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Christmas Poem

Folger McKinsey

Behind the baubles on the tree a fairy
sits and sings;
And if you closely look you'll see it has
exquisite wings.
Its little eyes are sunny bright,
And laughingly they glow
To help the very lovely light
That kisses all below.



Each bauble has its fairy true, and each
of them, you see,
Is part and parcel of the love and life of
Christmas glee;
For fairy things are life and love
So delicate and fine,
That guided by a grace above
With heavenly grace they shine.

On Christmas night when candle rays
are thrown around the room
To make the tree a loveliness amid
encircling gloom,
'Tis jolly fun to watch and wait

To see the fairies gleam,
Open their little thrones of state
Like little stars of dream.

But afterwhile they slowly fade, and one
by one they go
To shadowland and slumberland across
the Christmas snow.

But every time they light the tree
They'll surely shine and sing
Behind the lovely ornaments
That on the branches swing.

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