

Plecopteri; Plecoptera!

(A parabolic parody of a famous Italian folk-song- for a Friend)

A lyric poet calls us Perla's daughters,
But we get by
As plain Stonefly!
You'll find us round the rocks in running waters,
If you just try;
You probe and pry.

We're Water-nymphs, addicted to ablution;
We creep and crawl,
Come spring, come fall,
In waters clean; we can't abide pollution.
We are, withal,
Not flies at all!

Chorus

Stoneflies, Stoneflies, bred in waters clear;
Stoneflies, Stoneflies, each her time of year--
Plecopteri, Plecoptera, Plecopteri, Plecoptera;
Stoneflies by the stream: Plecopteri, Plecoptera!

When we're mature we moult, emerge, and flutter
By brook and stream,
As in a dream,
Quite silently; no strident cry we utter.
There would not seem
A need to scream!
Where Stoneflies live you could be almost certain
(We knew; did you?)
That, if they grew,
Both air and water there would have no dirt in!
We give the clue
What you must do!

Chorus (Repeat)

by D. Keith McE. Kevan