

TO FREEZE OR NOT TO FREEZE

CANADA is good enough for
Most folks when it's hot,
But there's more than one it doesn't suit
In winter when it's not.

They dash right off to Florida
For a warm and balmy breeze
And leave behind our Canada
Where there's every chance to freeze.

Icicles are O.K. when they're
In a movie show,
But not so good when round about
To freeze a hand or toe.

Oh, a cutter ride is nothing
To a surf ride on a wave,
Yet, it isn't just the surf ride
But the weather that they crave.

They prefer the golden sun's warm kiss
To greet them in the morn,
And shiver at the slightest thought
Of Canada's snow storm.

While the Rolls Royce conveys them
To gather date or fig,
With a flivver in old Canada
You're apt to get out and dig.

But, give me the good old snow storm
With a sharp, cold wind that stings.
A snow-shoe clear 'cross country
Or a wild, old skii on wings.

Give me a skate on a glossy rink,
There, you've every chance to fall,
To a stroll among the ferns and palms
With an alligator's call.