

"Guardians of the Greenwood"

In the heart of the woodland green,
Where mighty trees in silence lean,
There lies a tale of utmost worth,
Of guardianship o'er the Earth.

In whispers soft, the leaves do sing,
Of harmony in everything,
The birds, the beasts, the streams that flow,
In nature's dance, they all bestow.

Yet shadows cast by human hand,
Threaten to scar this sacred land,
For greed and folly blind the eye,
To forests that beneath them lie.

But hark! A call from ancient trees,
A plea carried on gentle breeze,
For those who'd hear and heed the call,
To rise and stand, to break the fall.

For in the depths of forest deep,
A promise made, a vow to keep,
To nurture, cherish, and defend,
These emerald realms till time's own end.

So let us join in noble quest,
To guard the forest's verdant vest,
With reverence for each living form,
In nature's tapestry reborn.

For in the heart of woodland green,
Lies hope eternal, ever keen,
That through our care and preservation,
Shall flourish life in jubilation.