

## THE DREAM OF NOEL

Will swiftly gather more and more.  
Summoned by some faint, sweet bell,  
Deer from their coverts shy  
With meek moon-eyes in the dim forest ways  
Under the still starred night,  
Lifting their quiet gaze  
Upward intent toward the sky  
Will wait in antlered company,  
With mute expectancy,  
The visionary light.

Never could we white-winged ones afford  
Not to be first in the great white lure  
That draws and draws and draws into one  
still mood  
All things within the cincture of the templed  
wood.  
We must hang with myriad gems each  
bough,  
With tinkling candelabra crystalline,  
That when He comes, the mystic Light-  
Divine  
Of all soul-sweet eyes the blissful food.  
May arc in glory from the Christ-Child's  
brow  
The forest aisles scintillant with His corona-  
tion pure,  
The raptured radiance of the Infant Lord."