

Sit Beneath the Basswood Tree
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Sit beneath the basswood tree
And think of many things.
How it travels and it grows
From seeds attached to wings.

Think of bark so young and gray
With lenticels to take in air.
And shiny buds that grow
On winter branches bare.

Hungry deer and rabbits
In winter's ice and snow
Chew and gnaw and take
The tender twigs that grow.

Think of new green leaves
That grow and spread apart
Each shaped just like a perfect
Special basswood heart.

Fragrant blossoms grow in spring
With nectar sweet and fair,
Inviting buzzing bees to come
To gather what is there.

Bees make a golden gift.
Basswood honey is quite rare.
A tasty treat for humans
And even hungry bear.

Then think of Indians living here
Who from the bark would make
Twine and thread to weave and sew
And many useful things create.

Building With Basswood

Lawrence Johnson came to live
On the nearby hill in 1873.
Built a cabin with his axe
From the useful basswood tree.

Cut basswood puncheons for the floor,
Made a window small and plain.
With his axe he formed the roof
Of basswood scoots that shed the rain.

Basswood trees were cut and peeled,
Then shredded in a mill

Making soft excelsior,
A product used to stuff and fill.

Basswood is a Useful Tree

The basswood was a useful tree
For people long ago.
Today we plant new trees for shade
And watch them thrive and grow.

Sit beneath the basswood tree
And watch it change and grow
Then tell those who follow you
About the things you know.