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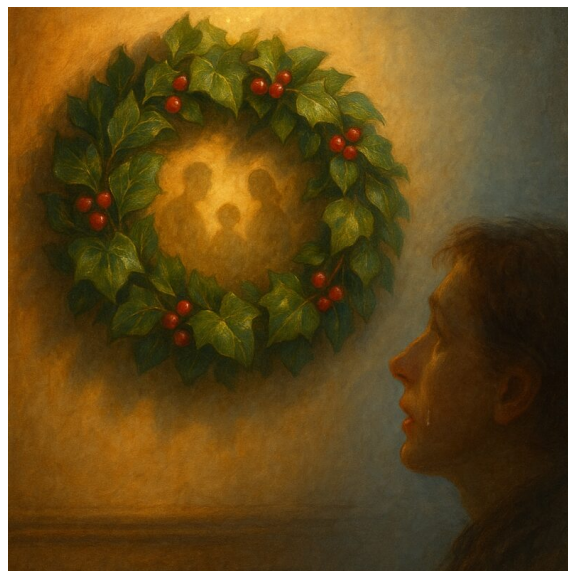
READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

The Christmas Wreath

Anna de Brémont

Oh! Christmas wreath upon the wall,
Within thine ivied space
I see the years beyond recall,
Amid thy leaves I trace
The shadows of a happy past,
When all the world was bright,
And love its magic splendour cast
O'er morn and noon and night.

Oh! Christmas wreath upon the wall,
'Neath memory's tender spell
A wondrous charm doth o'er thee fall,
And round thy beauty dwell.
Thine ivy hath the satiny sheen
Of tresses I've caressed,
Thy holly's crimson gleam I've seen
On lips I oft have pressed.



Oh! Christmas wreath upon the wall,
A mist steals o'er my sight.
Dear hallow'd wreath, these tears are all
The pledge I now can plight
To those loved ones whose spirit eyes

Shine down the flight of time;
Around God's throne their voices rise
To swell the Christmas Chime!

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