

## III.

The sturdy vassals swigged their ale  
 At romping, roistering Christmas tide,  
 Ladies, in hoop and farthingale,  
 A deeper red their sweet lips dyed  
 With claret-cup in silver grail,  
 The baron well his dagger plied,  
 And gallants gay sweet joyance made  
 'Neath misletoe's delightful shade,  
 With maidens fair and Juno-eyed  
 In days of eld at Christmas tide.

## IV.

Then no man's loss was other's gain  
 At kind, fraternal Christmas tide,  
 Nor hate nor envy made the bane  
 Men's better nature to divide,  
 But kindness flowed through every vein  
 And each on other then relied,  
 For each man's words were free and fair,  
 His brow was smooth and free from care,  
 And no one's look his heart belied  
 In days of eld at Christmas tide.

## V.

And though no longer days of eld,  
 So should we keep our Christmas tide,  
 Our hands in friendship's grasp be held,  
 Not listlessly with groundless pride,  
 Nor should the wanderer be repelled,  
 Nor prayer of misery be denied,  
 But pattern take from Him was born  
 Long years ago on Christmas morn,  
 And we our heart-gates open wide  
 At this, our present Christmas tide.

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