



Ballad
of Christmas.

*H*ANG up the holly, nor forget
 The waxen-berried mistletoe :
 What matter if the wind be wet
 And roads be slushed with melting snow ?
 The lamplight's gleam, the yule-log's glow,
 Shall brighten all the hours that glide,
 And we will bless them as they go—
 The merry days of Christmastide.
 The clouded sun makes haste to set,
 The feet of night are overslow,
 The bare bough shivers, black as jet,
 While gusty winter's breezes blow ;
 But on our hearts no gloom can throw
 Its shadow, where glad thoughts abide ;
 We sing our stave and laugh, Ho ! Ho !
 The merry days of Christmastide !
 Banished awhile are cares that fret,
 Sad memories of grief and woe ;

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