

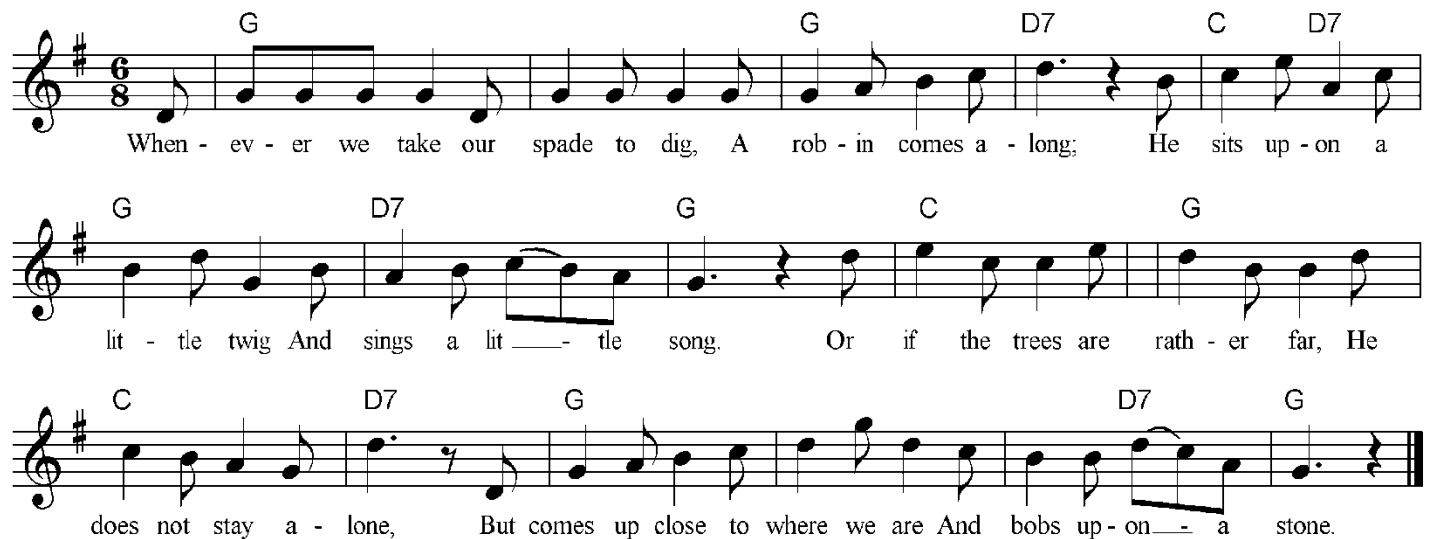
Digging

<https://rivzrofsong.uk/>

A poem celebrating the gardener's faithful friend.

Digging, turning the soil, or weeding with a spade or fork exposes earthworms and hidden insects. In British gardens they are famed for their boldness often hopping right onto boots, garden forks, or open hands to snap up a fresh grub.

Written by anon.



When - ev - er we take our spade to dig, A rob - in comes a - long; He sits up - on a
lit - tle twig And sings a lit - tle song. Or if the trees are rath - er far, He
does not stay a - lone, But comes up close to where we are And bobs up - on - a stone.



Whenever we take our spade to dig,
A Robin comes along;
He sits upon a little twig
And sings a little song.
Or, if the trees are rather far,
He does not stay alone,
But comes up close to where we are
And bobs upon a stone.