

A Bard's Rules

Whistling to and fro

Through grass and foe

Singing a merry tune

A commendment so true

Ballad so loud

Yet so proud

A swoosh and a woosh

A terrific sound

Like whistling bards atop a stage

Playing like they've never playn

Forget your worries

They have no hold

Down here it's not so cold

Your worries are nothing but bronze

Not gold nor diamond

So forget them with a whistle to and fro