By William Shakespeare

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
   Thou art not so unkind
       As man’s ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
       Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
   Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
   This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
   As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
   Thy sting is not so sharp
   As friend remembered not.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly...