In the morning Quinn is woken,
and is dazzled by the sight
of a city blanketed by snow
that's fallen in the night.

There's a robin perched beside him,
with a chirp to say hello,
and Quinn sees that the city
looks quite different in the snow . . .

But the city starts to long for warmth
and, in his heart somehow,
Quinn knows the time for spring is here,
and winter must stop now.

Though he worries, without snow,
things will never be the same,
he sets the globe aside, and sighs —

he won't make it snow again.

So, here in this great city,
amidst shining spires and domes,
for Mum, and Dad, and Quinn, at last
is a warm and cosy . . .

HOME.

WELCOME
HOME