

## The Gardener

From A Child's Garden of Verses

Lance Horne

**Andante non Troppo**

Soprano

The gar-den-er does not love to talk, Me makes me keep the gra-vel walk; And when he puts his

Piano

7

S

tools a-way, He locks the door and takes the key. A-way be-hind the cur-rant row Where no one else but

13

S

cook may go, Far in the plots, I see him dig, Old and ser-ious, brown and big. He

18

S

digs the flowers, green, red, and blue, Nor wish-es to be spo-ken to. He digs the flowers and

23

S

cuts the hay, And ne-ver seems to want to play.— Sil-ly gar-dener! sum-mer goes, And

28

S

win-ter comes with pinch-ing toes, When in the gar-den bare and brown You must lay your

34

S

bar - row down. Well now, and while the sum-mer stays, To pro-fit by these gar-den days, O

Pno.

41

S

how much wis - er you would be To play at In - dian wars with

48

S

me!

48

Pno.