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A big old tree stands by a road near the city of Hiroshima. Through the years, it has seen many things.

One summer night the tree heard a lullaby. A mother was singing to her little girl under the tree. They looked happy, and the song sounded sweet. But the tree remembered something sad.

“Yes. It was some seventy years ago. I heard a lullaby that night, too.

On the morning of that day, a big bomb fell on the city of Hiroshima. Many people lost their lives, and many others were injured. They had burns all over their bodies. I was very sad when I saw those people.

It was a very hot day. Some of the people fell down near me. I said to them, “Come and rest in my shade. You’ll be all right soon.”

Night came. Some people were already dead. I heard a weak voice. It was a lullaby. A young girl was singing to a little boy.

“Mommy! Mommy!” the boy cried.

“Don’t cry,” the girl said. “Mommy is here.” Then she began to sing again.

She was very weak, but she tried to be a mother to the poor little boy. She held him in her arms like a real mother.

“Mommy,” the boy was still crying.

“Be a good boy,” said the girl. “You’ll be all right.” She held the boy more tightly and began to sing again.

After a while the boy stopped crying and quietly died. But the little mother did not stop singing. It was a sad lullaby. The girl’s voice became weaker and weaker.

Morning came and the sun rose, but the girl never moved again.