

Lucie Arnaz

"Winter's On The Wing"

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DICKON:

Winter's on the wing,
Here's a fine spring morn'
Comin' clear through the night,
Come the day I say.
Winter's taken flight
Sweepin' dark cold air
Out to sea, Spring is born,
Comes the day say I,

And you'll be here to see it.
Stand and breathe it all the day.
Stoop, and feel it. Stop and hear it.
Spring, I say.

And now the sun is climbin' high,
Rising fast on fire,
Glaring down through the gloom,
Gone the gray, I say.
The sun it spells the doom
Of the winter's reign,
Ice and chill must retire
Comes the May say I,

And you'll be here to see it.
Stand and breathe it all the day.
Stoop, and feel it. Stop and hear it.
Spring, I say.

I say, be gone, ye howling gales,
Be off, ye frosty morns!
All ye solid streams begin to thaw.
Melt, ye waterfalls,
Part ye frozen winter walls.
See, see now it's starting.

And now the mist is liftin' high,
Leavin' bright blue air
Rollin' clean 'cross the moor
Comes the day I say.
The storm'll soon be by

Leaving clear blue sky,
Soon the sun will shine,
Comes the day, say I.

And you'll be here to see it.
Stand and breathe it all the day.
Stoop and feel it. Stop and hear it.
Spring, I say.

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