

## CHRISTMAS

W.H. Davies

Christmas has come, let's eat and drink --  
This is no time to sit and think;  
Farewell to study, books and pen,  
And welcome to all kinds of men.  
Let all men now get rid of care,  
Then 'tis the same, no matter which  
Of us is poor, or which is rich.  
Let each man have enough this day,  
Since those that can are glad to pay;  
There's nothing now too rich or good  
For poor men, not the King's own food.  
Now like a singing bird my feet  
Touch earth, and I must drink and eat.  
Welcome to all men: I'll not care  
What any of my fellows wear;  
We'll not let cloth divide our souls,  
They'll swim stark naked in the bowls.  
Welcome, poor beggar: I'll not see  
That hand of yours dislodge a flea,  
While you sit at my side and beg,  
Or right foot scratching your left leg.  
Farewell restraint: we will not now  
Measure the ale our brains allow,  
But drink as much as we can hold.  
We'll count no change when we spend gold;  
This is not time to save, but spend  
To give for nothing, not to lend.  
Let foes make friends: let them forget  
The mischief-making dead that fret  
the living with complaint like this --  
"He wronged us once, hate him and his.."  
Christmas has come; let every man  
Eat, drink, be merry all he can.  
Ale's my best mark, but if port wine  
Or whisky's yours -- let it be mine;  
No matter what lies in the bowls,  
We'll make it rich with our own sould.  
Farewell to study, books and pen,  
And welcome to all kinds of men.

