

CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN

Heaven gives its favorites early death.—Byron.

To be in heaven above,
An angel of the skies,
To hover round the throne of Love,
To dwell in Paradise,

To sing the joyful song,
A song of Christmas cheer,
To join the bright, celestial throng,
Whose music stars can hear—

Ah, happy, little one,
God grants you other joy
A picture-book, a ball, a gun,
Some nicest angel toy.

But thou a gift art, too,
A Christmas present given,
A treasure for the angel crew;
Our loss is the gain of heaven.

The golden curls, the brow,
The eyes like stars of night,
The lips, the smile—all see I now
In memory's clear light.

Thou never evil knew,
Thy joy it ne'er can dim;
Oh that, like thee, I might be too
A cherub 'mong Cherubim!

—W.A.R., Ex '30