

Shelve the skate, ply the sledges, let high carnival
Of merriment—merriment enter the town
And welcome the snow with its crystalline crown.
65 Yes, hail and heigh-ho! to the frolicsome snow
That is flying and flying wherever we go;
May it bury our griefs as it buries the soil,
Leaving mirth wild as flakes to beatify toil.
With a tear and a gift to the poor, let us go
70 Out joyful to welcome the frolicsome snow.



toss'd.

name.