

## SONG of the MYRTLE

Pretty, pretty trees  
Crepe myrtle time in Tennessee,  
I like the red ones  
Why, there are even some white ones!

Whether they are trimmed  
To have spindly legs  
Or left to grow,  
It doesn't matter to me!

Crepe myrtle time in Tennessee  
I'm thankful to see,  
With glee,  
Even Kentucky is too far north for me!

When you have the life of Christ  
All things become new  
Fresh, fruitful, and fertile  
Singing songs, why even of the myrtle!

The joy that comes from the life of Christ  
In me  
Is in this poem for all  
To see!