

# **THE RAMBLER'S CALENDAR**

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The Rambler's Calendar by J. Henry Brown

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**J. HENRY BROWN**

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CALENDAR**



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Nathaniel West

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BY  
J. HENRY BROWN.

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T. FORMAN AND SONS, PRINTERS, NOTTINGHAM.

To thee, whose tireless love, and watchful care,  
Smoothed my life's way, and won the hours of peace  
The singer asks of time; who aye did'st share  
With me these moments of laborious ease;  
To thee my song I sing. Since doth not cease  
The music of the stream, within his ears  
Who loved its melody; although, no more,  
He listen to its sweet note by the shore,  
But wanders lonely down the waste of years.



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## THE RAMBLER'S CALENDAR.

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### JANUARY.

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WHAT though the piercing winter nature chill,  
Or clasp with icy arms the world terrene?  
No more the feeble sun shrinks day by day,  
Increasing night's lone empire, but awakes,  
Smiling a growing welcome o'er the land.  
The end hath come, and man's long withered heart  
Swells with a budding joy. Long centuries  
The hardy Northman piled the faggot high,  
And blazed his thanks to God; while lingers still  
In Christian homes the festival of Yule.  
Still on the hearth the crackling Yule-log flames,  
And Twelfth Night gaities aloud proclaim  
Iolner yet lives, though happily shaded o'er,  
By Him new-birthed, the ever-living Christ.  
His now the time; His coming the delight;  
Sweet odours breathing o'er the sordid world.  
Friendships relight, and cherished hates expire  
Beneath the music of the Christmas chime;  
While, blest exchange, is sunk the riotous feast,

The Bersœrk's shriek, and song to mighty Thor,  
A swinish thanks, born of a grovelling hope,  
In the soul-lifting Saviour's festival.  
Still as the echo of a giant's voice,  
From heathen worship yet not wholly free,  
The Yuletide wassailers proclaim their joy.  
A thousand winters have the hills ensnowed,  
Since the first songster of the Gospel news  
Footed the English earth; yet not complete  
His purpose in the land; so hard the task  
To conquer, where the weapons for the fray,  
Wherewith to smite the savage passions down,  
Are but the humble life, the holy word,  
The meek surrender of life's coarse delight,  
And trust abiding in the life to come.  
Of higher knowledge they who humbly press,  
Whereto the grey tower looms from out the vale,  
Its billowy chime enravishing the ear  
To silence softened 'neath the wayward gale,  
Or, mounting on the swift wings of the wind.  
Age, upon age, have troubled souls pursued  
Their simple way toward the crumbling porch,  
And entered reverently the house of God.  
First to the font, and lastly to the bier,  
With many a heartache in the years between,  
Have the fore elders of the people round  
Sped on their way, and passed into the grave.  
Now smiles the slender column, holly-wreathed,  
Or featly crowned by laurel's shining boughs;  
While votive windows flash their gleamy fires

