

Of the faith that still endureth
 In the friend of early youth.
 The mother's fond caressings,
 The father's fervent prayers ;
 These are the precious blessings
 That lingering vessel bears.

(Plays a brief tune on the organ.)

Father Christmas.—Which one of all this goodly company
 will speak or sing in praise of the holly ?

Several voices at once.—I, I ! (*One steps forward.*)

Father Christmas.—You may proceed, and thus we'll terminate this pleasant evening.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLLY. REC. & SONG.

The holly ! the holly ! oh, twine it with bay—

Come, give the holly a song ;

For it helps to drive stern winter away,

With his garments so sombre and long.

It peeps through the trees with its berries of red,

And its leaves of burnished green,

When the flowers and fruits have long been dead,

And not even the daisy is seen.

CHORUS, SUNG BY ALL.

Then sing to the holly, the Christmas holly,

That hangs over peasant and king !

While we laugh and rejoice 'neath its glittering boughs,

To the Christmas holly we'll sing.

The gale may whistle, and frost may come,

To fetter the gurling rill :

The woods may be bare, and the warblers dumb—

But the holly is beautiful still.

In the brilliant light of princely halls,

The bright holly branch is found ;

And its shadow falls on the lowliest walls,

While the heartfelt song goes round,

Then sing to the holly, &c.

The ivy lives long, but its home must be

Where graves and ruins are spread ;

There's beauty about the cypress tree,

But it flourishes near the dead ;