

Why Christmas Joy ?

Glory, as a Polar scene,
Everywhere obtains ;
Carpets deep of Arctic sheen,
Furs of white for garments green,
Where the cedar reigns.

Where no trail of busy feet
Mars the pathway fair ;
Where the squirrel hath warm retreat,
And the lonely siskin's " tweet "
Doth the Frost-King dare.

Hark ! the solemn, sacred peal—
Call to praise and prayer—
Songs of joy the lips unseal,
Reverence bends in pure appeal—
The Lord of joy is there.

Why sweet carol, joyful chime
Greeting which uplifts ?
Why the wish in glided rhyme ?
Why the Saint from ancient time
Showering countless gifts ?