

# Trees in the Summer

Anne Gregson

**Andante**

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11 their\_\_\_\_\_ voic - es sound so clear\_\_\_\_\_ They e - cho in the

15 for - est un - til a - mongst the leaves\_\_\_ they dis - a - ppear.

The trees in the summer are a joy to be seen  
They make up a patchwork of different shades of green  
And the birds in the woodland, their voices sound so clear  
They echo in the forest  
Until amongst the leaves they disappear.

In the evening the perfume of the flowers and the pine  
Awakes a distant memory you cannot quite define  
And you find yourself longing for somewhere or someone  
You know does not exist  
And try as you might you will never ever find.

This fleeting sensation reminds you of a time  
Of an infatuation for a vision in your mind  
Of someone elusive who wanders through the trees  
But it isn't really she  
But the beauty and mytery surrounding her you love.

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