

Our Joyful'st Feast

So now is come our joyful'st feast;
Let every man be jolly.

Each room with ivy-leaves is dressed,
And every post with holly.

Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
The ovens they with baked meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.

Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wonderous trim,
And no man minds his labour;
Our lasses have provided them
A bag-pipe and a tabor.

Young men, and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys,
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun,
Thier hall of music soundeth,
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things there aboundeth.

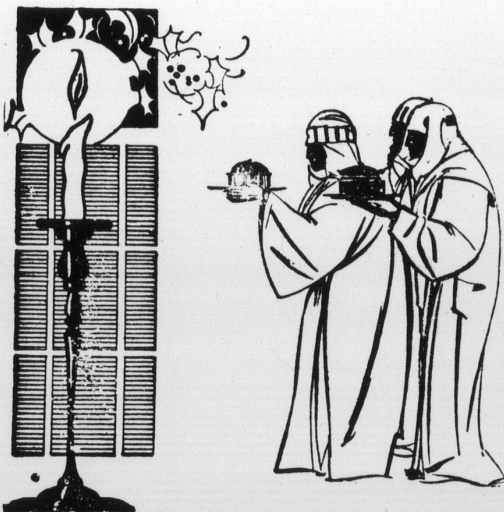
The country-folk themselves advance,
For crowdy-mutton's come out of France;
And Jack shall pipe, and Jill shall dance,
And all the town be merry . . .

The wenches with their wassail bowls
About the streets are singing,
The boys are come to catch the owls,
The wild mare in is bringing.
Our kitchen-boy hath broke his box,
And to the dealing of the ox
Our honest neighbors come by flocks,
And here they will be merry . . .

Then wherefore in these merry days
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No; let us sing our roundelays
To make our mirth the fuller.
And, whilst thus inspired we sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring;
Woods, and hills, and everything,
Bear witness we are merry.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

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SMILE A LITTLE!

He: "I've got a wonderful idea. Why don't you come up to my apartment? We'll have a quiet supper by candlelight, play a few records, then around midnight we'll open a bottle of champagne and toast the New Year."

She: "But New Year's is six months away."

He: "You don't have to leave early, do you?"

Did you hear about good Chief Shortcake? He died. Friends from all around gathered to bury him, but his widow promptly stepped forth. "No you don't!" she cried, "Squaw bury Shortcake!"

After being reprimanded for several spelling mistakes, the secretary exploded: "Well, all I can say is, I wish you could trade places with me and see if you could do any better."

"I probably could do better," said the boss, "but I couldn't never trade places. I couldn't drink all that coffee."

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