

# There Is a Vine

Connie Converse

There is a vine growing on my garden wall,  
and it is brown and withered in the fall,  
and in the spring its leaves are green and blossoms all aflame,  
but, spring or fall, still I love you just the same. There is a gate halfway down my garden wall,  
and in the night I lock it, bolts and all,  
and in the day it's open wide to all who would come through,  
but, day or night, it is never locked for you. There is a tree growing by my garden gate  
and year by year it seems to stand and wait,  
and here am I beneath the tree, for I am waiting too,  
and, oh, my love, I will always wait for you.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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