

The Ballad of Mushroom Down

Emilie Autumn

There was a land I once heard tell
'Twas christened Mushroom Down
The folk who lived there loved it well
And never left their town
They stayed there from the hour of birth
Until the day they died
They never cared for any earth
Except their Mushroom pride
They made their homes beneath the caps
Of fungi wide and tall
And when time came for tea perhaps
A neighbor came to call
And while they sat in shade serene
And offered cream and cakes
They talked of things they'd never seen
Beyond the Mushroom lakes
They did not wish to journey there
They were contented so
But past the mossy banks somewhere
Lie what they did not know
More curious they grew by day
And still more so by night
They wondered if there were a way
To take a Mushroom flight
Tormented by this new desire
More restless they became
And many began to conspire
On blueprints for a frame
A brilliant flying vehicle
Of mushroom caps and string
One gent proved astronomical
And built the very thing
And so the day arrived at last
On which the plane should board
The celebration went far past
What they could best afford
But they were folks of merry ways
And when the kegs were drained
In unison arose their gaze

And on the stroke --- it rained
Now in the history of the town
No soul had ever seen
A flood the likes of which poured down
Upon the Mushroom Green
A gathering was held betwixt
The elders late that night
And even their votes were unmixed:
"We must postpone the flight!"
The disappointment through the land
Was more than some could bear
For their own world, once thought so grand,
They did no longer care
To say the least it was a shame
To see the people act
As though they'd lost their hope, their flame
When their poor plans were sacked
But still the rain continued on
For more than fifty days
Their mushroom store was almost gone
They dreamt of sunshine rays
And that's when they began to cease
Their thoughts of other towns
If only this storm would decrease
Theyd cherish Mushroom Downs
That night was spent in blackness deep
No star was seen to shine
But when the morning broke their sleep
They saw a sight divine
The rain was nowhere to be found
The sky was fresh and clear
Hurrahs of joy for miles around
Were all that one could hear
And what is more, the earth had sprung
New mushrooms overnight
And many hymns of praise were sung
And no one spoke of flight
And so at last the ballad ends
With happiness sublime
And so the story goes, my friends
That is, until next time.

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