

## 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