

Sweet Mary. This beam which now I am carrying  
Possesses more power. more brightness than snow.  
And that lily white hand which so softly keeps pressing  
Mine soon freeze the part, which we melted just now  
She eagerly grasped it, with rapture she clasped it,  
And said as she nipped it, the case is quite plain,  
For while I keep squeezing, the part it keeps freezing  
And now its quite stiff - let us melt it again -

As I told and I mind the sweet job she keeps squeezing  
My servant play this, all night till daybreak  
Till she found that her hand lost the power of freezing  
And wondered to find that my limb grew so weak  
Ah it is not surprising, the Sun is a rising,  
And the frost is all gone low, that last night we found  
Dear Lavin, this freezing is truly so pleasing  
I wish that the feet would last all the year round

