

# Busy Day

The bluff March wind set out from home  
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 snow-banks far and near,  
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  
And floated it down the tide,  
And the wild ducks came with a loud "Quack, quack,"  
To play in the waters wide.

He snatched the hat off Johnny's head  
And rolled it on and on,  
And oh, what a merry chase it led  
Little laughing and scampering John!

He swung the tree where the squirrel lay  
Too late in its winter bed,  
And he seemed to say in his jolly way,  
"Wake up, little sleepy head!"

He dried the yard so that Rob and Ted  
Could play at marbles there,  
And he painted their cheeks a carmine red  
With the greatest skill and care.

He shook all the clothes-lines, one by one,  
What a busy time he had!  
But nobody thanked him for all he had done;  
Now wasn't that just too bad?

~ *Author Unknown* ~