

Prelude in Ice / For the Spring

Fish are sleeping under the ice;
The insects are gone, wherever it is they go.
Dead Christmas trees await the recycling truck in the snow;
The North Wind cuts through your coat, sends you shivering so;
Cold comfort indoors by a log-effect fire's glow

Snowdrops through the mud come clean, branches dress themselves in green
Having stood so naked for so long.
Out of hiding slugs come sliding, toads cross roads to join the throng
And pretty small birds fill the air with song.
In the park bare-shouldered girls go by and catch the young men's eye,
Busy mowers mow and strimmers trim.
An Old Man lets his dog run free and glances up in time to see
A stately Lady coyly smile at him.

They bend their steps together and talk of the weather and everything
As hungry flies and bumble bees take wing,
Blossoms blow like scented snow and catkins gaily swing
And the dog sends courting pigeons scattering.
Children playing, glasses clinking music jangling,
And workmen stop to hear the church bells ring.
Then the Lady sheds her gloves and the Old Man starts to sing
And the dog says with a grin "It must be the Spring."
You smile in the sunshine and my heart can't help but sing
And the dog say with a grin "It must be the Spring".