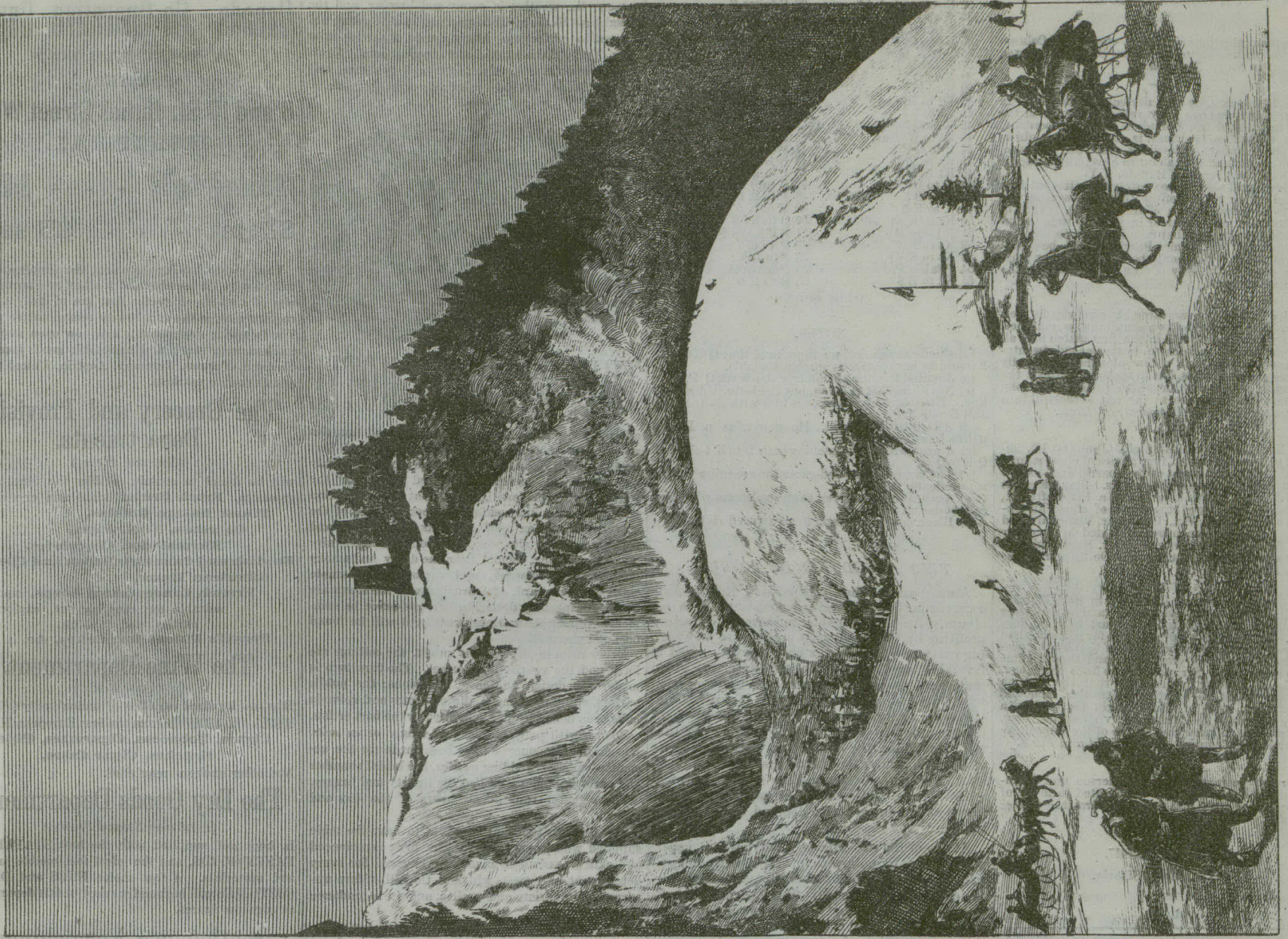
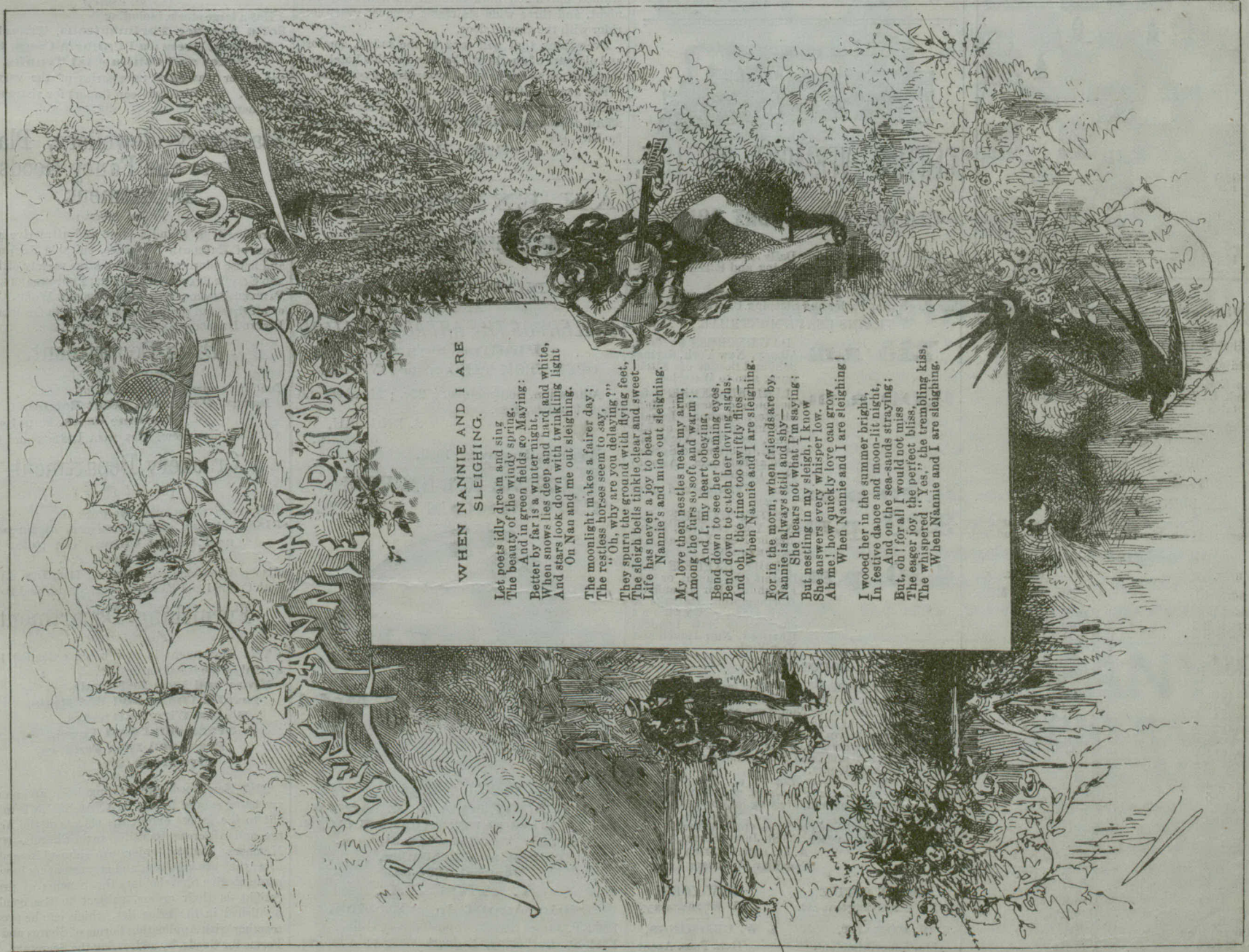




THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCY IN WINTER.



WHEN NANNIE AND I ARE SLEIGHING.

Let poets idly dream and sing
The beauty of the windy spring;
And in green fields go Maying;
Better by far is a winter night,
When snows lie deep and hard and white,
And stars look down with twinkling light
On Nan and me out sleighing.

The moonlight makes a fairer day;
The restless horses seem to say,
"Oh, why are you delaying?"
They spurn the ground with flying feet,
The sleigh bells tinkle clear and sweet—
Life has never a joy to beat
Nannie's and mine out sleighing.

My love then nestles near my arm,
Among the furs so soft and warm;
And I, my heart obeying,
Bend down to see her beaming eyes,
Bend down to catch her loving sighs,
And oh! the time too swiftly flies—
When Nannie and I are sleighing.

For in the morn, when friends are by,
Nannie is always still and shy—
She hears not what I'm saying;
But nestling in my sleigh, I know
She answers every whisper low.
Ah me! how quickly love can grow
When Nannie and I are sleighing!

I wooed her in the summer bright,
In festive dance and moon-lit night,
And on the sea-sands straying;
But, oh! for all I would not miss
The eager joy the perfect bliss
The whispered "Yes," the trembling kiss,
When Nannie and I are sleighing.

"WHEN NANNY AND I ARE SLEIGHING."