Fanfare for the Uncommon Gardener

a round for three, in four verses, for Julie

David Mahler
Pgh, May, 2016

To the gar'd'ner, to your soil! May all you sow produce the bounty due your toil. In sun and rain, you plant again. Let the piping of per—tu—nias fill the air with tunes. (whistled) Rose petal tones, Ah!

Hear the herbs bay, hear the ch—lves! Take all the thyme it takes to make your gar—den grow. To ten—der lov—age care be—stow. May the earth main—tain the beet, the beet, the beet. We're counting on you earth, to keep the com—mon time that marks the grow—ing days a—gain. To the gar—d'ner, to your *soil! To the gar—d'ner, to your

*If, in the last line, "soil" morphs into "soul," what would be the harm?