

Lucy Simon

"Wick"

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DICKON:

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 think 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 the rest to come and see!

MARY:

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

DICKON:

It will!

MARY:

Then have no doubt about it,
We'll have the grandest garden ever seen!!
[Spoken]
Oh, Dickon, I want it all to be wick! Would you
come and look at it with me?

DICKON:

I'll come every day, rain or shine if you want me.
All that garden needs is for us to come wake it up!

MARY:

But, Dickon, what if we save the garden, then Uncle
Archie takes it back, or Colin wants it?

DICKON:

Ay, what a miracle that would be, gettin' a poor
crippled boy out to see his mother's garden!

[Sung]

MARY and DICKON:

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.

MARY:

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!

MARY and DICKON:

Calling all the rest to come!
Calling all the world to come!

DICKON:

Oh, somewhere there's single streak of green below,

MARY and DICKON:

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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