**‘Death of a Snowman’**,

**by Vernon Scannell**

I was awake all night,

Big as a polar bear,

Strong and firm and white.

The tall black hat I wear

Was draped with ermine fur.

Till the world began to stir

And the morning sun swell.

I was tired, began to yawn;

At noon in the humming sun

I caught a severe warm;

My nose began to run.

My hat grew black and fell,

Was followed by my grey head.

There was no funeral bell,

But by tea-time I was dead

