



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

In the rush of the merry morning,  
When the red burns through the gray,  
And the wintry world lies waiting  
For the glory of the day;  
Then we hear a fitful rushing  
Just without upon the stair,  
See two white phantoms coming,  
Catch the gleam of sunny hair.

Are they Christmas fairies stealing  
Rows of little socks to fill?  
Are they angels floating hither  
With their message of good-will?  
What sweet spell are these elves weaving,  
As like larks they chirp and sing?  
Are these palms of peace from heaven  
That these lovely spirits bring?

Rosy feet upon the threshold,  
Eager faces peeping through,  
With the first red ray of sunshine,  
Chanting cherubs come in view;  
Mistletoe and gleaming holly,  
Symbols of a blessed day,  
In their chubby hands they carry,  
Streaming all along the way.

Well we know them, never weary  
Of this innocent surprise;  
Waiting, watching, listening always  
With full hearts and tender eyes,  
While our little household angels,  
White and golden in the sun,  
Greet us with the sweet old welcome,—  
"Merry Christmas, every one!"



Don't These Scenes  
look Good To  
**YOU?**

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