

# The Giving Tree

Bobby Bare

(Y'all settle down! Everybody be quiet  
Because daddy's gonna sing a quiet song called the Giving Tree.  
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Once there was a giving tree who loved a little boy  
And every day the boy would come to play  
Swinging from her branches, sleeping in her shade  
Laughing all the summer hours away  
And so they'd love and oh, the tree was happy, oh, the tree was glad.

But soon the boy grew older and one day he came to say  
Can you give me some money, tree, to buy some things I found  
I have no money, said the tree, just apples, twigs and leaves  
But you can take my apples, boy, and sell them in the town  
And so he did and oh, the tree was happy, oh, the tree was glad  
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And soon again the boy came back and he said to the tree  
I'm now a man and I must have a house that's all my own  
I can't give you a house, she said, the forest is my house  
But you may cut my branches off and build yourself a home  
And so he did and oh, the tree was happy, oh, the tree was glad  
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And the time went by and the boy came back with sadness in his eyes  
My life has turned so cold, he said, and I need sunny days  
I've nothin' but my trunk, she said, but you may cut it down  
And build yourself a boat and sail away  
And so he did and oh, the tree was happy oh, the tree was glad.

And after years the boy came back, both of them were old  
I really cannot help ye if you ask another gift  
I'm nothin' but an old stump now, I'm sorry boy, she said  
I'm sorry but I've nothin' more to give.

I don't need very much now, just a quiet place to rest  
The boy he'd whispered with a weary smile  
Well, said the tree, an old stump still is good for that  
Come boy, she said, sit down, sit down and rest awhile  
And so he did and oh. the tree was happy oh, the tree was glad.  
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