

Marylin Monroe, Down In The Meadow

When Mr South Wind sighs in the pines,
old Mr Winter whimpers and whines.
Down in the meadow, under the snow,
April is teaching green things to grow.
When Mr West Wind howls in a glade,
old Mr Summer nods in the shade.
Down in the meadow, deep in the brook,
catfish are waiting for the hook.
Old Lady Blackbird flirts with the scarecrow,
scarecrow is waving at the moon.
Old Mr Moon makes hearts everywhere go bump, bump,
with the magic of June.
When Mr East Wind shouts over head,
then all the leaves turn yellow and red.
Down in the meadow corn stocks are high
pumpkins are ripe and ready for pie.
Old Lady Blackbird flirts with the scarecrow,
scarecrow's waving at the Moon.
Old Mr Moon makes hearts everywhere go bump-bump
with the magic of June.
When Mr North Wind rolls on the breeze,
old father Christmas trims over trees.
Down in the meadow snow softly gleams
earth goes to sleep and smiles in her dreams.