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Holly Berries.

HOLLY BERRIES.

By
Annie P. McQueen.

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New York
Hurd & Parsons,
1887



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Copyright 1887
Hard & Parsons,
New York.

Now where Christmas joys are filling

All the air with mirth and praise,

Where happy hearts and voices blending,

High their songs of gladness raise;

Gleams the Holly, — dark-leaved Holly, —

Bright with berries, scarlet dyed,

Twined in garlands 'round the Altar,

Wreathed above the fire-side.

FROM the village school returning,

Home the children gaily go,

Stop to pick the Holly-berries

Heedless of the thorns below.

Strew them all along the roadway,

Weave them into coral bands.

Come with sunny smiles and laughter,

Holly branches in their hands.

HOLLY branches, Holly berries,

Grace the home on Christmas day.

By gentle fingers, deftly fashioned

Into wreaths and garlands gay.

Making scenes of humble pleasure

Brighter glow, for dear ones sake.

Storing thoughts of sweet remembrance

For the future's hand to wake.

UNDERNEATH the shining Holly,

Placed by loving hands on high,

In the village-church the lowly

Bow, while Angels linger nigh.

Then the strains of praise uplifted

Far above the Holly, ring:—

“Glory in the highest! Glory!

Glory to the new-born King!”

ANNIE C. McQUEEN.



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