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# CREETINGS

## Song for December

WHAT though the silver lance of frost  
Has shorn the greenest summer bough,  
And where the purple nightshade thrust  
Its endless fingers through the sloe  
Is sere and deathlied in a mound of snow,  
And western winds no longer sing  
Nor scatter time from dandelion,  
Nor on his vain and deathless wing  
That lark who was the joy of spring,  
Burns in his flight like some undimmed Orion?

New joys shall grace your cheek again,  
Your winter-pallid cheek and eye,  
And though the woods' pavilions die,  
Sudden, eternal, the daffodillies' train  
Shall sweep your threshold's stone, and stain  
Your feet, your heart, bleak rim of earth and sky.

*Christmas, 1928*

*from H.E. Bates*