



The little green orchard

Some one is always sitting there,
 In the little green orchard;
Even when the sun is high
In noon's unclouded sky,
And faintly droning goes
The bee from rose to rose,
Some one in shadow is sitting there,
 In the little green orchard.

Yes, and when twilight is falling softly
 In the little green orchard;
When the grey dew distils
And every flower-cup fills;
When the last blackbird says,
 "What - what!" and goes her way - s-sh!
I have heard voices calling softly
 In the little green orchard.

Not that I am afraid of being there,
 In the little green orchard;
Why, when the moon's been bright,
Shedding her lonesome light,
And moths like ghosties come,
And the horned snail leaves home:
I've sat there, whispering and listening there,
 In the little green orchard.

Only it's strange to be feeling there,
 In the little green orchard;
Whether you paint or draw,
Dig, hammer, chop, or saw;
When you are most alone,
All but the silence gone ...
Some one is waiting and watching there,
 In the little green orchard.

Walter De La Mare