,
The sage lessons it witnessed survive to our day;
May our trustworthy statesmen when called to the helm,
Ne'er forget the wise *treaty* held under the *Elm*."

Washington Elm

SCENE I

Samuel Adams enters, sits at a table, opens a note, saying:

This is a letter from Joseph Warren. (*He reads it partly aloud, at length he reads clearly*) I hope the continent will take command of the army by appointing a generalissimo. (*Adams folds the letter saying*)

Ah! the generalissimo whom Joseph Warren, Gerry, and others desire is George Washington.

(*Enter Messenger.*) Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne, have landed in Boston. British re-enforcements are arriving and other parts of the continent are threatened with war. (*Exit.*)

Adams Well our Virginian is acknowledged to surpass all his countrymen in military capacity and skill. Yes, Washington is a man, above all others, fitted for that station and best able to promote our cause.

SCENE II

TIME: June 16, 1775.

PLACE: Philadelphia.

CHARACTERS: John Hancock, George Washington, and Congressmen, all dressed in colonial costumes.

John Hancock rises, saying

George Washington is unanimously elected Commander-in-Chief of the Continental forces raised or to be raised for the defense of American liberty.

Applause, vigorous and loud, is given by the congress-

men and Washington slowly rises, bows, and replies to the honor in the well-known speech:

MR. PRESIDENT, *Gentlemen:*

Though I am truly sensible of the high honor done me by this appointment, yet I feel great distress from a consciousness that my abilities and military experience are not equal to the arduous trust. But, as the Congress desire it, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service, and for the support of the glorious cause.

But I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with. I beg you will accept my cordial thanks for this high testimony of your approbation.

Drill and Tableau

WASHINGTON TAKING COMMAND OF THE AMERICAN ARMY

Enter ten soldiers of the revolutionary days, each carries a musket, drums beat, the captain orders his men into line, steps in front of them and gives the commands.

Attention! Each soldier stands erect, eyes straight ahead, muskets in position.

Order Arms! Rest ends of muskets on the floor.

Carry Arms! Piece raised vertically with right hand, grasp it at the same time with the left, above the right. Drop the left hand to the side.

Order Arms! Advance the musket, grasp it with the left hand, lower it, re-grasp it with the right hand and rest the piece gently upon the floor.

Present Arms! With the right hand, carry the piece out in front of body, grasping it at the same time with the left hand, forearm horizontal, and resting against the body.

Right shoulder Arms! Raise the piece vertically with the right hand, grasp it with the left, raise it, take butt of piece in right hand, raise the piece on right shoulder, incline it to the left. Drop left hand to the side.

Carry Arms!

Attention!

Forward! March!

Piano and drum sound: "Hail Columbia." The little company march in a circle. *Halt!*

(If not sufficiently long repeat the commands.)

At the final "Halt" the line draws up at one side. The screen is removed opposite and there stands General George Washington. Above him is suspended the Continental flag bearing the scarlet and white bars from the Washington arms, thirteen in number for the thirteen colonies, and in the Union the red cross of England, and of Scotland, of St. George and St. Andrew, forming the Union Jack of Great Britain.

Washington is dressed in the costume of the period with the sword at his side.

This, he draws, and if possible, red lights are thrown while a pupil steps forward and recites these lines from James Russell Lowell's "Under the Washington Elm":

"Never to see a nation born
Hath been given to mortal man
Unless to those who on that summer morn
Gazed silent when the great Virginian
Unsheathed his sword, whose fatal flash
Shot union through the incoherent clash
Of our loose atoms, crystallizing them
Around a single will's unpliant stem,
And making purpose of emotion rash.

Here was the doom fixed; here is marked the date
When this new world awoke to man's estate."

[*Curtain*]

Arbor Day with the Trees and Flowers

M. A. BRYANT

The Trees

SONG

(TUNE — "America")

Joy for the sturdy trees!
Fanned by each fragrant breeze,
Lovely they stand!
The song birds o'er them thrill,
They shade each tinkling rill,
They crown each swelling hill,
Lowly or grand.

Plant them by stream or way,
Plant them where children play,
And toilers rest;
In every verdant vale,
On every sunny swale,
Whether to grow or fail —
God knoweth best.

