

O, let us tell it to the tulips;  
Let us sing to bleeding hearts;  
Let us cry out to viburnum,  
And remember each forget-me-not.  
As we dance on the azaleas,  
Softly step on baby's breath,  
Trust me to tread on nary a nettle  
And avoid the primrose path.  
My lovely lily of the valley,  
O, my darling hollyhock,  
You're my sensible snapdragon,  
My sweet honeysuckle drop.  
You open up your morning glories  
From your bed of lavender,  
Lest you drown in your hydrangeas  
And lay to waste your juniper.  
Will I yet miss your hibiscus  
That is gone with the begonias?  
Will I have questions like the crocus  
Or a mind like a magnolia?  
Let's not dance around like daffodils  
Or be shy like little violets,  
But let's love, then, like the lupine  
And be candid as dandelions.  
Dear, I would never lack the lilacs  
To be a sunflower when skies are darker,  
If you'd cut me roses from your garden  
And from your greenest meadow, larkspur.  
Then would I kiss your lips with amaryllis,  
Or your neck with hyacinth?  
Or, here, a lotus for your nose  
And an iris for your wrist.  
Let me cover you in clover  
My darling delphinium,  
As I guard you with gardenias  
In a castle of chrysanthemum.  
O, my sweet, delightful dahlia,

*Dennis Miller*

## *Garden Song (cont.)*

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My beautiful buttercup,  
We ought to marry as marigolds  
And love like gentle geraniums.  
Then we'll sing praises like petunias  
Who sing daily with the daisies  
To the Creator of carnations  
Who planted all the peonies.  
And as we bow to the God of goldenrod  
We'll climb upward as ivy to rest in His love.  
He'll heal us both with heliotrope  
As he enfleshes hard hearts with foxglove.