

December

Continued



And where the icicles hang from the eaves
Dropping their crystal pillars to the
ground

I see the throne that only he achieves
Who wins a queen by all the fairies
crowned.

Was that a sleigh bell or a magic note
Played in a dream to hearts that under-
stand?

Surely I hear there with the dancers float
The clash of cymbals in an elfin band.