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| Her name is Mary,  She’s light and airy,  Never contrary,  She’s good as gold.  Within her powers,  To nurture flowers,  Between the showers,  Mary ploughs on through.  The park around her,  Would make your heart stir,  A feral cat purr,  She loves her job.  Her independence,  And perseverance,  Makes a difference,  The parks a joy.  She’s very sprightly,  She treads so lightly,  The grounds look mighty,  She’s number one.  So connected,  To the flowers selected,  Nothing neglected,  On top of her game. | She works her magic,  With rake and long pick,  Rarely off sick,  Completes the job.  The open spaces,  That she graces,  The smiling faces,  Makes it all worthwhile.  The sky’s her ceiling,  She believes in,  Gives her a feeling,  She’s full of life.  People walking to and fro,  Always notice flowers grow,  From the seeds that she did sow,  This park so pleasing on the eye.  So find some time,  To stop and chat,  To this lovely lady,  In a gardener’s hat.  On a bench,  Where we sat,  We put the world right,  In seconds flat.  Now what d’ya think,  Of all of that?  Blooming Mary,  In a gardener’s hat! |