

The Old Story

Young George Washington
and the Cherry Tree



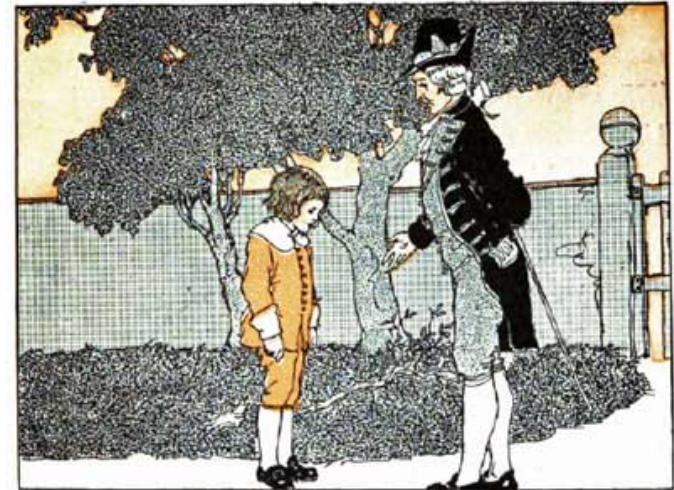


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Here is the *man*—
you know him well.
Give a rousing *cheer*
— when his name you tell.



WASHINGTON AND THE CHERRY TREE

Many of our best stories never really happened. But we like to hear them just the same. This one was invented to remind us that our first president, George Washington, was fearless and truthful.

When George was a small boy, the story goes, his father gave him a fine new hatchet. George was delighted. He tried his new toy on the woodpile and on the fences. Then he thought it would be fine to cut down a tree. So he went into the orchard, chose a fine young tree, and set to work. The chips flew, and presently the tree fell, bang! George now began to feel a little uneasy.

Soon his father came home. When he went into the orchard he saw lying there the fine young cherry tree which had lately been sent to him from England, and from which he had hoped to gather next year some large, juicy cherries. Of course he was angry. He asked one after another who had done this foolish thing. No one knew. Finally, he sent for George. By this time the boy realized how wrong and thoughtless he had been.

"Do you know, George, who cut down my tree?"

George dared not meet his father's eye, but he managed to say, "I did it, Father; I did not think. But I cannot tell a lie about it."

"I am sorry, my boy. It was my favorite young tree. But I had rather lose all my trees than have you tell a lie or be a coward."



Here is a queer
Continental hat.
Our great, great
General wore like that.



Small was the boy, but
he scorned a lie.
To be brave and honest,
all can try.



This is the cherry
tree, old in story,
History gives it a
greater glory.



There are the cherries
the good tree bore,
Sometimes less and
sometimes more.



This is the hatchet which
did much harm,
With the sturdy strokes of
a boy's right arm.