

HOLIDAY

West Shore

1890

THE DAWN OF CHRISTMAS DAY.

The winds are dead, and ah! how still!
The stars are large; a silver blade
Yon homeward sailing moon has made
Upon the sombre, wooded hill.

The towering fir trees breathe a prayer,
And lo! each white star hides away
Behind a fallen robe of gray,
And bird notes thrill the morning air.

An overflowing cup of wine
Is slowly lifting in the east.
Awake, oh, man! to beauty's feast,
The glory of the sky is thine.

And now from peaks that flash and gleam
The gorgeous light of dawn is hurled
Across the rugged western world,
And drenches hill and vale and stream.

Oh, hallowed day when Christ was born,
Bring sweetest peace to every one;
From land of snow to land of sun
Let love prevail on Christmas morn.

HERBERT BASHFORD.

