

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 templ'd 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 jewell'd 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