

Now Lucy, dear Luce, jump in, quick;
 Close wrapp'd in these furs by my side,
 O'er hill and dale where the snow's thick,
 As swift as a meteor we'll glide.

On thy cheek the bright mantling rose;
 In thine eye the moist rolling jet,
 That rose, with the cold, deeper glows,
 Shines that jet, with the frost, brighter yet.

We'll carriole all the day long
 O'er this wide spreading ocean of snow,
 And at night we will join the gay throng
 That trip on the light bounding toe.

Now homeward my bonny bright bay,
 'Tis a beautiful starry moon light—
 Speed on—on the road we don't stay—
 Now, Lucy dear, kiss me good night.

L. L. M.

In the press, and speedily will be published,
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