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A CORNER OF CHEMAWA.

A Christmas Tree.

By Alice Ward Bailey.

Now time hath bring night to thee—
While thou wilt plant thy Christmas Tree—
Sing low, my heart, sing low!—
Beneath thy feet its roots shall spread,
Its branches reach the sky a'round—
Sing low, my heart, sing low!

Then let thy shepherds come from far,
The wise men follow with the star—
Sing low, my heart, sing low!

Let every heart kneel in his stall,
And Mary's Child be Lord of All—
Sing low, my heart, sing low!

To-morrow shall the Tree be here,
A naked Cross it shall be there—
Sing low, my heart, sing low!—
To-morrow cometh Val'rary,
But this one night be peace to thee—
Sing low, my heart, sing low!