

The Cedars and the Pines

Marian Froelich, 1885.

Gideon Froelich.

In the tops of the cedars and pines,
A whisper was heard sweet and low;
And each branch as it hears and inclines,
Shakes off its fair burden of snow.
"List!", the whisper says, "Christmas is near";
The pines and the cedars all know
That they'll aid in the joy and the cheer,
For this day they flourish and grow.

They have heard that their branches so green,
All laden with silver and gold,
To enliven the fairy-like scene
Tinted candles abundant will hold.
While their fruits far more precious and rare,
Than summer or autumn can bring
Cause the children, so happy and fair,
Their praises to shout and to sing.

Then the whispering turns to a song,
And catching the welcoming cheer,
They, too, for the Christmas-day long,
And joy to leave forests so drear.
As the eve of the year nears its close,
When verdure and flowers seem dead,
Then the evergreen calm in repose,
To Christmas and gladness is wed.