

***The Tree in the Ancient Forest by Carol Reed-Jones***

This is the ancient forest.

This is the three-hundred-year-old tree

That grows in the ancient forest.

These are the roots that draw food from the soil

To nourish the three-hundred-year-old tree

That grows in the ancient forest.

These are the tiny, underground truffles

That grow on the roots that draw food from the soil,

To nourish the three-hundred-year-old tree

That grows in the ancient forest.

These are the voles and mice that tunnel,

And eat tiny, underground truffles

That grow on the roots that draw food from the soil,

To nourish the three-hundred-year-old tree

That grows in the ancient forest.

This is the owl that flies at night,

That hunts the voles and mice that tunnel,

And eat tiny, underground truffles

That grow on the roots that draw food from the soil,

To nourish the three-hundred-year-old tree

That grows in the ancient forest.

These are the sleepy owlets,

That are fed by the owl that flies at night,

That hunts the voles and mice that tunnel,

And eat tiny, underground truffles

That grow on the roots that draw food from the soil,

To nourish the three-hundred-year-old tree

That grows in the ancient forest.

This is a hollow in the tree,

Home of the sleepy owlets,  
That are fed by the owl that flies at night,  
That hunts the voles and mice that tunnel,  
And eat tiny, underground truffles  
That grow on the roots that draw food from the soil,  
To nourish the three-hundred-year-old tree  
That grows in the ancient forest.

This is the woodpecker,  
Searching for ants,  
That started the hollow in the tree,  
Home of the sleepy owlets,  
That are fed by the owl that flies at night,  
That hunts the voles and mice that tunnel,  
And eat tiny, underground truffles  
That grow on the roots that draw food from the soil,  
To nourish the three-hundred-year-old tree  
That grows in the ancient forest.

This is the saucy, chattering squirrel,  
That scolds the woodpecker,  
Searching for ants,  
That started the hollow in the tree,  
Home of the sleepy owlets,  
That are fed by the owl that flies at night,  
That hunts the voles and mice that tunnel,  
And eat tiny, underground truffles  
That grow on the roots that draw food from the soil,  
To nourish the three-hundred-year-old tree  
That grows in the ancient forest.

This is the hungry, stealthy marten  
That stalks the saucy, chattering squirrel,  
That scolds the woodpecker,

Searching for ants,  
That started the hollow in the tree,  
Home of the sleepy owlets,  
That are fed by the owl that flies at night,  
That hunts the voles and mice that tunnel,  
And eat tiny, underground truffles  
That grow on the roots that draw food from the soil,  
To nourish the three-hundred-year-old tree  
That grows in the ancient forest.  
These are the fir cones that fall from a branch,  
And startle the hungry, stealthy marten  
That stalks the saucy, chattering squirrel,  
That scolds the woodpecker,  
Searching for ants,  
That started the hollow in the tree,  
Home of the sleepy owlets,  
That are fed by the owl that flies at night,  
That hunts the voles and mice that tunnel,  
And eat tiny, underground truffles  
That grow on the roots that draw food from the soil,  
To nourish the three-hundred-year-old tree  
That grows in the ancient forest.  
This is the three-hundred-year-old tree,  
That grows from the fir cones that fall from a branch,  
And startle the hungry, stealthy marten  
That stalks the saucy, chattering squirrel,  
That scolds the woodpecker,  
Searching for ants,  
That started the hollow in the tree,  
Home of the sleepy owlets,  
That are fed by the owl that flies at night,

That hunts the voles and mice that tunnel,  
And eat tiny, underground truffles  
That grow on the roots that draw food from the soil,  
To nourish the three-hundred-year-old tree