A GIRL'S GARDEN*

A neighbor of mine in the village Likes to tell how one spring When she was a girl on the farm, she did A childlike thing.

One day she asked her father
To give her a garden plot
To plant and tend and reap herself,
And he said, 'Why not?'

In casting about for a corner

He thought of an idle bit

Of walled-off ground where a shop had stood,

And he said, 'Just it.'

And he said, 'That ought to make you
An ideal one-girl farm,
And give you a chance to put some strength
On your slim-jim arm.'

It was not enough of a garden, Her father said, to plow; So she had to work it all by hand, But she don't mind now.

She wheeled the dung in the wheelbarrow Along a stretch of road; But she always ran away and left Her not-nice load, And hid from anyone passing.

And then she begged the seed.

She says she thinks she planted one

Of all things but weed.

A hill each of potatoes, Radishes, lettuce, peas, Tomatoes, beets, beans, pumpkins, corn And even fruit trees.

And yes, she has long mistrusted That a cider apple tree In bearing there today is hers, Or at least may be.

Her crop was a miscellany When all was said and done, A little bit of everything, A great deal of none.

Now when she sees in the village How village things go, Just when it seems to come in right, She says, 'I know!

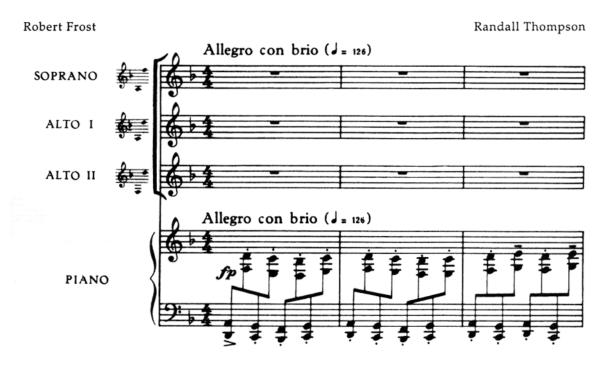
'It's as when I was a farmer -'
Oh, never by way of advice!
And she never sins by telling the tale
To the same person twice.

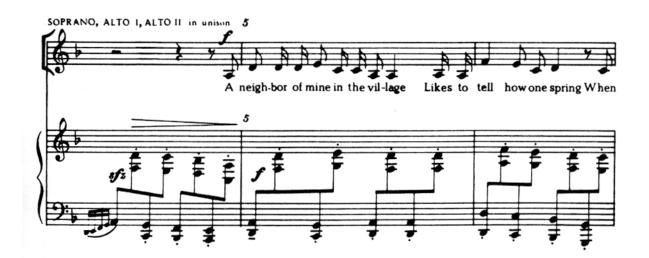
Robert Frost

To the Townspeople of Amherst, Massachusetts, 1759-1959

A Girl's Garden*

for three-part chorus of women's voices with piano or band or orchestra





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