God will his blessing send —
 All things on Him depend.
 His loving care
 Clings to each leaf and flower
 Like ivy to its tower.
 His presence and His power
 Are everywhere.

— *S. F. Smith*

Responsive Exercise

First pupil

A tree never grew to be a tree in a single night; first it was a seed, then a tender sprout, then a weak sapling, and at last a strong tree. So will your minds grow if you have patience to train them properly. — *Beecher*

Second pupil

We thank thee,
 For flowers that bloom about our feet;
 For tender grass so fresh, so sweet;
 For song of bird, for hum of bee;
 For all things fair we hear and see.

Third pupil

The ancient Druids never performed a religious ceremony without oak branches or leaves in their hands. They held their services and had their schools in dark woods and groves. They believed the mistletoe on the oak was sacred, and they called it All-heal. They gathered this with great ceremony. A priest in white surplice cut it off with a gold pruning knife.

Fourth pupil

With what a lavish hand
 God beautifies the earth;
 When everywhere — o'er all the land,
 Sweet flowers are peeping forth.

Fifth pupil

Children, thank God for these great trees,
 That fan the land at every breeze,
 Whose drooping branches form cool bowers,
 Where you can spend the summer hours.
 For these, thank God.

Sixth pupil

For fragrant sweets of blossoms bright,
 Whose beauty gives us such delight;
 For the soft grass beneath your feet,
 For new mown hay and clover sweet —
 For all, thank God.

Seventh pupil

The people of ancient Greece believed that in every tree dwelt a protecting nymph or dryad. These dryads were thought to perish with the trees with which they had come into existence. To wilfully destroy a tree was, therefore, an impious act, and was often severely punished.

Eighth pupil

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made, and forgot to put a soul into. — *Beecher*

Ninth pupil

There is something nobly simple and pure in the taste for the cultivation of forest trees. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature to have this strong relish for the beauties of vegetation and this friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. He who plants a tree looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing could be less selfish than this. — *Irving*

Tenth pupil

Flowers, leaves, and fruit are the air-woven children of light.

Eleventh pupil

Jock, when ye hae nothing else to do, ye may be sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping. — *Highland Laird of Scotland*

Twelfth pupil

What a desolate place would be the world without flowers! It would be a face without a smile, a feast without a welcome. — *Mrs. Baljour*

Thirteenth pupil

When we plant a tree, we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling place for those who come after us, if not for ourselves. As you drop the seed, as you plant the sapling, your left hand will hardly know what your right hand is doing.

But nature knows, and in due time the Power that sees
and works in secret will reward you openly.

— *O. W. Holmes*

Fourteenth pupil

'Tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

— *Wordsworth*

Fifteenth pupil

Plant trees, plant trees on Arbor Day,
Along the shadeless, dusty way;
Who plants a tree shall surely be
A blessing to humanity.

Sixteenth pupil

Flowers scattered unrestrained
O'er hill and dale and woodland sod;
That man where'er he walks may see
In every step the hand of God.

— *Reed*

Seventeenth pupil

Come, let us plant a tree,
Tenderly and lovingly
Some heart to cheer.
Long may its branches sway,
Shelter sweet birds always,
Long may its blossoms say,
"Springtide is here."

Eighteenth pupil

Blessed be God for flowers!
 For the bright, gentle, holy thoughts that breathe
 From out their odorous beauty, like a wreath
 Of sunshine on life's hours.

— *Tinsley*

Nineteenth pupil

A tree is a deposit in the Bank of Nature which she repays in the future a thousand fold.

Twentieth pupil

Flowers have an expression of countenance as much as men or animals. Some seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others again are plain, honest, and upright, like the broad-faced sunflower, and the hollyhock. — *Beecher*

Twenty-first pupil

Trees are silent sentinels that never desert their post, till death or violence calls or drives them away.

— *Carleton*

Twenty-second pupil

It never rains roses; when we want to have more roses, we must plant more trees. — *Eliot*

Twenty-third pupil

Love of trees and plants is safe. You do not run risk in your affections. They are like children, silent and

beautiful, untouched by any passion, unpolluted by evil tempers. — *Alex. Smith*

Twenty-fourth pupil

Springtime is coming! search for the flowers!
 Brush off the brown leaves, the darlings are here!
 Joy of the spring hours, picking the Mayflowers!
 Kiss the spring beauties, the babes of the year.

