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IN DAYS OF ELD.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY HUBERT H. DUVAR.

I.

In days of eld they held high times
At gay and festive Christmas tide,
The minstrels strung their votive rhymes,
The dancers' pattering feet replied,
The joyous bells rang merry chimes,
The jolly mummers whooped and cried,
Chattered loud the witty fool,
And the head cook on log of yule
Through the court-yard arch did ride,
In days of eld at Christmas tide.

II.

Then everybody made good cheer
At hearty, jovial Christmas tide,
The steward stinted not the beer,
The scullions basted, stewed and fried,
The huntsmen brought in game and deer,
The pages here and thither hied,
The cook brought in, with rosemary,
The wild boar's head so grim to see,
And all men laughed and no one sighed
In days of eld at Christmas tide.