

The Big Oak on Second Street  
(Heritage Tree – 2016)

Today we stand beneath this towering giant  
With awe filled children's eyes,  
An oak so old, yet still so young,  
Its strong arms reaching for the skies.

We honor ye, this ancient tree,  
At home on Second Street.  
Why pay homage to a tree?  
These old red bricks a blanket at its feet.

These giant oaks may dot our land  
With hungry mouths pressed to earth,  
But none can claim our hearts as thee,  
This our Red Oak, so wide of girth.

Oak trees may come and go,  
But ours still standing tall.  
This the tree the young Boutins did climb,  
And sometimes from it fall.

Just up from Meyers Barn it was,  
Where horses stayed to rest and eat.  
This tree, for years and years,  
The big red oak up on Second Street.

What have such trees seen,  
What have they felt and known  
As saplings in the sun  
Where ancient pines had grown?

'Twas a time when money had us on the move,  
When folly romped so loud and free,  
Soon forest and fish were gone, the brownstone passé,  
Oh, to stand our ground like thee.

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