

Lucy Simon

"Show Me The Key"

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MARY:

I...

DICKON:

She...

MARY:

I am a girl.

DICKON:

She is a lass as took a graidly fancy to thee.
Dost tha' fear?

MARY:

Tha' mun not fear.

DICKON:

She's took thee on for like to vex thee.
Nowt o'the soart.

MARY:

Nowt o'the soart.

DICKON:

She knows fair well, she mun not fright thee.

MARY:

Canna tha' show me?

DICKON:

Fair better to know her.

MARY:

Show me tha' key.

DICKON:

Show her tha' key.
She's a lass and tha' art right
She needs a spot where she can rest in.

MARY:

I mun sit where I'll not be so
Thinkin' thoughts or feel a guest in.

DICKON:
Nowt o'the soart.

MARY:
Nowt o'the soart.

DICKON:
She'd fair be watchin' for the spring.

MARY:
I'll not be climbin' up,
I'll only be callin' "Good morning."
And fair low I'll sing.

DICKON:
Well done, Mary!

MARY:
I'll only walk around, just like to see it for myself.
If tha' canst 'low me visit,
I'll speak low e'en to thysel'.
Tha'll not be bothered night and day
By wenchies racin' 'round,
I'll but seem a silent dream,
Standing on the secret ground.
I'd but smell the growing things,
Count the roses 'gainst the wall,
Hear thy babes when first they peck,
Stretch my hands if they should fall,
Or if tha' likes, I'll bring thee seeds
Or worms all in a mound,
For tha'll have me for a friend,
Tha'll be the first I found.

I'm a lass.

DICKON:
A trusty lass.

MARY:
That took a graidly fancy to thee,
Canna tha' show me?

DICKON:
Fair well tha' dost know her

MARY: DICKON:
Show me tha' key. Show her tha' key.

DICKON:

And you'll be here to see it.

Stand and breathe it all the day.

Stoop and feel it. Stop and hear it.

Spring, I say.

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