

The Names of Trees  
Tom Paxton / Susan Graham White

Capo 2nd fret

(Amin/E) (F) (G) (Amin/E) (F) (G) (Amin/E) (F) (G) (Amin/E) (F) (G)

Hes for(Amin)gotten the names of trees,  
Fa(F)miliar faces have no names.  
Hes re(Dmin)turned from alien (Amin)seas  
To (F)find our (G/D)fathers (F)house in (G)flames. (Amin)  
He tries to read the signs,  
Theyre (F)in an unfamiliar tongue,  
Some (Dmin)half-remembered (Amin)lines  
He (F)read when he was (G)young.

But there are (F)days when hell re(G)call  
The (C)forest in the (Amin)fall,  
When (F)we can walk to(G)gether, and hes (C)fine.  
There are (F)precious days like (G/D)that,  
When (C)he can name them (Amin)all,  
The ash, the (G/B)elm, the (C)beech, the (G/D)oak, the (Amin/E)pine. (Amin)

(Amin/E) (F) (G) (Amin/E) (F) (G) (Amin/E) (F) (G)

Hes for(Amin)gotten the names of trees,  
His (F)thoughts are like the chattering birds,  
They (Dmin)flutter as they (Amin)please,  
And (F) build their (G/D)nests of (F)scattered (G)words. (Amin)  
The children stop and smile,  
They (F)offer him their candy bar,  
They (Dmin)sometimes stay a (Amin)while  
And re(F)mind him of who they (G)are.

But there are (F)days when hell re(G)call  
The (C)forest in the (Amin)fall,  
When (F)we can walk to(G)gether, and hes (C)fine.  
There are (F)precious days like (G/D)that,  
When (C)he can name them (Amin)all,  
The ash, the (G/B)elm, the (C)beech, the (G/D)oak, the (Amin/E)pine.

Hes for(Amin)gotten the names of trees,  
He (F)smells the land to his surprise.  
Hes (Dmin)lost in the Hebri(Amin)des,  
A (F)stranger to our (G)sunny skies. (Amin)

(Amin/E) (F) (G) (Amin/E) (F) (G) (Amin)