

# Loreena McKennitt, In Praise Of Christmas

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's tide comes in a 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.