





The Little
FIR TREE



*There were some woods not far from us,
The trees were lush and green.
They were the biggest fir trees
That we had ever seen.*

*Towards the sky they grew and grew,
They almost touched the sun.
Their branches spreading far and wide
They shaded everyone.*

*Beneath these towering giants,
Grew one teeny tiny tree.
She really was a little 'un.
As small as small could be.*




*The bigger fir trees in the wood,
They used to laugh and jeer
At the teeny tiny fir tree,
Who longed to disappear.*

*"You'll never be as tall as us,
You'll never be as good."
So in their giant shadows
The Little Fir Tree stood.*

*One day a child came along
To choose a Christmas tree.
"Let's have this one, Mummy,
It's dinky, just like me!"*

*They took the Little Fir Tree home,
It wasn't very far.
Her branches fitted snugly
In the backseat of the car.*





"Welcome home," the child said,
As they planted her in the ground.
"I can't wait to make you pretty,
Now Christmas has come around."

"But before the decorations,
We've a special thing to make.
It's tradition in our family -
The Christmas ginger cake!"

The Little Fir Tree watched the child
In the kitchen, having fun.
He sieved and stirred and licked the bowl
And iced biscuits, one by one.

Then while the cake was baking,
The child came outdoors.
"I've finished making my treat,
so now, it's time for yours..."

Tinsel, bells and baubles,
And on top, a star of gold.
He made her shine and sparkle,
Out there in the cold.



The child stood back, admired his work
With pleasure in his eyes.
"You really are majestic,
No matter what your size."

The Little Fir Tree was so proud,
She felt extremely tall.
Her little boy thought she was
The most special tree of all.

She forgot the jeers and teasing
From the lofty trees above.
She was now a little Christmas tree,
Who'd found a home ... and love.

