

NEOLITHIC

There once was an old man called Paleolithic.
He was terrific, old Paleolithic.
He had a son whom we call Neolithic.
Neo - a prefix, means new.

What was so new about this Neolithic?
Was he more clever than Paleolithic?
Let's be more specific, what was so terrific
About Neolithic - the new?

His forefathers hunted with spears on the plain,
And sheltered in caves when the frozen rain came.
But the New Stone Age man lived in houses he made
He herded tame animals and cultivated grain,

He would settle in groups
(Little towns you might say),
And he often built fences
To keep all the hunters away.

He didn't just chip stone
As his forefathers had done,
He ground and he polished it
Into much sharper stone

He herded wild animals
Over high cliffs,
So that he and his village
Could cook up a feast

He made dough from the grain
Of his barley and wheat,
Which he cooked on a fire
And made bread from the heat.

From the leaves of the flax plant
He made cloth to wear
So he need not
Wear animal skin everywhere.

When the day's hunt was done
'Round a fire he'd sing
To the sound of the drum skins,
Bone whistles and strings.

He started religion;
He was the first miner;
In agriculture
There had been no finer;

He could alter the land
Like nobody before;
He would live in one spot
For a few years, or more;

When the ground became barren
He'd move on again
He might move to a hillside
And plant crops on the plain.

He often kept pets
And dogs were his friend
Even though Paleolithic
Had been frightened of them.

He was able to use language
To communicate
And later he learnt
To write symbols in clay

And this meant
That even long after he died
His ideas lived on
For others to try.

That's why Neolithic
Became so prolific
And mankind survives to this day.