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THE BEES THAT DID NOT SWARM

There's trouble in the bee yard,
The bees are acting queer,
They're pouring from the hive mouth,
and darting far and near;
So Robbie you must hurry,
And give a quick alarm;
The men folk all are working
Away back on the farm.

Now "paw" must leave the mower,
The team will have to stand;
We'll have to trust them this time,
There's lively work on hand.
Come Johnnie, drop your grass scythe
And Tommie leave the rake,
And make a bee-line homeward—
Make haste, for goodness sake!

Now, Jennie, get the dishpan,
And Tommy, get the saw,
And Johnnie run like lightning
To Jones' after "maw."
She's awful good at swarming,
And, mind you, what I say,
She'll turn them in a jiffy,
Though half a mile away.

But here she is a-coming,
So give it hot and fast;
Now she is here to help us,
We'll get them done at last.

See, there they're breaking cluster,
They've left that highest bough,
They're going where they came from,
We're sure to get them now.

Now rattle on the dishpan,
And hammer on the saw,
And keep the cowbells ringing,
And yell a wild "hurraw,"
Now keep the din a-going,
Be lively, do not stop
Till you will far outrival
The roar of Spion Kop.

They're circling round the orchard!
They're going in the hive!
I knew that we would get them
As sure as you're alive.
I've done some dandy swarming
Since first I kept a bee,
But that was far the smartest
I ever chanced to see.

I've heard the names of great ones
A few I can recall:
There's Hutchinson and Cogshall,
And Holtermann and Hall;
But all the greatest bee men
I ever heard, or saw,
Combined and put together,
Ain't good as me and "maw."

Reward to those that labor!
Success to those that fight!
Eternal songs of praises
To vallant men of might!
But who can sing their praises,
Who heard the first alarm,
And showed such zeal in hiving
The bees that did not swarm!

WM. MOORE.
Little Current, Dec. 25, 1905.