

Tree songs!

The Trees Grow Tall

The trees grow tall in the heart of the forest,
High in the sky and the roots grow down
In the deep, dark, earth.

My sisters have a home

My sisters have a home in the forest where the trees grow tall & strong.
And all the mountains ring with the singing of their wild & womanly song.

Rattlin' Bog - trad Irish

Chorus:

Ho ro the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-oh
Ho ro the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-oh

Verses: Now in that bog, there was a tree, a rare tree, a rattlin' tree etc
(Tree, branch, twig, nest, bird, feather, flea, legs, shoes)

Simple Praise of Trees - Gretchen Sleicher

Part 1 - Alto Melody

I raise my arms in the forest,
and join the simple praise of trees.

Part 2 - Tenor Harmony

I raise my arms,
and join the praise of trees

Part 3 - Soprano Harmony

In the forest, the forest,
I raise my arms in praise of trees

Part 4 - Bass Harmony

I raise my arms,
and join the praise of trees

My Roots Go Down - trad American camp song

My roots go down into the earth
My trunk stands strong, leans into the wind
My branches reach, reach into the sky
My leaves they turn, turn into the light

Linden Lea - poem by William Barnes & melody by Vaughan Williams

Within the woodland flow'ry gladed
By the oak tree's mossy root
The shining grass blade timber shaded
Now do quiver on the foot
And birds do whistle overhead
And water's bubbling in its bed
And there for me the apple tree
Do lean down low, in Linden Lea

When leaves that lately were a-springing
Now do fade within the copse
And painted birds do hush their singing
High upon the timber tops
And brown leaved fruit is turning red
In cloudless sunshine overhead
With root for me the apple tree
Do lean down low, in Linden Lea

Let other folk make money faster
In the air of dark roomed towns
I do not dread a peevish master
Though no man may heed my frowns
For I be free to go abroad
Or take again my homeward road
To where, for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low, in Linden Lea
To where, for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low, in Linden Lea

Tree Song - Anna Tabbusch

For two thousand years we've stood
Fed the soil through our roots
Fed the birds with our fruits
Now you chop us down, down, down
You chop us down

We have made the air you breathe
Shade and shelter with our leaves
Cured ailments and disease
Yet you chop us down, down, down
You chop us down

Watch the owls fly from the trees
Watch the squirrel as she flees

Will you hear their dying pleas?
When you chop us down, down, down
You chop us down

Will you know which tree you hack
When you weald your deadly axe?
Will you look up all the facts?
Before you chop us down, down, down
You chop us down

When you've turned the trees to gold
When you've lost the treasure you hold
Will you mourn what you have sold?
When they chop us down, down, down
They chop us down, down, down
They chop us down, down, down
They chop us down

Oak and Ash and Thorn - Lyrics taken from the poem A Tree Song by Rudyard Kipling, Music by Peter Bellamy.

Of all the trees that grow so fair, old England to adorn,
Greater are none beneath the sun than Oak, and Ash, and Thorn.

Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn good sirs,
All on a midsummer's morn.
Surely we'll sing of no little thing
In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn.

Oak of the clay lived many a day o'er ever Aeneas began
Ash of the loam was a lady at home when Brut was an outlaw man,
And Thorn of the down saw new Troy town, from which was London born
Witness hereby the ancient try of Oak, and Ash, and Thorn.

Sing ...

Yew that is old, in churchyard mould, he breedeth a mighty bow
Alder for shoes do wise men choose, and Beech for cups also
But when you have killed, and you bowl it is filled, and your shoes are clean outworn
Back you must speed for all that you need to Oak, and Ash, and Thorn

Sing ...

Elm, she hates mankind, and waits till every gust be laid,
To drop a limb on the head of him that anyway trusts her shade,
But whether a lad be sober or sad, or mellow with ale from the horn,
He'll taketh no wrong when he lyeth along 'neath Oak, and Ash, and Thorn

Sing ...

Oh, do not tell the priest our plight, or he would call it a sin,
But we've been out in the woods all night, a-conjuring summer in,
And we bring you good news by word of mouth, good news for cattle and corn
Now is the sun come up from the south, by Oak, and Ash, and Thorn.

Sing . . .

Great Trees

Music by Malcolm Dalglish, Text by Wendell Berry

Slowly, slowly, they return
To the small woodland let alone:
Great trees, outspreading and upright,
Apostles of the living light.

Patient as stars, they build in air.
Tier after tier a timbered choir.
Stout beams upholding weightless grace
Of song, a blessing on this place.

They stand in waiting all around,
Uprisings of their native ground,
Downcomings of the distant light;
They are the advent they await.

Receiving sun and giving shade,
Their life's a benefaction made,
And is a benediction said
Over the living and the dead.

In fall their brightened leaves, released,
Fly down the wind, and we are pleased
To walk on radiance, amazed.
O light come down to earth, be praised!

Weave the Willow for Anna Liebmann, basketweaver

By Jane Lewis

1. (Unison on tune)

Weave and lock, tie in the slath sticks (x3) [tie the sticks]

Weave the willow, weave.

Chorus

Safasaf, seilach, hazomanahelo (x3)

Weave the willow, weave

2. (Tune and high)

Slype the butt, pull up the side stakes (x3) [pull the stakes]

Weave the willow, weave.

Chorus

3. (All parts)

Three rod wale, rap your walers (x3) [rap your walers]

Weave the willow, weave.

Chorus

4. (Unison)

Tip to tip, butt end to butt end (x3) [butt to butt]

Weave the willow, weave.

Chorus

5. (Tune and high)

French randing, chase your weavers (x3) [chase your weavers]

Weave the willow, weave.

Chorus

6. (All parts)

Herringbone finish, pull down the border (x3) [pull the border]

Weave the willow, weave.

Chorus

Safasaf - willow in Arabic

Seilach - willow in Scots Gaelic (pronounced shulach)

Hazomanahelo - willow in Malagasy (language of Madagascar)

The Vine & Fig Tree

And every one 'neath a vine & fig tree

Shall live in peace & unafraid

And into plowshares turn their swords

Nations shall learn war no more.

Wangari - Polly Bolton

(tribute to the Kenyan activist who won a Nobel peace prize for her efforts to reverse African deforestation)

Sow the seed it will be,

One more tree to grace the earth

Wangari, wangari

One seed, one tree, one woman unbowed.