

The glorious buds that deck the rose
 May tempt the lust of thieves,
 And robber hands may long to grasp
 The maple's golden leaves.
 The thistle, and the shamrock too,
 Are fair, as all may see,
 But fairer still their motto stands,
 Just "meddle first with me."

Then did Canada call upon those about her for a song to tell the pleasures of the jolly winter time.

(RECITATIVE—CANADA.)

Have none amongst ye voice or song to tell
 Old Winter's charms, the charms we know so well?

And thereupon, from the crowd about her, certain, clad in blanket coats and tuques, with snow shoes at their backs, came forward and sang right sweetly.

(WINTER SONG.)

When the icicles hang from the boughs and the eaves,
 And the frost on the window its tracery weaves;
 When the snow fills the woods where no birds ever sing,
 Then you may tell that old Winter is king.
 Old Winter is king; and his subjects well know
 The joys and the pleasures that come with the snow.

Sing, sing, cheerily sing!

Merry the land where old Winter is king.

How the bells of the sleighs in the clear frosty air
 Seem to sing as they ring "Now, away with dull care!"
 And the bonny girl-faces that Canada grows,
 Fur-covered, snow-crested, outrival the rose.
 Though rivers are frozen and trees are not green,
 Old Winter and Cupid are cousins, I ween.

Sing, sing, cheerily sing!

Merry the land where old Winter is king.