

Song of the **Queen** **Bee**

*When the air is wine and the wind is free
and the morning sits on the lovely lea
and sunlight ripples on every tree*

*Then love-in-air is the thing for me
I'm a bee,*

*I'm a ravishing, rollicking, young queen bee,
I'm devil-may-care and I'm fancy-free,
That's me.*

*I wish to state that I think it's great,
Oh, it's simply rare in the upper air,
It's the place to pair
With a bee.*

*And I wish to state that I'll always mate
With whatever drone I encounter.*

E. B. WHITE