



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Christmas Evergreens

Barry Cornwall

When winter nights grow long,
And winds without blow cold,
We sit in a ring round the warm wood fire
And listen to stories old!
And we try to look grave (as maids should be)
When the men bring in boughs of the laurel tree.
O the laurel, the evergreen tree!
The poets have laurels — and why not we?

How pleasant, when night falls down,
And hides the wintry sun,
To see them come in to the blazing fire,
And know that their work is done;
Whilst many bring in, with a laugh or rhyme,
Green branches of holly for Christmas time!
O the holly, the bright green holly!
It tells (like a tongue) that the times are jolly!

Sometimes — (in *our* grave house
Observe this happeneth not)
But at times, the evergreen laurel boughs
And the holly are all forgot!
And then! what then? Why, the men laugh low,
And hang up a branch of the mistletoe!
Oh, brave is the laurel! and brave is the holly!
But the mistletoe banisheth melancholy!
Ah, nobody knows, nor ever *shall* know,
What is done under the mistletoe!



Stories help us explore cultures, learn moral lessons, connect with nature — or simply have fun. That's why ririrom.com offers 3,000+ free stories — fairy tales, fables, bedtime stories, myths and more — for every age, in 13 languages, with free printable PDFs and often audio. Reading should be a right, not a privilege. Share ririrom.com and spread the joy of reading.

Instagram: [@ririrom_reading](https://www.instagram.com/ririrom_reading) · Pinterest: [pinterest.com/ririromcom](https://www.pinterest.com/ririromcom)