

**A PARADISE OF DAINTIE
DEVICES. A
COLLECTION OF
POEMS, SONGS, BALLADS**

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A Paradise of Daintie Devices. A Collection of Poems, Songs, Ballads by Various

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VARIOUS

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A **P**aradise of **D**aintie
Devices.



☞ *Welcome, Merry Christmas.*

BE merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall,
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome Merry Christmas.

And oh! remember, gentles gay,
For you who bask in fortune's ray,
The year is all a holiday,—
The poor have only Christmas.

Welcome, Merry Christmas.

When you with velvets mantled o'er
Defy December's tempest's roar,
Oh! spare one garment from your store,
To clothe the poor at Christmas.

When you the costly banquet deal
To guests, who never famine feel,
Oh! spare one morsel from your meal,
To feed the poor at Christmas.

When gen'rous wine your care controls,
And gives new joy to happiest souls,
Oh! spare one goblet from your bowls,
To cheer the poor at Christmas.

So shall each note of mirth appear
More sweet to Heaven than praise or prayer,
And Angels, in their carols there,
Shall bless the poor at Christmas.

Old Carol.



King

☛ *King Witlaf's Drinking Horn.*

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,
Ere yet his last he breathed,
To the merry monks of Croyland
His drinking-horn bequeathed,—

That, whenever they sat at their revels,
And drank from the golden bowl,
They might remember the donor,
And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
And bade the goblet pass;
In their beards the red wine glistened
Like dewdrops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
They drank to Christ the Lord,
And to each of the Twelve Apostles,
Who had preached His holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs
Of the dismal days of yore,
And as soon as the horn was empty
They remembered one Saint more.

And the reader droned from the pulpit,
Like the murmur of many bees,
The legend of good Saint Guthlac,
And Saint Basil's homilies ;

Till the great bells of the convent,
From their prison in the tower,
Guthlac and Bartholomæus,
Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule log cracked in the chimney,
And the Abbot bowed his head,
And the flamelets flapped and flickered,
But the Abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers
He clutched the golden bowl,
In which, like a pearl dissolving,
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels
The jovial monks forbore,
For they cried, " Fill high the goblet !
We must drink to one Saint more ! "

H. W. Longfellow.



Song



☞ *Song.*

H EARS not my *Phyllis* how the birds
Their feathered mates salute?
They tell their passion in their words;
Must I alone be mute?
Phyllis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

The god of love in thy bright eyes
Does like a tyrant reign;
But in thy heart a child he lies,
Without his dart or flame.
Phyllis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

So many months in silence past,
And yet in raging love,
Might well deserve one word at last
My passion should approve.
Phyllis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

Must then your faithful swain expire,
 And not one look obtain,
 Which he, to soothe his fond desire,
 Might pleasingly explain?
*Phyllis, without frown or smile,
 Sat and knotted all the while.*

Sir Charles Sedley, 1639—1701.



☞ *Upon a Child that Died.*

HERE she lies, a pretty bud,
 Lately made of flesh and blood:
 When, as soon, fell fast asleep,
 As her little eyes did peep.
 Give her strewings; but not stir
 The earth, that lightly covers her.

Robert Herrick, 1591—1634.



Love



¶ *Love and Age.*

I PLAY'D with you 'mid cowslips blowing,
When I was six and you were four;
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more.
Thro' groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wander'd hand in hand together;
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely, roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong;
Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along;
And I did love you very dearly,—
How dearly, words want power to show;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly,—
But that was fifty years ago.

Then