

# Wretched Wilbur

[Sandy Denny](#)

The summer was the reason  
Why it took so long to see  
That even if I do possess  
Some seeds of honesty,  
There is no garden,  
So how come I have no land?  
I shall be waiting here awhile  
To see what comes to hand. Misers mise and compromise;  
I know what I have seen.  
The wanderers are in the east;  
That's where I should have been.  
But I did not go there;  
I couldn't find the way.  
I do believe I made a try,  
But I really couldn't say. Oh, that wretched wilbur,  
He keeps ploughing up the land.  
He fights the battle thoughtfully  
With roses in his hands.  
But where is the fight now?  
So play us your merry song.  
The autumn, it has blown away,  
And the winter, it is long.

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