

## In Praise of Christmas

Loreena Mckennitt

All hail to the days that merit more praise  
Than all the rest of the year  
And welcome the nights that double delights  
As well for the poor as the peer!  
Good fortune attend each merry man's friend  
That doth but the best that he may  
Forgetting old wrongs with carols and songs  
To drive the cold winter away.

Tis ill for a mind to anger inclined  
To think of small injuries now  
If wrath be to seek, do not lend her your cheek  
Nor let her inhabit thy brow  
Cross out of thy books malevolent looks  
Both beauty and youth's decay  
And wholly consort with mirth and sport  
To drive the cold winter away.

This time of the year is spent in good cheer  
And neighbours together do meet  
To sit by the fire, with friendly desire  
Each other in love to greet  
Old grudges forgot are put in the pot  
All sorrows aside they lay  
The old and the young doth carol this song  
To drive the cold winter away.

When Christmas' tide comes in like a bride  
With holly and ivy clad  
Twelve days in the year much mirth and good cheer  
In every household is had  
The country guise is then to devise  
Some gambols of Christmas play  
Whereat the young men do the best that they can  
To drive the cold winter away.