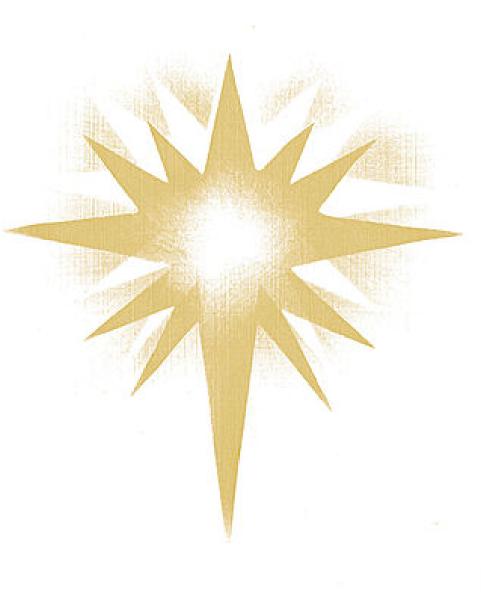
Run, Toboggan, Run

ABBIE BURT BETINIS





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RUN, TOBOGGAN, RUN

Poem by Holly Windle

Anticipation's in the air,
Run, toboggan, run!
The snow is fresh and waiting there;
The children chatter and prepare.
Run, toboggan, run!

Assemble sweaters, coats and caps, the mittens, gloves and fleeces, the scarves and jackets, hats with flaps—with buttons, zippers, clips and snaps—so many separate pieces!

A vee of geese flies overhead as southward their migration, While armed with snowballs, skates and sled, the families frolic, noses red, with noisy jubilation.

Oh, sledding teaches useful skills, philosophy and science:

Respect the steepness of the hills, and try again, despite the spills, to steer with self-reliance.

The safest and most pleasant way is taking turns and sharing; Help rescue any runaway, and know the risks when you display outrageous feats of daring.

Find happiness to hold and keep.

The joys of just an hour
become a comfort, strong and deep,
to help you when the hills are steep
with mem'ries' golden power.

December days are cold and dark, Run, toboggan, run! In each of us there glows a spark where joy and hope have left their mark. Soon Christmas Day will come.

RUN, TOBOGGAN, RUN

for S.A.T.B. divisi voices, a cappella

Words by HOLLY WINDLE*

Music by ABBIE BURT BETINIS



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