

Standing Waist High In Snow,
What Brought Me Here I Do Not Know.
Sky Is Filled With Starry Scenes
Of Heroes And Their Greatest Deeds.
Satellites Move Across The Sky,
And Every Year They Multiply.
Father Bear Is Sound Asleep
And Will Be So For Several Weeks.

Across The Plain I See A Figure,
Every Instant Growing Bigger.
Instinct Tells Me To Run Away
While Faith Proposes That I Wave.
He Approaches To A Rod.
I Whisper Up A Prayer To God.
The Stranger Asks Me With A Grin,
"Do You Have The Time My Friend?"

Himalaya Is My Old Time Stomping Ground
(Oh Yes, Time Is Of The Essence).
Manitoba, Better Snows I've Never Found
(Oh Yes, Time Is Of The Essence.)

The Author Looms Above His Page
And Thinks It Strange That At His Age
He Can Not Find The Proper Words
To Describe His Only World.
One Would Think That In A Life
Where No Two Snowflakes Are Alike
One Would Have A Brilliant Rhyme
For Each And Every Bit Of Time.

Himalaya Is My Old Time Stomping Ground
(Oh Yes, Time Is Of The Essence).
Manitoba, Better Snows I've Never Found
(Oh Yes, Time Is Of The Essence.)