

# The Gardener

*The gardener does not love to talk,  
He makes me keep the gravel walk;  
And when he puts his tools away,  
He locks the door and takes the key.*

*Away behind the currant row  
Where no one else but cook may go,  
Far in the plots, I see him dig,  
Old and serious, brown and big.*

*He digs the flowers, green, red, and blue,  
Nor wishes to be spoken to.  
He digs the flowers and cuts the hay,  
And never seems to want to play.*

*Silly gardener! summer goes,  
And winter comes with pinching toes,  
When in the garden bare and brown  
You must lay your barrow down.*

*Well now, and while the summer stays,  
To profit by these garden days  
O how much wiser you would be  
To play at Indian wars with me!*

**Robert Louis STEVENSON** (1850–1894)

*. A Child's Garden of Verses and Underwoods. (1913)*