Twenty-fifth pupil

O happy trees, which we plant to-day,
 What great good fortune waits you!
 For you will grow in sun and snow
 Till fruit and flowers freight you.

Twenty-sixth pupil

There is no spot on earth that may not be made more beautiful by flowers.

Twenty-seventh pupil

A man does not plant a tree for himself but for posterity.
 — *Alex. Smith*

Twenty-eighth pupil

Smile, flowers, along the way,
 Your dainty beauty stirs
 Such blessed thoughts, ye little comforters.

Twenty-ninth pupil

Plant trees and care for them. They will repay you for many years to come in fruit and nuts and flowers; and will afford protection for man, beast, and bird against the piercing rays of old Sol in summer, and the fierce blast of old Boreas in winter. Plant trees. — *Larrabee*

Thirtieth pupil

Flowers are the beautiful hieroglyphics of Nature, with which she indicates how much she loves us. — *Goethe*

Class (in unison)

Blessed be God for flowers! They are the sweetest things that He ever made and forgot to put a soul into.

Flowers, Sweet Flora's Children

SONG

Flowers, sweet Flora's children,
 How ye sport and spring!
 Smiling on each bank and brook,
 Mossy marge and woody nook,
 Where the linnets sing.

Flowers, sweet Flora's children,
 How ye roam and race!
 Down the valley, up the hill,
 With everlasting will,
 Haunting every place.

— *Festival Chimes*

Violets

RECITATION

Under the green hedges under the snow,
 There do the dear little violets grow;
 Hiding their modest and beautiful heads,
 Under the hawthorne, in soft mossy beds.
 Sweet as the roses and blue as the sky,
 Down there do the dear little violets lie;
 Hiding their heads, where scarce may be seen —
 By the leaves you may know where the violet has been.

LEGEND

The Greeks called this flower "Ion." It is said that Jupiter caused the first violet to spring up in the grass, when the unhappy Io — changed into a heifer — bent her lips to eat.

Apple Blossoms

RECITATION

The apple blossoms' shower of pearl,
 Though blent with rosier hue —
 As beautiful as woman's blush,
 As evanescent, too.

On every bough there is a bud,
 In every bud a flower,
 But scarcely bud or flower will last
 Beyond the present hour.

LEGEND

In Scandinavian mythology, the goddess Iduna is said to have charge of the apples. They contained the miraculous property of giving everlasting life to those who would eat them. For this reason they were kept for the gods when they felt themselves growing old.

An evil spirit carried off Iduna and the wonderful apple tree, and hid them away in the forest, where the deities were unable to find them.

Everything went wrong, both in the heavens and on the earth. The gods grew old and infirm, and becoming enfeebled in mind and body, could not regulate the affairs of this planet, and mortals, having no one to look after them, fell into evil ways. Matters grew worse daily, and the gods, combining the remains of their strength, overcame the Evil Spirit, Loki, and compelled him to return the stolen apple tree, since which time everything has gone on smoothly for the victors.

Anemone

RECITATION

Little Anemone,
So frail and so fair,
Blooming so brave,
In the cold spring air.
Sweet little messenger,
Hastening to tell

Summer is coming
 And all will be well.
 Out of the darkness,
 Springing to life,
 So brave and so tiny
 In this great world of strife.
 Standing so firm,
 Though swayed by the breeze,
 Seeming to say
 By its pure petaled leaves —
 “Out of the darkness
 Shall come forth life,
 God in His wisdom
 Has made day and night.”

LEGEND

The name “Wind-flower” is often given to this beautiful little plant, which originally came from the countries along the coast of the Mediterranean Sea.

According to mythology, Anemone was a nymph who was greatly beloved by Zephyrus, the God of Wind, and Flora, being jealous of her exceeding beauty, banished her from court, and finally transformed her into the delicate flower which bears her name — Anemone.

