

A Christmas Carol

For
All Good Soldiers and Sailors



Annie C. Dalton

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By
Annie C. Dalton

Vancouver, British Columbia
In the Year of Grace MCMXXV

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I.

WHEN a Christmas morning
Did great Gabriel say:
“Jesu, Son of Mary,
Bide with us to-day.

“Is it not unseemly
That this bitter morn,
'Mid the hosts of Herod,
Mary's Babe be born?

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“Scattered are Thy shepherds,
Scattered are Thy sheep,
Armies on the hillside
Ceaseless vigil keep.

“Burning is the manger,
Maddened is the beast,
Bearing arms, the Wise Man
Cometh from the East.

“See! Thy Mother Mary,
Bleeding on the ground;
And the meek St. Joseph
Dies without a sound.

“With the weeping Angels
Shuddering afar,
Tremulous and fainting,—
Pales the Bethlehem Star.

“Murderer of Mary!
World of hate and scorn!
Not for you shall Mary’s
Holy Child be born!”

II.

“**S**CATTERED be My shep-
herds,
Stricken be My sheep,
Though My mother Mary
And good Joseph sleep,—

“I, the Babe of Bethlehem,
To the earth will go:
Never holier Noël
God nor man may know.

“Burning be the manger,
Maddened be the kine,

Shepherds, Kings or Wise
Men
Shall not lack a sign.

“Hover, herald Angels!
Sparkle, Wonder-star!
Where My weary soldiers
And My sailors are.

“Shine upon the billow,
Meadow, stream and fen:—
There a thousand thousand
Men have died for men.

“Carol, holy Angels!
Sing your sweetest song
For a world of heroes—
Sing the whole day long!

**“Holy, herald Angels!
Hail this happy morn!
'Mid the beasts of Bethlehem
Many Christs be born!”**



