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Under the Holly Bough

Charles Mackay

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Hath made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here.
Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken,
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Mother, and sire, and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come gather here;
And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow.
Old loves, and younger wooing,
Are sweet in the renewing,
Under the holly bough.



Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye with o'erburdened mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here.
Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow;
If e'er you hoped — hope now;
Take heart; uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the holly bough.

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