

A Busy Day

by Anonymous

The bluff March wind set out from home 1
Before the peep of day,
But nobody seemed to be glad he had come,
And nobody asked him to stay.

Yet he dried up the snowbanks far and near, 2
And made the snow-clouds roll,
Huddled up in a heap, like driven sheep,
Way off to the cold North Pole.

He broke the ice on the river's back 3
And floated it down the tide,
And the wild ducks came with a loud "Quack, quack,"
To play in the waters wide.

