

## **The Always Giving Tree**

**Inspired from Shel Silverstein. Chorus text and dramaturgy : Mukherjee. P**

CHORUS: In a land both near and far

In between a smile and tear

There lived many

There lived some

There lived the happy

There lived the sad

There lived the ones

Who were crazy and mad

Ours is a story of a boy and a tree

And that urge to break the shackled

And the freedom to be free

STORY: Once there was a tree....and she loved a little boy.And everyday the boy would come and he would gather her leavesand make them into crownsand play king of the forest.

CHORUS: Childhood, smile and tears

Childhood with hardly an fear

Childhood that would connect the smile in us

The childhood of ideas without any fuss

STORY: He would climb up her trunk and swing from her branchesand eat apples.And they would play hide-and-go-seek. And when he was tired,he would sleep in her shade.And the boy loved the tree....very much. And the tree was happy.

But time went by.

CHORUS: Hey what you are looking for

A box of happiness or a jar of salt

A sandwich, a roti or a house made of asphalt

Hey what are you looking for

A place, a rest, a rope, a biscuit pack

Hey what are you looking for you Jumping jack !

STORY: And the boy grew older. And the tree was often alone. Then one day the boy came to the tree and the tree said, "Come, Boy, come and climb up my trunk and swing from my branches and eat apples and play in my shade and be happy." "I am too big to climb and play" said the boy. "I want to buy things and have fun. I want some money?" "I'm sorry," said the tree, "but I have no money. I have only leaves and apples. Take my apples, Boy, and sell them in the city. Then you will have money and you will be happy."

And so the boy climbed up the tree and gathered her apples and carried them away. And the tree was happy.

CHORUS:

Now Now Now

So So So

I can be tad correct and even incorrect also

I need money money money, a little manageable greed

But isn't a tad too much and

in a way too much for your need

The seed of life or the life of seed

The question is simple: Need, Need, Need, or Greed, Greed, Greed

How many mouths to feed?

STORY: But the boy stayed away for a long time.... and the tree was sad.

And then one day the boy came back and the tree shook with joy and she said, "Come, Boy, climb up my trunk and swing from my branches and be happy." "I am too busy to climb trees," said the boy. "I want a house to keep me warm," he said. "I want a wife and I want children, and so I need a house. Can you give me a house?" "I have no house," said the tree. "The forest is my house, but you may cut off my branches and build a house. Then you will be happy." And so the boy cut off her branches and carried them away to build his house.

And the tree was happy.

CHORUS:

Sailing, Drifting, Moving

Far, Far Far away

Sailing

Drifting

Moving

House and a theme

House and a dream

Square feet, large and small

Is that all

A little more and a lot more

Glut that leaves you sore

I need need need

But where do I give, give, give

Between the rock and the deep blue sea

I am stuck and so are we

Sailing

Moving

Drifting

Inside a large city, you are a mouse with a house and a large grouse

You are out of luck

You are stuck

You are transfixed and yet you shout

You yell and say: What is the way out?

STORY: But the boy stayed away for a long time. And could hardly speak.

CHORUS:

Come on in

Come on out

Come on

Come on time to give up selfies, no artificial pout

Let's get real, let's call out

Let's celebrate small

Let's reach out and call

Let's sweat

Let's dart in rain and let's get wet

Let's get started

Before it is way too late

STORY: "Come, Boy," she whispered, "come and play." "I am too old and sad to play," said the boy. "I want a boat that will take me far away from here. Can you give me a boat?" "Cut down my trunk and make a boat," said the tree. "Then you can sail away... and be happy." And so the boy cut down her trunk and made a boat and sailed away. And the tree was happy... but not really.

CHORUS:

A little sad

A little bad

One drop of tear

One resigned smile

One wait

One late

One sunrise

One sunset

One dusk, Many masks

All of you need is to catch my hand

All of you need to laugh and roll with me in the sand

STORY: And after a long time, the boy came back again. "I am sorry, Boy," said the tree, "but I have nothing left to give you - My apples are gone." "My teeth are too weak for apples," said the boy. "My branches are gone," said the tree. "You cannot swing on them - " "I am too old to swing on branches," said the boy. "My trunk is gone," said the tree. "You cannot climb - " "I am too tired to climb" said the boy. "I am sorry," sighed the tree. "I wish that I could give you something... but I have nothing left. I am just an old stump. I am sorry..." "I don't need very much now," said the boy. "just a quiet place to sit and rest. I am very tired." "Well," said the tree, straightening herself up as much as she could, "well, an old stump is good for sitting and resting. Come, Boy, sit down. Sit down and rest."

CHORUS:

The day never ends

The night never starts

The humane

Not the one who is smart

The kind

The mind

STORY: And the boy did. And the tree was happy.

CHORUS:

Today, I am happy, happy, happy

Today, I shall try

Today, i can spot my wings

and Today i shall fly

Today i shall sleep

Today i wont weep

today isn't today any more

Today my limbs float, today i shall soar

Today, i shall try

Today, i will try

Today, i will fly

Today, i shall try,

Today, i will fly

Today, I will fly

Today. we will fly