

A DARKENED YULE-TIDE

Bernard McEvoy



Holly-berries pale your redness; O
be dull sweet mistletoe;
In the Yule-log's failing embers let
us see the long ago;
Stay the dancers' feet a moment, hush
awhile the merry tune,

Sorrow turns her darken'd pages—
reads again each tear-mark'd rune.

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Yet shall Memory wave her sceptre—
show them once more as they were;
Love recall each form and feature;
fill each sad and vacant chair;
While we hear the joy-bells ringing,
sing the carol glad and free;
Join once more the feast well-ordered,
joyous as it used to be.