

# The Dance

Heel and toe, heel and toe,

That is the song we sing;

Turn to your partner and curtsy low,

Balance and forward and swing.

Corners are draughty and meadows are white,

This is the game for a winter's night.

Hands around, hands around,

Trip it, and not too slow;

Clear is the fiddle and sweet its sound,

Keep the girls' cheeks aglow.

Still let your movements be dainty and light,

This is the game for a winter's night.

Back to back, back to back,

Turn to your place again;

Never let lightness nor nimbleness lack,

Either in maidens or men.

Time hasteth ever, beware of its flight,

Oh, what a game for a winter's night!

Slower now, slower now,

Softer the music sighs;

Look, there are beads on your partner's brow

Though there be light in her eyes.

Lead her away and her grace requite,

So goes the game on a winter's night.