

I held them sacred through the
years.
My comfort I would sacrifice,
And groan beneath a sheet of
ice,
So all the people in the place
Could skate and slide and pony-
race.
Those folks now say that I'm a
curse,
And claim that nothing could
be worse
Around the village and the school,
Than that polluted water-pool.
Some say, I hear, they'll dig a
trench
"To put an end to all that
stench".

I've furnished them with mirth
and glee,
But now, I'm ordered out to
sea ;
For though a friend, once prized
so high,
They'll let me leave without a
sigh.
If I must go I'll steal away ;
You'll miss me at the break of
day.
So like the dear old dying year
I'll in the gloaming disappear.
