

Under A Tree

Under a tree where the breezes blow,
There is the spot that it's good to go
With the children bronzed by the Summer sun,
Bubbling with laughter and wholesome fun;
And I gather them round — all the happy clan,
And forget for a while I'm a grizzled old man.

Marjorie, Florence, and fair Lucille,
Freddy and Denny — and then we steal
An hour or two from the clock of life,
The quest of gold and the constant strife,
The clamor and noise of a city day
For the peace and joy of a bit of play.

Pirate stories for boys we tell,
For there is the place to tell them well;
With treasure islands we build in sand,
And we mark the spot where the pirates land,
And even the place where the gold was hid
By that master of pirates, old Captain Kidd.

Then we leave the pirates and run away
To the wonderful glens where the fairies play;
And under the tree where the breezes are
We summon the fairies with crown and star,
And I tell of the wonderful things they do
When the sun is up and the skies are blue.

And the far off world may call and call,
But I never hear through my little wall
Of innocent youngsters that hem me in.
I finish one tale and a new begin;
And there we sit underneath the tree
Till mother calls all of us in for tea.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)