

Solar Waltz

Cosmo Sheldrake

Well time she did as time she does
She passed along her way
And dawn she crept like a frightened girl
Out from the night time's sway

But in the merry month of May
A solemn fact does lurk
For Spring it sprang as Spring it does
And put the bees to work

And work they must
And work they shall
For all the things to grow
For if they don't as time she knows
They'd wither on the bough

And what a shame such things would be
No wondrous wine for you and me
No cider too, nor mead nor soup
For us to all make merry

So rot, ferment and decompose
So all the things can grow
Or wallow in a drinkless world
And wither on the bough

Oh what a dusty burden
That nectar and that pollen
Like Atlas with the heavens
On the back of his head
And what if they should falter
And shrug their little shoulders?
Well time she'd pass all the same