

# “WINTER-SONG”

BY

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Oh, who would be sad tho' the sky be a-graying,  
And meadow and woodlands are empty and bare;  
For softly and merrily now there come playing,  
The little white birds thro' the winter-kissed air.

The squirrel's enjoying the rest of the thrifty,  
He munches his store in the old hollow tree;  
Tho' cold is the blast and the snow-flakes are drifty  
He fears the white flock not a whit more than we.

*Chorus:*

Then heigho for the flying snow!  
Over the whitened roads we go,  
With pulses that tingle,  
And sleigh-bells a-jingle  
For winter's white birds here's a cheery heigho!