

OVERTURE FOR 'BEE-GINNERS'

(Arranged for St'ings in Three Movements)

OPUS 1 (Agitato)

Bees in my Bonnet

Said Grandma, from her old arm chair,

"My dear, there's a very loud buzzing in the air.

The windows are simply covered with bees.

I fear they must be mistaking them for trees!"

Investigation proved Gran - quite right.

But the reason for this didn't, just then, come to light.

For, our bungalow was really quite alive,

With bees, who clearly preferred it to their hive.

Husband - home at last, from daily chore,

Was met by his wife at the door.

An explanation, she required,

For, f Bees and buzzing, she was quite tired!

Beneath the eaves, empty supers were stored.

From which, almost all the honey hoard.

Had, most carefully, been extracted,

And this seemed to drive those bees - distracted.

They had gained their entry beneath the slate,
And little could be done concerning their fate.
Sad to say, we can't pretend,
That they didn't all meet an untimely end.
In a watery grave in the water tank,
For months we endured the aftermath.
When turning on the hot tap there were bees,
Not in my bonnet, but in the bath!!

OPUS II (Allegro ma non troppo)

The Swarm

My neighbour, excited her face quite red,
"There's something sadly wrong" she breathlessly said.
"In our orchard, the two plum trees,
Seem to be literally covered with millions of bees.
Their numbers are really, just tremendous,
And the noise they are making, quite stupendous!
Exuding an absolutely pseudo calm,
I reiterated airily, "They are doing no harm.

They are swarming, that's how they beguile.

I'll come in a moment and cover them for a while.

I donned my trousers, gloves and veil, and

(praying intensely that I wouldn't fail).

Went outside to survey the scene,

But, those wretched bees were higher by far

Than they should have been.

For clustered on the highest branch, tantalisingly.

Swung a buzzing swarm, a giant BEE.

The ladder we had, alas, was of no avail,

So, with a white sheet suspended like a sail.

Between two clothes props we boldly went,

Carrying our banner, with good intent.

To cover the swarm, before the sun's heat,

Encouraged those bees to seek another retreat.

After failing quite often, mostly abysmally,

We tried once again, more valiantly.

And at last, successfully,

Covered that swarm up in the tree.

Then, sometime later, with amazing ease.

My husband quite simply, hived those bees!

To make things easier in this life.

The moral of this tale is plain to see.

OPUS III (Finale)

A 'B' Afternoon

They pass down the garden At a business like pace,

White clad, wearing gauntlets,

Veiled, helmeted, an army from space?

With smoke screen puffing, they earnestly seize,

Each opportunity to work,

With the bees.

William, their President, quite undaunted,

Opens the hives, despising his gauntlet.

His touch, so gentle, like a velvet glove,

Soothes those bees, as he smokes from above.

Queens are sought and skilfully found,

Amidst the humming and buzzing sound, of Bees.

Some days, sweet is the temper of the hive,

But on others, 'Man Alive'!

A sting here, another there, and
Some rude language can sully the summer air.
But, later, all calm and serene, peacefully.
The afternoon's work is discussed over tea.

"This season, the stocks border on disaster,"
Or perhaps, "They are really good,
And, as expenses seem to be increasing faster.
The price of honey really should
Keep pace with the rising costs of food."

The Autumn conference draws nigh,
Discussion of lecturers causes many a sigh.
They talk of the merits of clover, heather and trees. Then, reluctantly, they rise to go,
Still talking of the honey flow, and BEES.

Doreen Edmonson