

# All In The Golden Afternoon

Ian Neal

All in the golden afternoon full leisurely we glide  
For both our oars, with little skill, by little arms are plied  
While little hands make vain pretence our wanderings to guide  
Our wanderings to guide  
Ah, cruel three! In such an hour, beneath such dreamy weather  
To beg a tale of breath too weak to stir the tiniest feather  
Yet what can one poor voice avail, against three tongues together  
Against three tongues together  
Anon, to sudden silence won, in fancy they pursue  
The dream child moving through a land of wonders wild and new

In friendly chat with bird or beast--and half believe it true  
And half believe it true  
And ever, as the story drained the wells of fancy dry  
And faintly strove that weary one to put the subject by  
The next time--"It is next time" the happy voices cry!  
The happy voices cry!  
Thus grew the tale of wonderland, thus slowly one by one  
Its quaint events were hammered out--and now the tale is done  
And home we steer  
A merry crew  
Beneath the setting sun

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