

First Song

Peter Beets

Then it was dusk in Illinois a small boy
After an afternoon of carting dung hung
 On a rail fence, a sapped thing
 So weary to cryingDark was growing tall
He began to hear the pond frogs all calling on his ear
 They were calling on his ear
They were calling on his ear with what seemed their joySoon the sound was pleasant for a boy
 Listening in the smoky dusk and nightfall of Illinois
 And from the fields two small boys came
 Bearing cornstalk violinsSo they rubbed the cornstalk bows with resins
 And the three just sat there scraping of the joy
Of their joy, theyre scraping of the joyIt was now fine music, the frogs and the boys did
 In the towering Illinois twilight
Make and into dark in spite a shoulders acheA boys hunched body loved out of a stalk
 The first song of his happiness and the song woke his heart
 Into the darkness and sadness of joyDark was growing tall
 He began to hear the pond frogs all calling on his ear
 They were calling on his ear
They were calling on his ear with what seemed their joy

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