

The Month of May

By Wendy Cope

'O! the month of May, the merry month of May...'

--Thomas Dekker (d. 1632)

The month of May, the merry month of May,
So long awaited, and so quickly past.
The winter's over, and it's time to play.

I saw a hundred shades of green today
And everything that Man made was outclassed.
The month of May, the merry month of May.

Now hello pink and white and farewell grey.
My spirits are no longer overcast.
The winter's over, and it's time to play.

Sing 'Fa la la la la,' I dare to say,
(Tried being modern but it didn't last)
'The month of May, the merry month of May.'

I don't know how much longer I can stay.
The summers come, the summers go so fast,
And soon there will be no more time to play.

So *carpe diem*, gather buds, make hay.
The world is glorious. Compare, contrast
December with the merry month of May.
Now is the time, now *is* the time to play.