

A Winter Holiday

“ ’T is sorry news, John Camplejohn,
If this be destiny,
That every mart should know that art,
Yet none can sell it me.

“ But look you, here ’s the grace of God :
There ’s neither price nor fee,
Duty nor toll, that can control
The power to love and see.

“ To each his luck, John Camplejohn,
Say I. And as for me,
Give me the pay of an idle day
In Bay Street by the sea.”