

Minka

Merry bells go ting-a-ling;
toes and fingers freeze and tingle.
With our friends we love to mingle
while the snowflakes fall.
Boys and girls are out together
clad in coats of fur and leather,
Made to brave the coldest weather
when the sleighbells ring.

Sleighbells ring, ting-a-ling.
Steeple bells, ding, dong, ding.
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ding, d
ong, ding, ding, dong, ding.

As we ride our songs goes ringing;
through the air its echoes winging,
'til the wind seems full of singing;
so we speed along.
Through the town and by the river
where the birches sigh and quiver
And the birds are silent never,
joining in our song.

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