

## THE SKATER'S SONG.

Away on the glist ning plain we go,
With our steely feet so bright;
Away! for the north winds keenly blow,
And winter's out to night.

With the stirring shout of the joyous rout
To the ice-bound stream we hie;
On the river's breast, where snow-flakes rest,
We'll merrily onward fly !

Our fires flame high; by their midnight glare
We will wheel our way along,
And the white woods dim, and the frosty air,
Shall ring with the skater's song.

With a crew as bold as ever was told

For the wild and during deed,

What can stay our flight by the fire's red light,

As we move with lightning speed?

We heed not the blast who are flying as fast
As deer o'er the Lapland snow;
When the cold moon shines on snow-clad pines,
And wintry breezes blow.

The cheerful bearth, in the hall of mirth, We have gladly left behind—
For a thrilling song is borne along
On the free and stormy wind.

Our hearts beating warm, we'll laugh at the storm When it comes in a fearful rage,

'While, with many a wheel on the ringing steel,
A riotous game we'll wage.'

By the starry light of a frosty night
We trace our onward way;
While on the ground with a splintering sound
The frest goes forth at play.