

Our Jane leaves

*(On the occasion of the departure of a lovely Scottish lady,
Jane Muncie, into retirement from Caterpillar)*

Our Jane leaves... our joyful lass...
Her blush was like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass...
With early gems adorning.
Her eyes outshone the radiant beams
That gild the passing showers,
And glittered o'er the streams!
She cheered her working partners!
Farewell, Jane!

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(mocking a Robert Burns' poem)*