

## A Winter Holiday

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### WHITE NASSAU

THERE is fog upon the river, there is mirk  
upon the town ;  
You can hear the groping ferries as they hoot  
each other down ;  
From the Battery to Harlem there 's seven  
miles of slush,  
Through looming granite canyons of glitter,  
noise, and rush.

Are you sick of phones and tickers and  
crazing cable gongs,  
Of the theatres, the hansoms, and the breath-  
less Broadway throngs,  
Of Flouret's and the Waldorf and the chilly,  
drizzly Park,  
When there 's hardly any morning and five  
o'clock is dark ?

I know where there 's a city, whose streets  
are white and clean,  
And sea-blue morning loiters by walls where  
roses lean,