Daisies

RECITATION

Sweet, modest flowers, like stars of light,
 How simply ye are shining;
 How pure and lovely, and how bright,

Ye bend as if in meek delight,
 To beauty's soft reclining;
 Gay blossoms come to greet the spring,
 We gladly give them praises;
 And while their tributes still they bring,
 Of blooming beauty, we will sing,
 Our welcome to the daisies.

LEGEND

This little flower owes its origin to Belides, one of the dryads, who presided over the woodland.

It is fabled that whilst this damsel was dancing with her favored suitor, she attracted the attention of Vertumnus the guardian deity of orchards, and to escape his persecution was changed into a daisy or "day's eye," which opens and closes with the sun.

The Forget-me-not

RECITATION

There is a pretty little flower,
 Of sky-blue tint and white,
 That glitters in the sunshine
 And goes to sleep at night.

'Tis a token of remembrance,
 And a pretty name it's got,
 Would you know it, if I told you?
 'Tis the sweet forget-me-not.

LEGEND

When God the Lord had made the whole wide world, and saw that it was good, he sent all the animals to Adam, that he should give to each a name; but all the flowers He placed before Himself, and went from one to another, telling each its name, so that they all knew by what they were to be called.

But one little flower looked up so happily with its bright blue eyes at the blessed Lord, opening its golden heart to Him, it forgot itself, and so did not know its name. It was very much ashamed, and bowed its blossoms and buds, saying: "Ah! dear Lord, be not angry with me. I could not help gazing at Thee, till I forgot everything, even the name Thou gavest me. Wilt Thou tell it me again, and I will not forget?" Then God looked kindly down upon the little flower at his feet. "I am not angry with you," He said, "that you forgot yourself is no sin. Be mindful now, I give thee for a name, 'Forget-me-not,'" by which name it has been known to this day.

Hepatica

Girls in concert

Ere snows have left the woodland ways
 On sunny morns of April days,
 I find thee smiling as in glee,
 And peeping through the grass at me.
 The alder bushes barely show
 Their golden tassels o'er the snow;
 And pussy willow's silky cap

Proclaims her yet unbroken nap.
 But thou, bright flower, brimful of mirth,
 Art here, to welcome April's birth;
 A sign to us that not in vain
 Has been the winter's snow and rain.

— *Bailey*

Grass Blades

Boys in concert

Peeping, peeping, here and there,
 In lawns and meadows everywhere;
 Coming up to find the spring,
 And hear the robin red-breast sing.
 Creeping under children's feet,
 Glancing at the violets sweet,
 Growing into tiny bowers,
 For the dainty meadow flowers:
 We are small, but think a minute
 Of a world with no grass in it.

April Flowers

School in unison

The Spring Beauties wake
 For the girls and the boys,
 And earth groweth green
 Without bustle or noise;
 From tiny brown buds,
 Wrapped fold upon fold,
 The loveliest garlands
 Will soon be unrolled.

The pretty white catkins
Are soft to the touch,
And Alders, we loved them
In childhood so much:
While bending above them
On yonder hillside,
The Dogwood is dressed
As a beautiful bride.

Ah! welcome, sweet April,
Whose feet on the hills,
Have walked down the valleys
And crossed o'er the rills;
The pearls that you bring us
Are dews and warm showers,
And the hem of your garments
Is brodered with flowers.

— *M. J. Smith*

The Tree and Man

CLARENCE M. WEED

(Let a pupil represent each tree and have in hand a leaf or twig, or a picture to illustrate it.)

White Oak Tree

We are gathered here to-day
Our respects to man to pay,
And to show that we are grateful
For his Arbor Day so fateful.

So let us all as we recall
Our pleasures through the spring and fall,
Report the joy we give to Man;
And rhyme the story when we can.

Aspen Tree

In spring when leaves are yet unseen
I show to Man the fairest green
In all the woods. My bark when wet
Is tinged with gray and green and jet.

Large-toothed Aspen

My fairest show I make in spring
When warblers through the branches sing;

My young white leaves I then display
Against a field of green and gray.

Cottonwood

In city streets where smoke lies thickly
I gather sunshine and grow quickly,
Shedding from leaves that brightly shine
The dust that makes most trees to pine.

