

S O N G .

To the Skaters of the Saint John Skating Rink.

WHAT a picture of beauty before my sight,
Like a vision of fancy, so fair and bright;
Beautiful faces, and costumes rare,
Gliding like meteors through the air;

Merrily round the Rink they fly,
Happiness beaming in every eye..

Grim old Winter we love thee well.
For thy icy breath is the magic spell
That bedecks the forest with diamonds light,
And bindeth the waters so pure and bright;
So that merrily round the Rink we fly,
Happiness beaming in every eye.

'Mid a blaze of light, and a burst of song,
The beautiful Skaters glide along;
The cold, hard world, with its weight of care,
Are left behind when they enter there;
And merrily round the Rink they fly,
Happiness beaming in every eye.

St. John, February 17, 1866.