

WHY CHRISTMAS TREES AREN'T PERFECT

By Richard H. Schneider

Illustrated by
Elizabeth J. Miles



They say that if you creep into an evergreen forest late at night you can hear the trees talking. If you listen very carefully to the whisper of the wind, you can hear the older pines telling the younger ones why they will never be perfect. They will always have a bent branch here, a gap there. . . .

PERFECT!

Perfect! I must be perfect!
From pointed top to even
spreading skirt.

Branches! My fresh green
branches

Be careful not to bend or
snap or hurt.

Oh, so gently falls the rain
and snow

The sun's just right to help
me grow.



Hear me whisper as I'm
learning how
To lightly bow and be
somehow.....
Perfect! I will be perfect
So the queen will look at
me
--And her woodsmen will
agree--
To choose me as her
perfect Christmas tree.







THE CHASE

S: Run! The chase is on
Wild dogs will have you for dinner.

Flee! Hither and yon!

Little Rabbit, will you be the winner?

*A: I can run no faster, the wolves dash
near. May I hide in your branches, I
beg you? I fear!*

S&A: Run! The chase is on!

Run! The chase is on!

A: But the dark, cold trees (S: Dark,
cold trees)

A: Lift their branches from the snow.

S: We will not (A) shelter you from
danger

You might break our lovely branches
low.

S: Little Rabbit, Little Rabbit, go!

A: Hurry oh hurry oh hurry oh hurry,
oh hurry home!

3. COME LITTLE RABBIT

I will dip my branches
down
Even though they touch the
ground
Come to me when fear
would rule you.

S: I dip (A: my branches
down)

S: Even though (A: they
touch the ground)

Come to me when fear
would rule you

S: Come!

A: Come Little Rabbit,
come.





THE STORM

S: The icy wind doth blow
The blizzard is lashing the
forest.

Mother (Father) Wren, don't
you know
The danger of this mighty
tempest?

*A: My feathers are wet, I can
barely fly*

*May I rest in your branches to
get warm and dry?*

S&A: But the dark cold trees
Clench their branches like a
fist...and insist:

S: "We will not give you shelter.
If we let you in you'll spoil our
lovely shape. Go away!"

*A: We will not, we will not, we
will not, we will not*

*Let you in, let you in, let you in,
let you in*

*To spoil our shape; spoil our
shape; go away! Ssssss!*



COME, MOTHER WREN

Here is shelter from the storm
You may enter and be warm
The icy wind will never find
you.

Find shel-(Find shelter from
the storm) ter
And be warm (Please enter
and be warm)
The icy wind will never find
you.

Come!
Come, Mother Wren, come.



HUNGER

He's starving! No food to be found!

Who can help this little brother?

Snow covers the moss on the ground

Little Fawn can't find his mother.

The dark cold trees

Pull their branches away.

"If you eat our soft green needles then we're beautiful no more."

He's starving! No food to be found!

Who can help? Who can help him?



COME, LITTLE FAWN

You may nibble on my
bough

Nothing's more important
now

I have food when they
refuse you.

Come Little Fawn, come.

You have food..... Come.



YOU ARE NOT PERFECT

Naaaaaah Nah nah nah nah nah, perfect!

Perfect! I am not perfect.

You/I will never, never, never be the one.

Nah nah nah nah nah nah, ragged!

Ragged! You are/I am so ragged!

Uneven holes! The woodsmen clearly say you're/I'm done.

Ah, so sadly falls the rain and snow (sad, snow)

These breaks we fear (fear) you can't outgrow (grow)

So give up (give up) and hide your shabby self from sight (sight)

We/I know you/I cannot ever get this right and be

Perfect! You/I can't be perfect

You/I can't be best of all the rest

Certainly you/I failed the test

You/I have spoiled your/my chance to be a Christmas tree.

Nah nah nah nah nah. Nah nah nah nah nah. Ah!



Of course I want to be ... a perfect Christmas tree
I feel a tear ... from deep inside me.
Of course I want to be ... a happy Christmas tree
Come my friends and stand by me.
Come, my friends, come.

LOOK ANEW

Small Pine, Small Pine
Two white horses pull the sleigh.
Small Pine, Small Pine,
The queen has come to have her
say.

“Cut this tree that is imperfect
Cast it out, away from here.”

Oh Queen
Will you turn and look anew
Oh Queen, try Queen
Can you guess
what’s good and true?



Tiny tracks encircle Small Pine
Feathers softly cling, apart
Tender needles give their softness
Understanding fills her heart
(A: understanding)

Oh Small Pine, Small Pine (ah)
You're my choice, my perfect tree.
Oh kind Small Pine,
You may come and live with me.

In your drooping nibbled limbs
I feel my father's loving arms;
Mother's lap as still she holds me;
Christ's eternal love so strong.

You will become a perfect tree....
Ah!



MAKE WAY

Make way, the queen has come
To the forest so beat the drum
Good folk now follow along
With perfect tree and chorus strong...
Sing our song!

To the great hall, away
Where we can dance and sing and play
Around our Christmas tree
A thousand candles for you and me...
Come and see!

Place the golden angel high
Borrow starlight from the sky
By yule log a-blazing so warm
Come one and all, Small Pine adorn
On Christmas morn...
For Christ is born!

