

**CHRISTMAS AND THE
NEW YEAR: A MASQUE
FOR THE FIRE-SIDE**

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Christmas and the New Year: a masque for the fire-side by Edwin Lees

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EDWIN LEES

**CHRISTMAS AND THE
NEW YEAR: A MASQUE
FOR THE FIRE-SIDE**

J.H. 1827.

C H R I S T M A S

AND THE

NEW YEAR:

A Masque,

FOR THE FIRE-SIDE.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN.

1827.

141.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]



E. LEES, PRINTER, WORCESTER.

"Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our *Christmas* merry still.—
Each age has deem'd the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer.

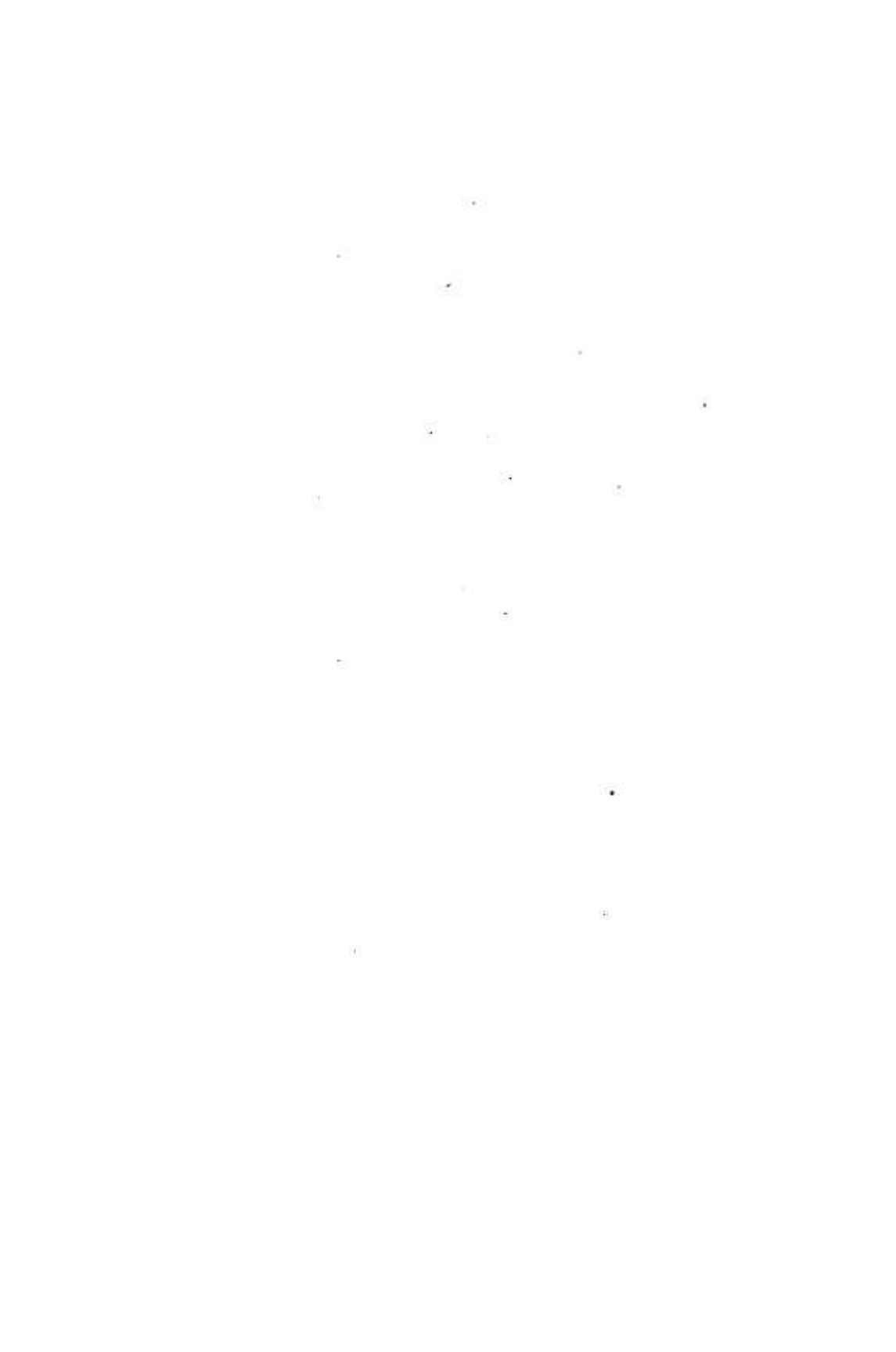
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And well our Christian sires of old
Lov'd when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blithe *Christmas* back again,
With all his hospitable train.

* * * * *

All hail'd with uncontrol'd delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down."

WALTER SCOTT.



TO HER,

FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF WHOSE

FIRE-SIDE,

This Trifle

WAS ORIGINALLY COMPOSED,

IT IS NOW

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

BY THE AUTHOR,

Ah! think not I could ever part
From thee without a pang;
Too closely twined around my heart
Affection's tendrils hang:
The sweet returning evening hour
That now beguiles me so,
Would cease to have its magic pow'r
Were your kind form to go!

At your bright glance awakes delight,
Beneath your smile we glow;
But ah! 'twould be a dreary night
Were your kind form to go!
The joyous laugh, the brisk reply,
Would all be dormant then,
And young excursive gaiety
Must ne'er awake again.

Come, let me be for once a seer,
And quickly I'll presage,
That days of brighter tints appear
On time's eventful page:
But were they rob'd in moody frowns,
We'd chase those frowns away,
And wreath affliction's stem with crowns
Of flow'rets young and gay.

Then bow not to pale sorrow's sway,
But lift the languid head ;
Shake the o'erpow'ring drops away,
And leave depression's bed :
May health her freshest breezes fling,
To brighten up your hours ;
And pleasing memory ever bring
Her reminiscent pow'rs.

If tir'd of earth's fantastic show,
You seek another land ;
Ah! linger yet awhile below,
Amidst our little band ;
That we may catch your glance of love,
And learn like you to soar
To far superior joys above,
Where sorrow is no more.