

Secret Garden "Wick"

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Hey ho, hello there Mary
Hey ho, hello there
And why are you in such bad temper
God is dead Dickon
This is the most forgotten place I have ever seen
With lose great branches
And dead roots and leaves all tangled off on the
ground
Now did you take a real close look at anything
Mary the strongest roses will fair thrive on being
neglected
If the soil is rich enough
You mean might be alive, but how can we tell?
Oh, I can tell if the thing is wick
Wick, I've heard Ben's a wick

When a thing is wick, it has a life about it
Now, maybe not a life like you and me
But somewhere there's a single streak of green inside
it
Come, and let me show you what I mean

When a thing is wick, it has a light around it
Maybe not a light that you can see
But hiding down below a spark's asleep inside it
Waiting for the right time to be seen

You clear away the dead parts
So the tender buds can form
Loosen up the earth and let the roots get warm
Let the roots get warm

Come a mild day, come a warm rain
Come a snowdrop, a comin' up
Come a lily, come a lilac
Come to call, callin' all of us to come and see

When a thing is wick
And someone cares about it
And comes to work each day
Like you and me
Will it grow?

It will
Then have no doubt about it
We'll have the grandest garden ever seen

Oh, Dickon, I want it all to be wick
Would you come and look at it with me?
I'll come every day, rain or shine if you want me
All that garden needs is for us to come wake it up
Dickon, what if we save the garden, then uncle
Archie takes it back, or Colin wants it?
What a miracle that would be, gettin' a poor
Crippled boy out to see his mother's garden

You give a living thing
A little chance to grow
That's how you will know
If she is wick, she'll grow
So grow to greet the morning
Leave the ground below
When a thing is wick
It has a will to grow and grow

Come a mild day, come a warm rain
Come a snowdrop, a-comin' up
Come a lily, come a lilac
Come to call, calling all the rest to come
Calling all of us to come
Calling all the world to come

Oh, somewhere there's single streak of green below
And all through the darkest nighttime
It's waiting for the right time
When a thing is wick, it will grow

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