

Apples

"What hue shall my apples be?"
Asked the little apple tree.
"That is easy to decide;
Make them green," the grasses cried.

But the crimson roses said,
"We would rather have them red,"
While the dandelions confessed
Yellow suited them the best.

When the apples all were ripe,
Many wore a yellow stripe.
Some were red and some were green,
Some were somewhere in-between.

This song has been downloaded from BusSongs.com.