



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Old English Christmas

Unknown writer

While young and old, and grave and gay,
Have all their merry modern way
Of making "Christmas Mime;"
Come let us see, how full of glee
The jolly Monarch used to be
All in the Olden Time!

His fun and frolic, by your leave,
Were full as bright on Christmas Eve
As ever are they now:
He used to have his bowl, I ween,
And quaff his toast of "Death to Spleen"
Beneath the kissing bough!

He used—... but mercy on our rhyme!
Here is his Majesty sublime,
By all the household known
As jolly Christmas—and, see! see!
They claim him, like a new M.P.,
In triumph to his throne.

Ay, thus it was the ancient way,
For every home on Christmas Day
To have its proper King;
They brew'd his bowl, they rear'd his throne,
They rigged a Christmas of their own,
And made him dance and sing.

And so they bore him hand in hand,
The Bacchus of their merry band,
With cup, and crown, and bough,
And made him drink, and laugh—ho! ho!
Beneath the kissing mistletoe—
Even as we see him now!



Look out! Look out! Beyond the door
The white snow driveth more and more—
 The moon rides through the cloud!
But there are murmurs 'neath her light,
And though it be a winter night,
 Their mirth shall yet be loud!

Look in! Look in!—the sports begin;
Now listen to their merry din.
 What gleeful voices sing
Their well-dressed Christmas on his way;
Arch President of all their play,
 And in their homestead King!

Maiden and yeoman—ripe for kisses—
Together bear this king of blisses,
 With mistletoe in hand.
The Wassail Bowl is borne before,
The huge Yule Log is on the floor,
 The blaze is near at hand.

But ere he reach his throne, I vow!
Well placed and velvet-cushioned now,
They make him pause beneath the bough,
 With flagon full in hand.
There must he pledge a cup of joy
To chubby little Cupid boy
("Love, life, and youth, without alloy"),
 The pet of all their hand.

Fair lovely women round him group,

And reverend age that still can stoop
 To mix in childhood's mirth;
And lusty boys, who proudly bear
The bowl in which he drowns his care—
That mighty Christmas river there,
 Enough to drown the earth.

Now let him on his throne alight,
He's brought us all a jovial night;
Of old it was a pleasant sight,
 To see him brisk and mellow!
But whether in the days we've sung,
Or modern moments, old or young,
Christmas is own'd by every tongue
 To be a Rare Old Fellow!

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