

Parade

Recognize the tulips,--

soldiers, attention, tall,--

marching before Spring's artillery,

up-right, shako-hatted,

arrayed defiant amidst snow's adversity;

braving the cold terrain

that beckons in the sun,

they march forward on while the pipes shrill--

the pipes that mark tempo,

up Park Avenue, down Carolina hillsides,

of their stalwart advance

'cross flung gardens of Spring.

No one will hold the field 'gainst their charge--

we bow before the colours

of their march-time waving magnificent banners.

--J. F. Lowe