

Coasting Down the Hill

Frosty is the morning;
 But the sun is bright,
 Flooding all the landscape
 With its golden light.
 Hark the sounds of laughter
 And the voices shrill!
 See the happy children
 Coasting down the hill.
 There are Tom and Charley,
 And their sister Nell;
 There are John and Willie,
 Kate and Isabel -
 Eyes with pleasure beaming,
 Cheeks with health aglow;
 Bless the merry children,
 Trudging through the snow!
 Now I hear them shouting,
 "Ready! Clear the track!"
 Down the slope they're rushing,
 Now they're trotting back.
 Full of fun and frolic,
 Thus they come and go.
 Coasting down the hillside,
 Trudging through the snow.

