

SONGS.

A Song for December.

BY THE LATE HUGH MOORE.

Old Winter is coming—alack !

How icy and cold is he !

He cares not a pin for a shivering back—

He's a saucy old chap to white and black—

He whistles his chills with a wonderful knock,

For he comes from a cold country !

A witty old fellow this Winter is—

A mighty odd fellow for glee !

He cracks his jokes on the pretty sweet miss—

The wrinkled old maiden, unfit to kiss—

And freezes the dew on their lips—for this

Is the way with odd fellows like he !

Old Winter's a frolicsome blade I wot—

He is wild in his humor, and free !

He'll whistle along for the "want of his thought"

And set all the warmth of our furs at nought,

And ruffle the laces by pretty girls bought ;

For a frolicsome fellow is he !

Old Winter is blowing his gusts along,

And merrily shaking the tree !

From morning to night he will sing his song—

Now moaning and short, now howling and long,

His voice is loud, for his lungs are strong—

A merry old fellow is he !

Old Winter's a wicked old chap I ween—

As wicked as ever you see !

He withers the flowers so fresh and green—

And bites the pert nose of the Miss of sixteen—

As she trippingly walks in maidenly sheen !

A wicked old fellow is he !