

THE LONE PINE TREE

(In the Grainfield near Tekoa, Washington)

In Washington, my native state,
Near that old home of mine,
Standing alone in the grainfield,
Is a tall and stately pine;
It has seen many sorrows and heartaches,
I know, as it stands there so brave,
For people pass by to the graveyard,
and Beneath it there's one lonely grave.

While its great branches sing me a lullaby,
And the soft breezes gently blow
It seems I can almost hear it sigh
And whisper soft and low;
If I could only be in a forest
Amid all the kindred of mine,
Instead of here in the grainfield!
I'm only a lone, lone pine.

This lonely old pine on the hilltop,
Like a sentinel is standing there,
A landmark to all old-timers,
To cut it down, no one would dare.
It shares its name with the district,
The cemetery, church and school,
Where we all went to get our lessons
And learn the golden rule

I have seen lots of trees that were planted
In straight and orderly line,
But I have never seen a tree
That could rival that old friend of mine.
It is only a pine tree, you murmur,
Only a lone, lone pine,
But a childhood dreams, it still holds it seems,
A place in this heart of mine.

Old pine tree, you may be lonely,
Standing alone on the hill,
But you were put there for a purpose;
I'm sure it was God's will,
To place you there in the grainfield
To guard as the soldier must
The children who grew up around you,
So in God we would put our trust.

AUDREY SHERROD CAVIN

By sister of Roy Sherrod Audrey Etta Sherrod b. 1886 d. 1963

Daughter of Arthur I. Sherrod