

The rains came down, the sand went out,
We asked, "Where is the summer?"
We thought, in general, we must say,
"It's really quite a bummer!"

But then came August, and we said,
"You see, you have to wait;
Summer comes in wet years too,
It's just a little late."

But now it's time, in old Arch Cape,
To talk of other things;
Of Irene's birthday, on this day
And Dangling Ding-a-Lings.

The Ding-a-Ling is that which hangs
Outside the cabin logs
And frightens all the passersby
When wind comes with the fogs.

A cabin in the dark of night
Presents a cheery face;
But he who hears the Ding-a-Ling
Finds it a scary place.

The logs do never move a bit
Not any word they say;
Yet speaks the cabin to those who
Do venture 'long this way.

What is this dingy-lingy talk
And who's what trying to tell?
Can it be a clapper that
Is searching for its bell?

Could it be a language that
Is known to bells and birds?
And could it be that Ding-a-Lings
Are really little words?

"Fear not my friend in dark of night
When hear you Ding-a-Lings."
So says the bandit, feathered blue
Who knows such little things.

In voices many speaks the Jay
Depending on the heater;
Perhaps could he from Ding-a-Lings
Make sense a little clearer.

I asked him what the Ding-a-Ling
Could ever to us say;
He said, "It does depend a lot
On when's a certain day".

"You hear just Ding-a-Ling," he said
"That's not all that there be;
Dings can mean a lot of things
And Lings have meanings three."

"On this day in summertime
The Ding-a-Ling does mean:
Happy Birthday, Ding-a-Ling,
And also to IRENE!"

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