



THE CHRISTMAS HOLLY – Eliza Cook

*The holly! the holly! oh, twine it with hay --
Come give the holly a song;
For it helps to drive the stern winter away,
With his garment 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.
Then sing to the holly; the Christmas holly,
That hangs over peasant and king;
While we laugh and carouse 'neath its glittering boughs,
To the Christmas holly we'll sing.*

*The gale may whistle, the frost may come
To fetter the gurgling rill;*

*The woods may be bare, and warblers dumb,
But holly is beautiful still.*

*In the revel and light of princely halls
The bright holly branch is found;
And its shadow falls on the lowliest walls,
While the brimming horn goes round.*

*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;
The laurel the warrior's brow may wreath,
But it tells of tears and blood;
I sing the holly, and who can breathe
Aught of that that is not good?
Then sing to the holly, the Christmas holly,
That hangs over peasant and king;
While we laugh and carouse 'neath its glittering boughs,
To the Christmas holly we'll sing.*