I Shall Protect the Forests
by Lenore Hetrick

Have you ever really looked at trees,
And seen their perfect beauty?
If you have, you know that their protection
Is a stern and sacred duty.
Protection of that spreading grandeur,
Through many summers grown,
Safeguarding of those temples green
Where the song of bird is known.

Then remember that the forest fire
Is an enemy to fight.
It is a tree assassin to be
Watched both day and night.
A camp fire left unguarded or
A match tossed carelessly
May bring destruction with great loss,
And deepest tragedy.

When next you see the wide-flung branches
Of a graceful pine,
Think to yourself, "A sacred service
Is part and parcel of mine.
I resolve to protect all trees forever,
And guard their heaven-sent beauty,
To save the forests of our land
Shall ever be my duty."