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The Antipodes: Christmas at the Cape

John Runcie

Your Christmas comes with holly leaves
And snow about your doors and eaves;
Our lighted windows, open wide,
Let in our summer Christmas tide;
And where the drifting moths may go —
Behold our tiny flakes of snow;

But carol, carol in the cold;
And carol, carol as ye may, —
We sing the merry songs of old
As merrily on Christmas Day.

Your hills are wrapped in rainy cloud,
Your sea in anger roars aloud;
But here our hills are veiled with haze
In harmonies of blues and grays;
The waters of two oceans meet
With friendly murmurs by our feet;

But carol, carol, Christmas Waits,
And carol, carol, as ye may, —
The Crickets by our doors and gates
Sing in the grace of Christmas Day.

The rain and sunshine of the Cape
Lie folded in the ripening grape,
And Stellenbosch and Drakenstein,
With bounteous orchard, field of vine,
And every spot that we pass by —
Lie burnished 'neath our Christmas sky;



So carol, carol in your snow
And carol, carol as ye may, —
We carol 'mid our blooms ablow,
The grace of Summer's Christmas Day.

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