

In memoriam (IA inmemoriam00tennrich).pdf/68



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XXX.

WITH trembling fingers did we weave
 The holly round the Christmas hearth;
 A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall
 We gambol'd, making vain pretence
 Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

We paused: the winds were in the beech:
 We heard them sweep the winter land;
 And in a circle hand-in-hand
Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang;
 We sung, tho' every eye was dim,
 A merry song we sang with him
Last year: impetuously we sang:

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- Chrisguise
- Shonebrooks