

ONE DAY AT A TIME

MARCH GOES AWAY

THE SUN, AS IT SHINES ON THE GLISTENING SNOW,
IS WARMING AND AWAKENING THE EARTH BELOW.

MARCH, SO UNPREDICTABLE, WITH ITS WILD WINDS HOWLING,
SWEEPS O'ER THE PRAIRIES THROUGH THE TREES A-PROWLING

MARCH IS A TIME WHEN NEW HOPE IS BORN,
A NEW BEGINNING, AN END TO THE STORM.

AGAIN WE LOOK FORWARD TO A FUTURE SO BRIGHT
AND A SPRING DAY DAWNING IN GOLDEN SUNLIGHT.

MARCH WITH ITS WINDS IS A PROMISE OF SPRING,
OF THE BEST OF ALL SEASONS 'TIS SURE TO BRING.

THE BLANKET OF WHITE SHOULD SOON DISAPPEAR.
MARCH CANNOT STAY, FOR SPRING IS HERE

JACK