

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)

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