

The Mistletoe

Then came to the forest
The Druids in white,
All chanting her praises
In the frosty moonlight.

They cut off the branches
With gold sickles keen,
And threw to the people
Her shining leaves green.

For if in a goblet
There floated one leaf,
'Twould cure every sickness
And sorrowful grief.

Then let us be grateful
To healers of woe,
And remember at Christmas
The green Mistletoe.