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CHRISTMAS WANDERINGS.







CHRISTMAS

WANDERINGS.

*By H. M. Poole*



*Handwritten notes at the bottom of the page, including "Hand & Poole" and other illegible scribbles.*

1887  
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'Tis Christmas, and the wintry scene  
Is hushed beneath its hallowed spell,  
A cottage near a wood is seen  
With hill and dimpled vale and dell  
Adrift with snow. An icy sheet  
Spreads far and wide to yonder shore  
Where youth and maid with tinkling feet  
Skim all its frozen surface o'er.  
Oh, there is nought in life so sweet  
As Christmas, to those flying feet.





Out to a deep and grand old wood

They wandered on that Christmas-time,  
Where sentinel like, a Chestnut stood

To guard the spot with strength sublime.  
Beneath its limbs the rabbits play

Unfearing in that quiet hour;  
Its clinging burrs with frosts are gray,

Emblem it stands, of might and power,  
Oh, Christmas brings, on faith's strong wing

Tokens of love from everything.



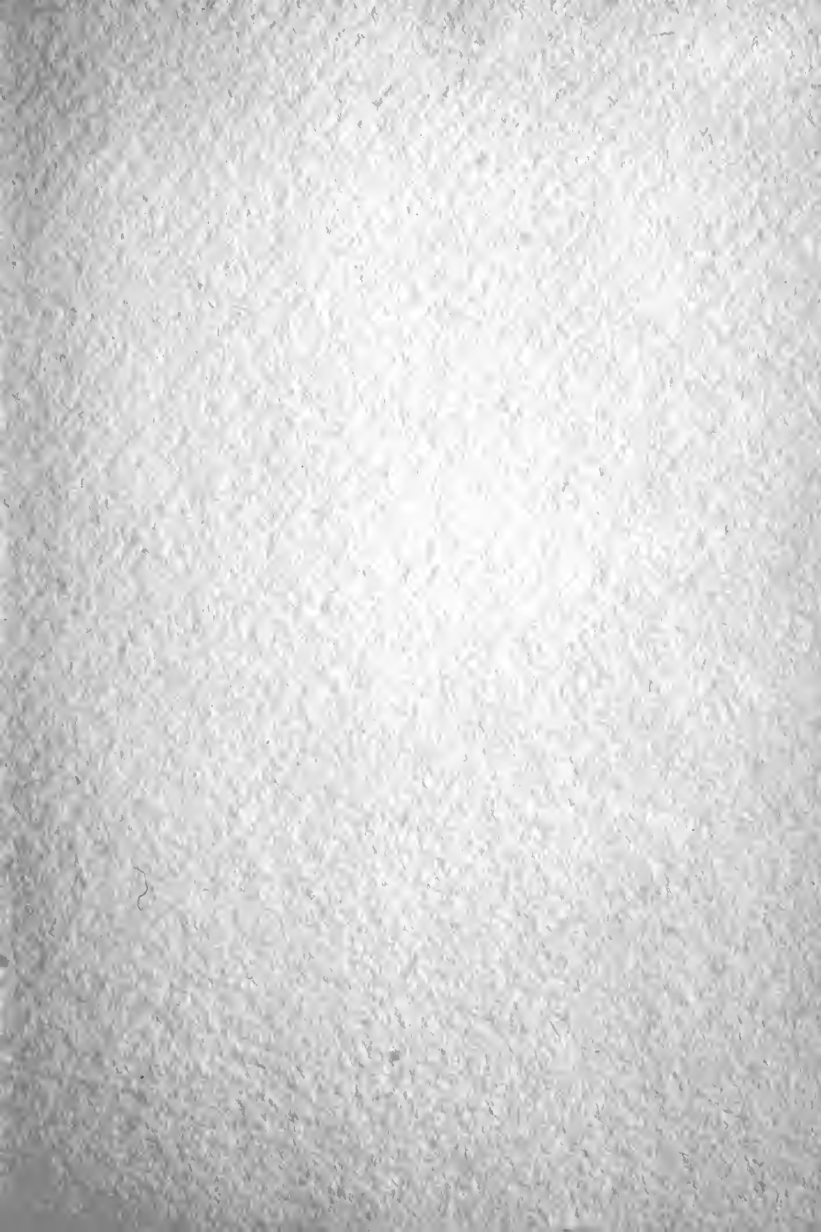
Deeper and farther wandered they  
Beneath the blue and sunny sky,  
That Christmas-day, when far away  
A forest reared its boughs on high,  
A wild-wood rover there they found  
Resting beside a mossy tree;  
His fellow low upon the ground  
Seems hushed in quiet reverie,  
Within that dell a Christmas spell  
Upon the lonely woodsman fell.



Thus sped they on that Christmas-day  
While air and sunshine softer grew,  
Till Winter's icy bonds gave way  
And all the earth and sky seemed new.  
Home sailed they while the full orb'd moon  
Silvered the bridge that spanned them o'er.  
To them the day had passed full soon,  
But well they crowned the Christmas lore  
That love and strength and hope and faith  
Can conquer sorrow, sin and death.

H. M. POOLE.





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