

# For the Month

## The Christmas Tree

The following can be used as a song by adapting it to any ordinary march song:

To the trees we are coming with drum  
and song;  
Full of joy are our hearts as we march  
along,  
For the branches are bending with gifts  
so rare,  
And we are sure that for each there's  
a generous share.

There's a muff I am sure in that pack-  
age, there,  
For it's round, and no doubt in this  
one that's square,  
There's a book or a game. Did you  
ever see  
Such a beautiful and heavily laden  
tree?

Oh, we greet with our happiest song  
our friend  
That has come from its home in the  
forest to lend,  
For our service, its branches so strong  
to-night.  
See, we've decked them all over with  
candles bright.

### Chorus

Oh, our Christmas tree! Oh, our Christ-  
tree!  
We hail thee! We greet thee! We wel-  
come thee!

## Memory Gems

Little wishes on white wings  
Little gifts—such tiny things—  
Just one little heart that sings—  
Make a Merry Christmas.

Richest gifts are those we make  
That we give for love's own sake.

O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree!  
How faithful are thy branches!  
Green not alone in summer time,  
But in the winter's frost and rime.  
O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree!  
How faithful are thy branches.

—Tennyson.

I said it on the mountain-path,  
I say it on the mountain stairs;—  
The best things any mortal hath  
Are those which every mortal share.  
—Larcon.

## The Holly

In summer nobody cares for me,  
But as soon as the leaves are dead  
They call me the beautiful holly  
With berries so shining and red.

My boughs are so tough and my  
prickles so strong  
They keep little fingers away,  
But some will be gathered before very  
long,  
For soon 'twill be Christmas Day.

The fullest and prettiest bough may go  
But some will be left for store,  
To feed dear birds through frost and  
snow,  
Till summer brings sunshine once  
more.

## A Carol

Christmas winds are blowing  
Freshest lullabys;  
Christmas love is shining  
In each baby's eyes—

Christmas songs are ringing  
Thro' the world to-day,  
For our hearts are singing  
Let Christmas live away.

There's none so poor but he may give,  
None so rich but may receive.