

In Praise of Christmas

To Drive the Cold Winter Away

Words: Tom Durfey (1653–1723)
Tune: 18th Century

1. All hail to the days that mer - it more praise, Than
 2. Tis ill for a mind to an - ger in - clined To
 3. This time of the year is spent in good cheer, And
 4. When Christ - a - mas's tide comes in like a bride, With

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 all of the rest of the year, And wel - come the nights, that
 think of small in - jur - ies now, If wrath be to seek, do not
 neigh - bours to - geth - er do meet, To sit by the fire, with
 hol - ly and i - vy clad, Twelve days in the year, much

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 dou - ble de - lights, As well for the poor as the peer! Good
 lend her your cheek, Nor let her in - ha - bit thy brow. Cross
 friend - ly de - sire, Each oth - er in love for to greet. Old
 mirth and good cheer In e - ver - y house - hold is had. The

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 for - tune at - tend each mer - ry man's friend, That doth but the best that he
 out of thy books ma - lev - o - lent looks, Both beau - ty and youth's de -
 grud - ges for - got are put in the pot, All sor - rows a - side they
 coun - t - ry guise is then to de - vise Some gam - bols of Christ - mas

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 may, For get - ting old wrongs with ca - rols and songs, To
 cay, And whol - ly con - sort with mirth and with sport, To
 lay; The old and the young doth ca - rol this song, To
 play, Where at the young men do the best that they can, To

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 drive the cold win - ter a - way.

1. All hail to the days that merit more praise
Than all of 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.
2. 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 with sport
To drive the cold winter away.
3. 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 for 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.
4. When Christmas's tide comes in 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.