

A Canadian

Winter's Dance.

O the tinkling—O the chinkling
Of the chattering, chiming bells !
O the twinkling—O the crinkling
Of the snow-fields in the dells,
All gaily aglow with a glittering glint
And a shimmering silver sheen,
As we merrily speed our steaming steed,—
I and my Love,—my Queen !

O the pleasing—O the freezing,
Nitid, nipping Northern night !
O the teasing ! O the squeezing !
O the dulcet, douce delight !
'Mid the brilliance bright of a winter's night,
With its sparkling, snapping snow ;
'Neath the halo white of the moonbeams' light
And the Borealis' glow !