

O little sprig of rosemary, you bear me through the
ages
To the olden golden Yuletides that our fathers knew
of yore,
When the midnight Mass bell ringing,
Set the carol singers singing,
And sweet rosemary was scattered on the shining
chancel floor.

O little sprig of rosemary, I hear the song and laughter
When the boar's head was carried in, adown the
armoured hall,
And the rosemary and bay
Were as sweet as new-mown hay,
While the merriment of Yuletide was uniting great
and small.

O little sprig of rosemary, I pluck you in the garden,
And my heart is sore and heavy with the cares we have
to-day,
For the Christ has been among us,
And the Angel Hosts have sung us
All the happy songs of Heaven, but they sounded far
away.

O little sprig of rosemary, as I pluck you in the garden,
In this little Gallic garden where the brave are laid to
rest,
An English mother weeping,
A sad, sad Yule is keeping,
Remembering one who once was the Christ-Child on
her breast.