

A Carousel for Brookings

The music brightly plays
As painted horses stride
Carousel take me away
To memories we have made

Around and around
The spirited horses spin
And as they prance
They return then begin

Go Paint! Let's ride!
Where days never end
And catch a magic ring
So we can ride again

Around and around
Riding high all in stride
Under painted skies
To where love begins

But one horse rose up
And love fell in
And she was lost
No hand or ring to win

Carousel, O carousel
Now she has gone away
There's no place to turn
And clouds hide the way

No Paint, let's ride!
And find again that day
Where in her smile
Times were sweetly made

Go Paint! Lead the carousel
And find her the ring
Where horses stop and bow
And come to life again

-Karl Sandstrom