



Christmas Eve

All night long the pine trees wait,
Dark heads bowed in solemn state,
Wondering what may be the fate
Of little Norway Spruce.

Little Norway Spruce who stood
Only lately in the wood,
Did they take him for his good—
They who bore him off?

Little Norway Spruce so trim,
Lithe, and free, and strong of limb!
All the pines were proud of him;
Now his place is bare.

All that night the little tree
In the dark stood patiently,
Far away from forest free,
Laden for the morn.

Chained and laden, but intent.
On the pines his thoughts were bent,
They might tell him what it meant,
If he could but go!

Morning came. The children. "See!
Oh, our glorious Christmas tree!"
Gifts for everyone had he;
Then he understood.

—*The Pansy*, December 1894