

MY CHRISTMAS ANTHEM

Today, ah yes! I'll weave my Christmas anthem,
While yet the summer flowers are in bloom
And in the fields harvesters are raking
Dried grass, in which there lingers sweet perfume
Of frankincense, gleaned from old Mother Earth,
A tribute to the Master's lowly birth.

Today, ah yes! I'll weave my Christmas anthem,
As o'er the hills now green with stately trees
There comes to me the soothing breath of music
From swishing wings of birds and honeybees;
And while I pause to listen, I can hear
The song the angels spread upon the air.

Today, ah yes! I'll weave my Christmas anthem,
And in my mind most lavishly adorn
With summer's subtleness and witchery,
The manger bare, where Christ the Lord was born!
For who cannot behold in summer's wings
A setting worthy of the King of kings?

by Alice Whitson Norton

From: The Lighted Pathway
Vol. 27, No. 7, Pg. 18
July, 1956