

## *The Dream of Noel*

The dream of Noel gleams across the skies,  
And fills with wonder raptured human eyes,  
The earth is touched with glory not its own,  
It burns with fires of the Heavenly zone;  
All things shine in their immortality,  
Their essence in the world that is to be.

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### VOICE OF SNOWFLAKE

"I hope we won't be late;  
The trees have templed all the wood  
With pillars tall:  
The birds are all elate  
To sing their chorals one and all;  
We of the crystal brotherhood  
Must ride the breeze with speed  
To bring our jewelled witchery of snow  
To make the alabaster floor  
Where wilding feet may stealthy go.  
For gathered softly there  
Tiny mice will come with meed  
Of love, eager to adore,  
Timid little feet pressed close in prayer;  
Happy-hearted squirrels from hollow bole  
Of ancient tree, will leave their castled lair  
Laden with offerings of their fruity hoard;  
And soft-eyed rabbits in ermine stole  
Fearless of fears, feeling the spell