

We are little Canadians
Speeding along in a sleigh,
Carriole or berlin, to the music
Of bells. — *Voulez-vous embarquer?*
Moon is bright, snow pure and white;
We laugh at each *cahot*;
Grelots jingle, pulses tingle,
Merrily we go!
Like a flash, on we dash.
If asked for our opinion,
We'll say no other land, we know,
Can equal the DOMINION!

