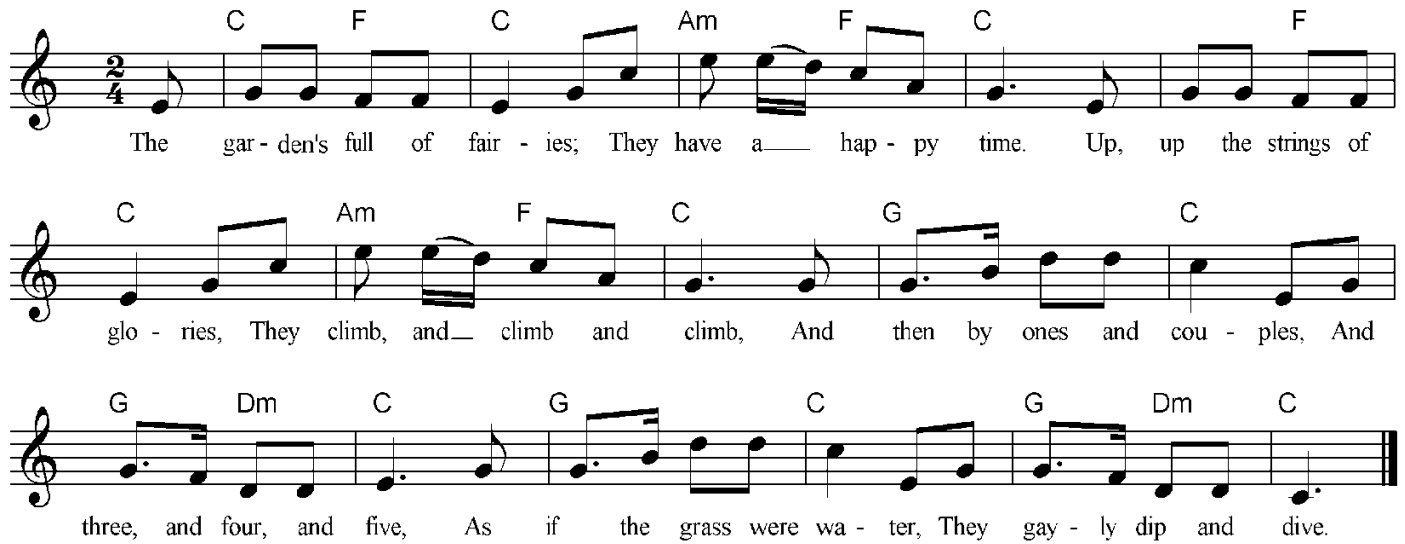


# Garden fairies

<https://rivzrofsong.uk/>

*A poem from 'Sing a song of seasons' by Wilhelmina Seegmiller. The melody from 'The golden day is dying' has been arranged by Dany Rosevear for this song. As a four year old fairies in the garden seemed very real; an old gentleman who had a railway embankment allotment at the bottom of our garden encouraged my belief with gifts of teeny tiny potatoes to put on rose petal plates for the fairies. They were always gone the following day!*



The gar - den's full of fair - ies; They have a hap - py time. Up, up the strings of  
glo - ries, They climb, and climb and climb, And then by ones and cou - ples, And  
three, and four, and five, As if the grass were wa - ter, They gay - ly dip and dive.

The garden's full of fairies;  
They have a happy time.  
Up, up the strings of glories,  
They climb, and climb, and climb,  
And then by ones and couples.  
And three, and four, and five,  
As if the grass were water,  
They gayly dip and dive.

They climb the stalks of roses,  
And hide in hollyhocks;  
They play tag 'round the larkspur,  
And teeter on the phlox.

The garden's full of fairies;  
They dance and sing and cheer.  
But when you go to the garden,  
They all just disappear.

