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The Tree

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

The tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No, dear, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the tree, while it trembled from rootlet to crown.

The tree bore its blossoms, and all the birds sung:
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as it swung.
"No, dear, leave them alone
Till berries here have grown,"
Said the tree, while the leaflets all quivering hung.



The tree bore its fruit in the midsummer glow:
Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries or no?"
"Yes, dear, all thou canst see;
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the tree, while it bent its laden boughs low.

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