

**'Green Man in the Garden'**, by Charles Causley

Green man in the garden  
Staring from the tree,  
Why do you look so long and hard  
Through the pane at me?

Your eyes are dark as holly  
Of sycamore your thorns,  
Your bones are made of elder branch,  
Your teeth are made of thorns.

Your hat is made of ivy-leaf  
Of bark your dancing shoes,  
And evergreen and green and green  
Your jacket and shirt and trows.

*Leave your house and leave your land  
And throw away the key,  
And never look behind, he creaked  
And come and live with me.*

I bolted up the window,  
I bolted up the door,  
I drew the blind that I should find  
The green man never more.

But when I softly turned the stair  
As I went up to bed,  
I saw the green man standing there.  
*Sleep well, my friend, he said.*