

Nut Tree

by Julia Donaldson

Small, brown, hard, round,
The nut is lying underground.

Now a shoot begins to show.
Now the shoot begins to grow.

Tall, taller, tall as can be,
The shoot is growing into a tree.

And branches grow, and stretch and spread
With twigs and leaves above your head.

And on a windy autumn day
The nut tree bends, the branches sway,

The leaves fly off and whirl around,
And nuts go tumbling to the ground:
Small, brown, hard, round.