Willow Tree

I hold the rivers in their courses;
My tangled roots have strength that forces
The rushing waters on their way,
And thus prevents their harmful play.

Alder Tree

I also help to guide the rivers;
And when in March the landscape shivers
With cold so fierce, my drooping catkins I do bring
To show a promise of the spring.

Sugar Maple Tree

Since long ago, wise men have made
Their sweet from sap beneath my shade:
The maple sugar that you see
Is taken from the sugar tree.

Red Maple Tree

I light the landscape with my flame:
In spring and autumn I proclaim

The beauty found in fruit and leaf
E'en though their life be very brief.

Apple Tree

In spring see children clap their hands
When I light up the fruitful lands;
And note in autumn with what glee
They rush to gather fruit from me.

Hawthorne Tree

In May when birds so sweetly sing
I crown the glory of the spring;
My leaves and blossoms fair to see
Have gained a wide celebrity.

Horse Chestnut Tree

In spring when winds are strong and sweet
I send my perfume forth to greet
The laden air: my blossoms dear
The landscape light from far and near.

Tulip Tree

Little children love to see
Leaves and flowers of Tulip tree:
While in June the bumble-bee
Gathers nectar, blithe and free.

Locust Tree

In airs of June when leaves are new
I send my blossoms forth to view

Of bees and Man. The bees swarm fast
To gather food for Man's repast.

Mountain Laurel Tree

On the sombre mountain side
Where most the darksome shades abide,
I bring in June the fairest show
Of leaves and flowers that Man may know.

Sassafras Tree

In spicy bark I yield to man
A taste and odor such as ran
Through ships and cargoes long since sent
From far-famed isles of Orient.

Chestnut Tree

See children flock to my abode,
So eager for their happy load;
When beautiful blossoms are sadly lost
By the blight of the white autumnal frost.

Beech Tree

Tired men have come to me for shade:
For weary ages have they lain
Beneath my branches; and as food
They have found my nutlets good.

Elm Tree

I show to Man most grateful arches,
As down the village street he marches,

And keep from him the fierce sunshine
By leaves and branches green and fine.

Norway Spruce Tree

A fair pyramid that may be seen
From far and near, and always green,
I hold erect before men's eyes
A beauty that they highly prize.

Fir Balsam Tree

Sweet balms of healing I do bring,
To winds that through my branches sing,
While in the cells along my sides
Is stored a lotion that abides.

White Pine Tree

Men find for me so many uses
That I have suffered great abuses;
But now the lesson is so plain
That they are planting me again.

Canoe Birch Tree

Those men who on the water go,
In search of food or friend or foe,
Have found the help of my tough bark
The surest way to reach their mark.

Sumach Tree

When the Painter of Autumn o'er the fair land pours
The hues and the tints from his rainbow stores,

To me he gives tones of crimson and red,
Till far o'er the landscape his glory is spread.

Holly

When Winter spreads abroad his fear,
I hasten forth to bring good cheer
Of green leafage and red berries,
And with me come the festal fairies.

Lombardy Poplar Trees

I rise above the other trees
Like mountains seen from over seas;
And point the thoughts of men on high
To stars that rise above the sky.

Why We Keep Arbor Day

(For seven children. As they take places upon stage, those in seats recite first stanza.)

Trees of the fragrant forest,
With leaves of green unfurled,
Through summer's heat, through winter's cold,
What do you for our world?

First pupil

Our green leaves catch the raindrops
That fall with soothing sound,
Then drop them slowly, slowly down,
'Tis better for the ground.

Second pupil

When rushing down the hillside,
A mighty freshet forms,
Our giant trunks and spreading roots
Defend our happy homes.

Third pupil

From burning heat in summer,
We offer cool retreat,
Protect the land in winter's storm
From cold and wind and sleet.

Fourth pupil

Our falling leaves in autumn,
 By breezes turned and tossed,
 Will make a deep sponge-carpet warm,
 Which saves the ground from frost.

Fifth pupil

We give you pulp for paper,
 Our fuel gives you heat,
 We furnish lumber for your homes,
 And nuts and fruit to eat.

