A Christmas Carol

by

Charles Dickens

Illustrated by Frank Bindley
from The Pickwick Papers
A Christmas Carol

I care not for Spring;
on his fickle wing
Let the blossoms and buds
be borne:
He woos them amain with
his treacherous rain,
And he scatters them ere the morn.
An inconstant elf, he knows
not himself,
Or his own changing mind, an hour;
He'll smile in your face, and
with wry grimace,
He'll wither your youngest flower.
Let the Summer sun
To his bright home run
He shall never be sought by me;
When he's dimmed by a cloud,
I can laugh aloud,
And care not how sulky he be;
FOR his darling child
is the madness wild
That sports in fierce fever's
train;
And when love is too strong,
it don't last long,
As many have found to their
pain.
A mild harvest night,
by the tranquil light
Of the modest and gentle moon,
Has a far sweeter sheen
for me, Sween,
Than the broad and unblushing noon.
But every leaf
awakens my grief,
As it lieth beneath the tree:
So let Autumn air be never so fair,
It by no means agrees with me.
But my song I'll roll out,
For Christmas stout,
The hearty, the true,
And the bold:
A bumper I drain, and
With might and main
Give three cheers for this Christmas old.
Till usher him in
With a merry din
That shall gladden his joyous heart,
And we'll keep him up
while there's bite or sup,
And in fellowship good we'll part.
In his fine honest pride,
he scorns to hide
One jot of his hard-weather scars;
They're no disgrace, for there's
much the same trace
On the cheeks of our bravest tars.
Then again I sing,
till the roof doth ring.
And it echoes from wall to wall—
To the stout old wight,
Fair welcome to-night,
As the King of the Seasons all!