

A Christmas Madrigal



The herald winds of Christmas sleep
High-cradled on the wooded steep.
The far stars only are a-thrill
With life; the night is cold and still.
Come, gather round the ingle-nook
And from its shelf take down the book
Wherein the master's genius drew
Those pictures old, but ever new;
Whose "Christmas Carol's" deathless chime
Beats down the envious touch of time.
Here let the children sit, and there
Beneath the lamp's light place thy chair.
Take thou the book, O! golden voice,
And read the pages of thy choice.
Tell us of Scrooge and Marley's ghost,
Of all our favourites old; but most,
Tell us with tenderness of him
We laugh and weep with—Tiny Tim.
Call thou the soul to every face
About thee in this holy place.
We shall not be ashamed at all
For frank, sweet tears you cause to fall;
But fervently, with eyelids dim
And hearts attuned to Tiny Tim,
We'll quote his words when you have done,
And say, "God bless us, every one!"

T. A. DALY.