Sixth pupil

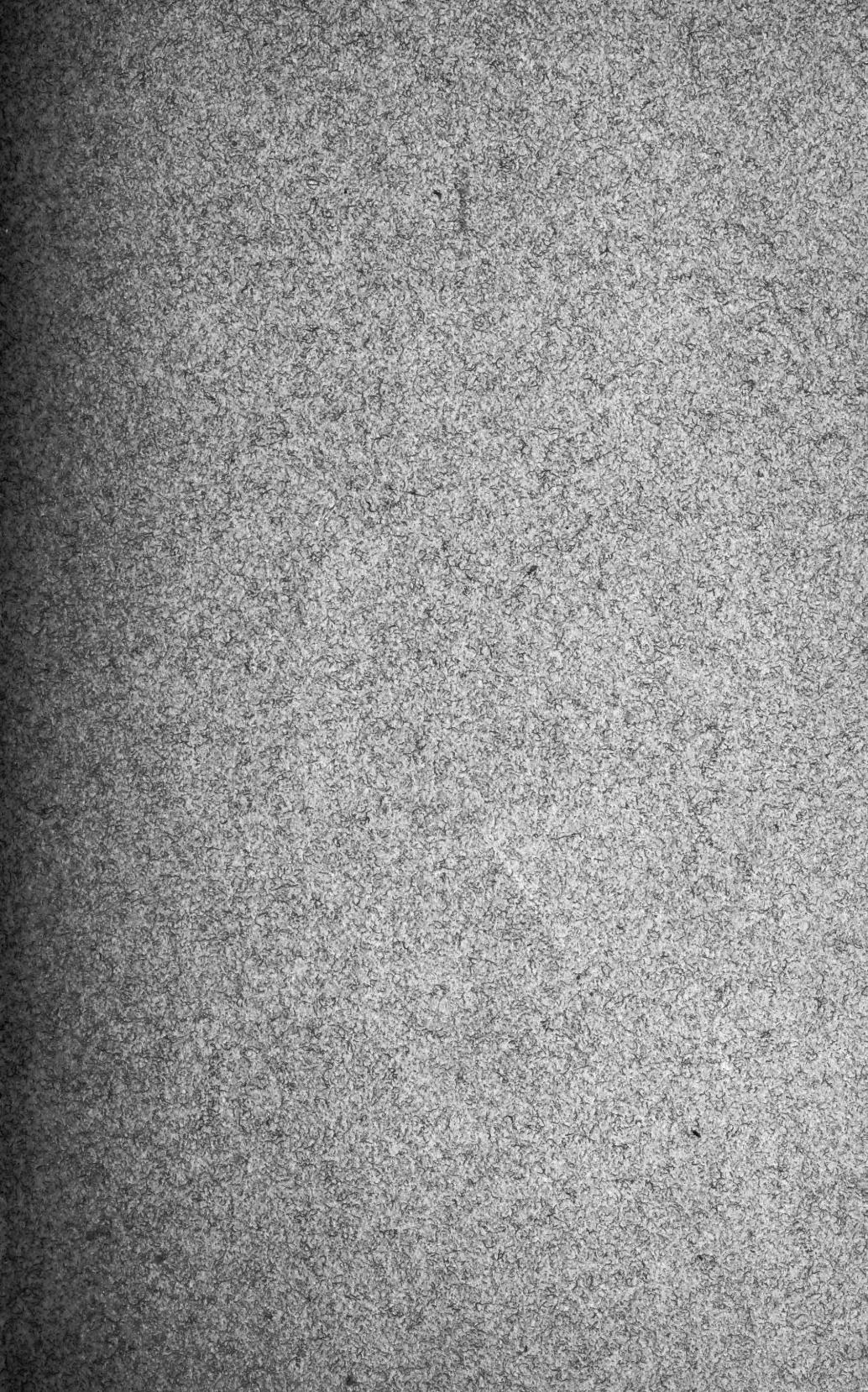
Our tiny hidden air-cells
 Have always work to do,
 We take impure air, and make it pure,
 Then breathe it back to you.

Seventh pupil

With strong and graceful outline,
 With branches green or bare,
 We fill the land through all the year
 With beauty everywhere.

All

So listen, from the forest
 Each one a message sends
 To children on this Arbor Day —
 “We trees are your best friends.”



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