

TOBOGGANING SONG.



STAR-LIT night,
 Toboggan light,
 A chute like a mirror gleaming,
 A winsome girl,
 And away we whirl
 As if shot from a cannon seeming.

Hurrah ! for the slide, the merry slide,
 Hurrah ! for the frosty breezes,
 Hurrah ! for the chute and the steep hill-side,
 Louder shout as it keener freezes !

Our spirits rise
 As we skim the ice
 With the speed of the lambent lightning,
 We whizz along
 With joyous song,
 Checks flushing and eyes a-brightening.

Hurrah ! for the snow, the silvery snow,
 Hurrah ! though in clouds it fold us :
 Hurrah ! for the sparkling, crackling crust.
 Oh, there's nothing on earth to hold us !

The slide is done,
 We backward run
 With rollicking song and chorus :
 Then down once more,
 While the winds they roar,
 And the stars they are shining o'er us.

Hurrah for the winds, for the stars hurrah !
 And for Canada's winter weather !
 Hurrah ! for the old toboggan-slide,
 Give a shout for it all together !

J. R. O'CONNOR, '92.