

# The Skater's Song

*(To be said or sung with a nimble tongue.)*

Here we go,  
Steady and slow,  
Plodding awhile behind;  
Faster we hie,  
Till away we fly,  
Swift as the northern wind.

Blithe and gay,  
We speed our way,  
Over the ice-bound river;  
From side to side,  
Like a bird we glide,  
Or a dart from an Indian's quiver.

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Away we fly  
And the wind outvie,  
And our spirits keep time with the flight;  
Thus the day  
Glides away,  
And sweetly blends with night.

Look out! Look out,  
Mind what you're about,  
And skillfully glide your feet;  
Take care! Take care!  
Or ere you're aware,  
Your head will be cracking the sleet.

Thanks we'll give,  
While we live,  
That our hearts are free from sorrow;  
And though we play  
With such glee to-day,  
We'll study the better to-morrow.

There, down he goes –  
I pity his woes,  
For he falls like a bar of lead;  
Now he can tell,  
I ween pretty well,  
Whether ice is as hard as his head.

From side to side,  
Like a bird we glide,  
Till the twilight time is o'er;  
And when at last,  
Our sport is past,  
We'll glide like a bird to the shore.

Ha! Ha! You see  
He's as merry as we  
And he's up and off again.  
Now for a race,  
With a quicker pace,  
Over the glassy plain.

And now we go  
Over the snow,  
To our happy homes away,  
Tripping along,  
With mirth and song,  
Till we come to the end of our lay.

~ Author Unknown ~