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Under the Mistletoe (Poem)

Eliza Cook

Under the Mistletoe, pearly and green,
Meet the kind lips of the young and the old;
Under the Mistletoe, hearts may be seen
Glowing as though they had never been cold.

Under the Mistletoe, peace and good-will
Mingle the spirits that long have been twain;
Leaves of the olive-branch twine with it still,
While breathings of Hope fill the loud carol strain.

Yet why should this holy and festival mirth
In the reign of Old Christmas-tide only be found?
Hang up Love's Mistletoe over the earth,
And let us kiss under it all the year round!

Hang up the Mistletoe over the land
Where the poor dark man is spurned by the white;
Hang it wherever Oppression's strong hand
Wrings from the helpless Humanity's right.

Hang it on high where the starving lip sobs,
And the patrician one turneth in scorn;
Let it be met where the purple steel robs
Child of its father and field of its corn.

Hail it with joy in our yule-lighted mirth,
But let it not fade with the festival sound;
Hang up Love's Mistletoe over the earth,
And let us kiss under it all the year round!



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