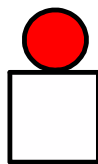




The tree



on



the hill



summer



autumn



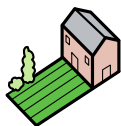
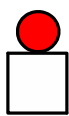
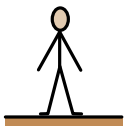
winter



spring



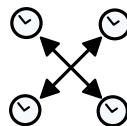
The tree on the hill in the summer time,



Stands on a lawn of green,



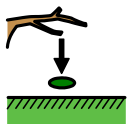
The bees are buzzing in the flowers,



The busiest bees I've ever seen.



The tree on the hill in the autumn time,



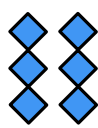
Sheds its coat of leaves,



As busy squirrels search for nuts,



And hide their food like thieves.



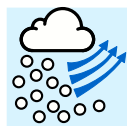
The Tree on the Hill Poem



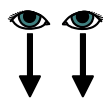
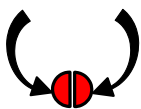
The tree on the hill in winter time



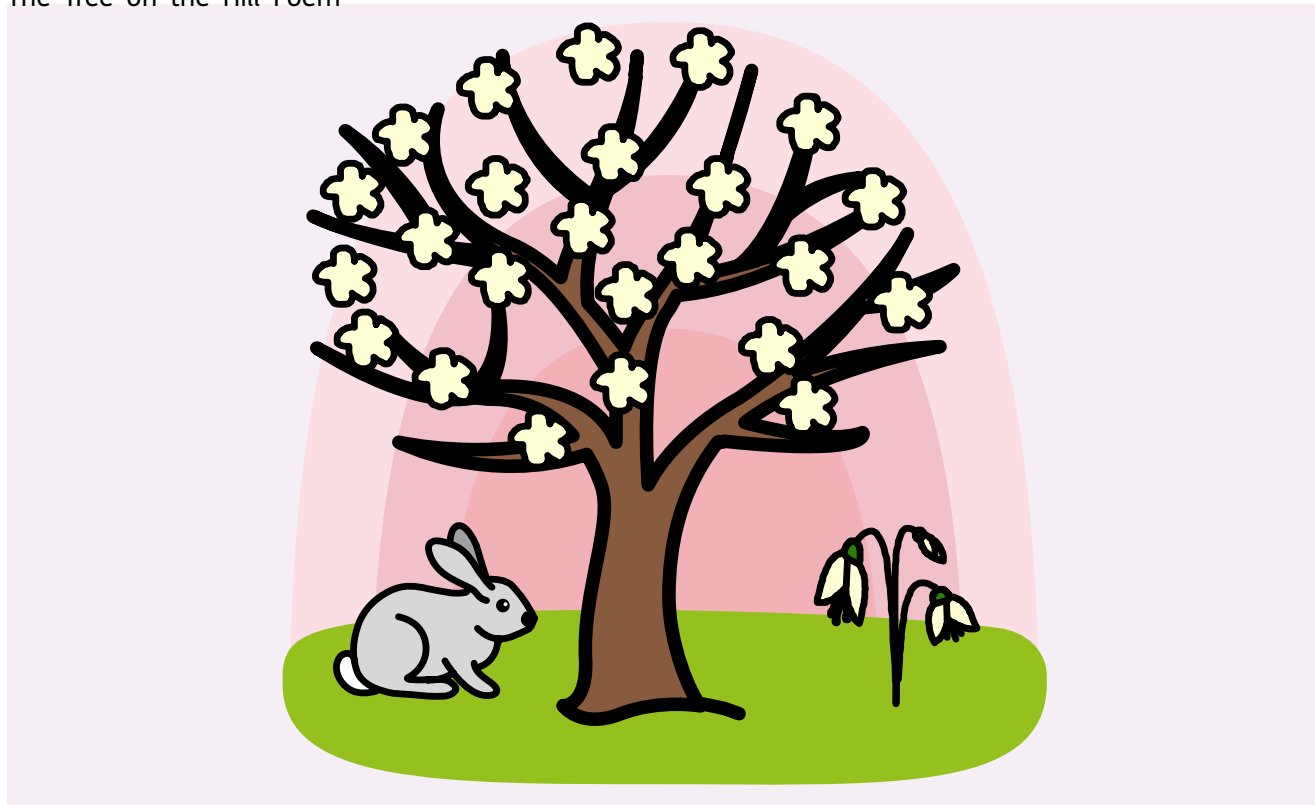
Wears a coat of white



And snowflakes falling from the sky



Make the world look bright.



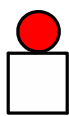
The tree on the hill in spring time,



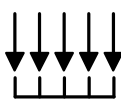
Grows



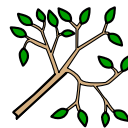
blossoms



on



every



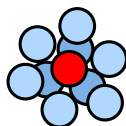
branch,



And insects



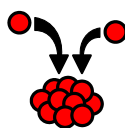
buzz



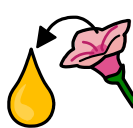
amongst



the flowers,



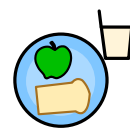
Gathering



nectar



for



their lunch!