

Little Yeastie

By Stormy Weathers

Oh, yeastie, little yeastie, you tiny little beastie,
Living in my bowl of tasty dough.
Although you might be leastie, go on and have a feasty,
Eat the sugars in my loaf and make it grow.

We like the little bubbles that you make with all your troubles,
So, eat all you can find and make it so.
With CO₂ and ethanol, that stuff that spews from all y'all,
You make the magic work within the dough.

We do not wish to rush you. Take time to do your voodoo.
We'll wait until you finish up your snack.
Then we'll put you in the oven, when you finish up your leaven,
And take you out before it all turns black.

There have been times in days gone past when we couldn't stand to wait.
The Israelites, in haste to leave, just baked the paste they had.
Moses said, "It's time to leave, the Lord our God is great!"
They didn't give you time to work, and was that stuff so bad!

So we remember yeastie, and celebrate each feasty.
We thank God for the things that you can do.
With whiskey, beer, and bread, and rolls, you fill it with those little holes,
And give us pause and cause to say, we raise a glass to you.