SONGS

By

W. C. MACFARLANE

EACH DAY... 5

THE MONTH OF MARCH... 6

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, NEW YORK,
LEIPSIC, LONDON.
The Month of March.

Light-footed March,
Wild maid of Spring,
Your frolic
footsteps hither stray,
Smiles blend with tears,
Will April bring,
Tis April's sentiment alkal.
way,
But your wild winds with laughter ring,
While
young and old your will obey,
A moment

ritard.

a tempo

ritard.

a tempo

ritard.
a tempo

here,

Then on the wing,

Light-footed March,

a tempo

accel.

What games you play,

Light-footed March,

What games you play,

Light-footed March,

Wild maid of Spring,

Your frolic steps hither stray,

Smiles blend with
tears, Will A-pril bring, 'Tis A-pril sen-
ti-
ment al-way.

I know a maid as blithe as you, Child of the ice-King and the sun,
At her fair feet, fond lovers woo,
She flouts and jeers them,

Every one,
And then she smiles,
Once more they sus,
Then blows she cold,
They are undone

Tempo I.
Oh, March could you, or she be true,
Then all were naught,
so you were won; Then all were naught, so you were won.

Light-footed March, Wild maid of Spring, Your frolic footsteps

hither stray, Smiles blent with tears, Will April bring

Presto.

Tis April sentiment alway.