Dance, dance, little children
it is

Holy Twilight.

Have you hung paper flowers e-bool the necks

of the Kings?

Dance, dance, little children

Con moto

Dance soft, but very gaily

on

Tip-tap like — the snow
Do not wait to warm your hands about the fire. Do not mind the rough licking of the wind.

Dance forth, dance forth into the shaggy night, the night that shakes its cell upon you.
Dance, dance, little children.