



## THE PINE By John Kendrick Bangs

LET others have the maple trees,  
With all their garnered sweets.  
Let others choose the mysteries  
Of leafy oak retreats.  
I'll give to other men the fruit  
Of cherry and the vine.  
Their claims to all I'll not dispute  
If I can have the pine.

I love it for its tapering grace,  
Its uplift straight and true.  
I love it for the fairy lace  
It throws against the blue.  
I love it for its quiet strength,  
Its hints of dreamy rest  
As, stretching forth my weary length,  
I lie here as its guest.

No Persian rug for priceless fee  
Was e'er so richly made  
As that the pine hath spread for me  
To woo me to its shade.  
No kindly friend hath ever kept  
More faithful vigil by  
A tired comrade as he slept  
Beneath his watchful eye.

But best of all I love it for  
Its soft, eternal green;  
Through all the winter winds that roar  
It ever blooms serene,  
And strengthens souls oppressed by fears,  
By troubles multiform,  
To turn, amid the stress of tears,  
A smiling face to storm.