

Our Garden

An oasis of peace and one oh so tranquil
A place for all to share, and fulfil
A new bud, a new colour every day
A home where rabbits, come to eat and play
Some seem to stay, while others go away

The birds are many, sounds so varied, as they fly and sing
They feed their young; they share their fun, what a wonderful
thing
Each year they come, to nest and to rear In the garden we cherish, and hold
so dear

Plants aplenty, so varied to please
They come and they go, with timeless ease
With colours and scents, so bountiful
Each variety, so beautiful
A new day a new bud, a new bloom
Each hour a new sense, so soon

Arthur's place, he keeps so neat and green
He saws and prunes, and keeps all so clean
Marion beside him, she weeds and rakes
She hoes; she trims, for all our sakes

The trees, my special wonder, so majestic and tall
The heaven tree, all but surviving, most of all
The Church, my car, they look in danger, even* fall
Should it be so dreadful, for it ever to fall?

The Ash, the Oak, command pride of place
They've been here so long; perhaps this is their place
The Acacias and Firs, stand tall and blend
Provide cover for all, our garden friends

All year round, they live, they breathe
As seasons come and go, most see change, some not so
They leaf and blossom; they shed their cover
They bear fruit that ripens that seems forever

Apples, Pears, and Plums, Cherries, and Damsons last of all
They come each year, from spring to the fall
For the birds and the bees, to take their fill
The squirrels, the rabbits, and others at will

We pick them, we eat them, and store some indoors
We bag them and share them with folk, all neighbours
The conkers they fall, I gather them all
So the kids of our neighbour's, play and grow tall

The Fox he does visit, with stealth and delight
He's such a rare sight, in the still of the night
He stands tall and handsome, his coat so red, so bright
Not many others, have had the pleasure of this sight

At night time the Tawny Owl, and her two come to pry
These big red brown birds, we often hear cry
With eyes so wide, and head so round
Down in a swoosh, to pick prey from the ground

The Pigeon, the Dove, the Blackbird, the Thrush
The Robin, the Sparrow, the Finch they so rush
In our garden most live, and together they share
Alas only when the Robin, he says, they dare

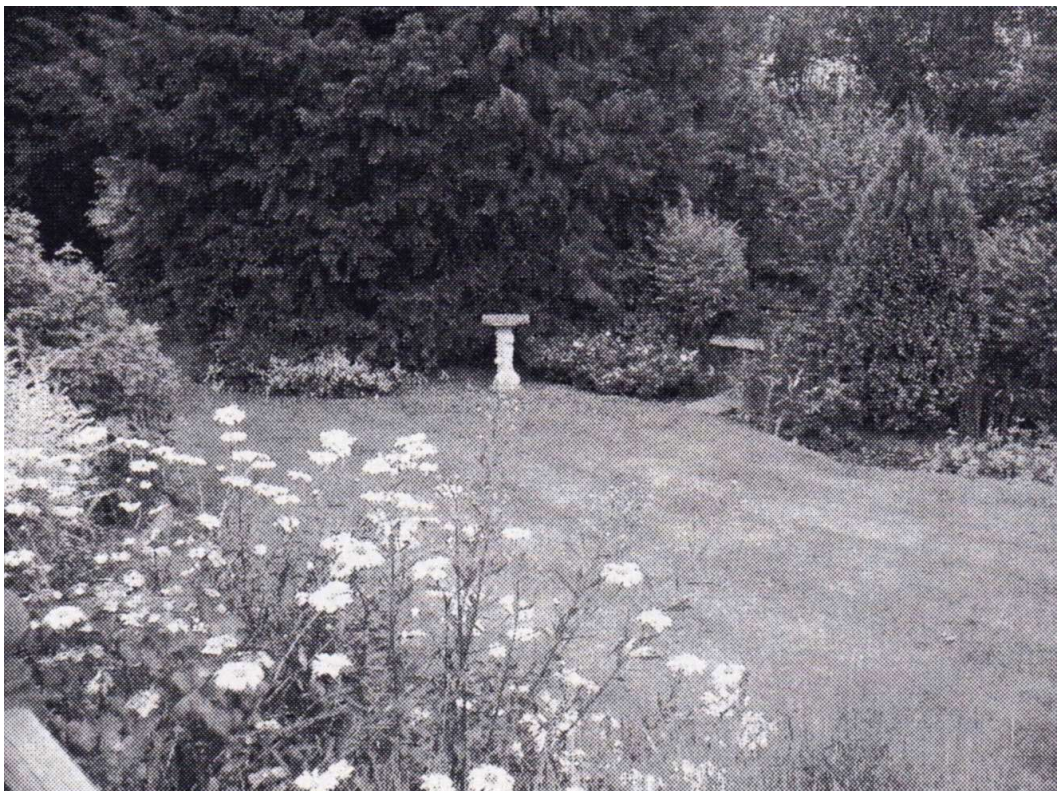
The greenhouse, the workshop, stand still and look bare
For most of the time, in winter's cold air
Spring leads to summer, to see them in full cry
Even in autumn they bring light, to the dark evening sky

The barrow it whistles, a tune as it may go
It's not alone, as it fetches, to and fro
The pick and the shovel, they stand as they stow
Beside other great workers, the rake and the hoe
The trimmers and cutters, both big and small
Lav in a line, beside others so tall

The peace and the tranquil, will always be there
As all this surrounds us, every day of the year
This is the place, so many come near
Our garden so lovely, oh it's so dear



View from the back gate



A view from the terrace