

## **A CHRISTMAS CAROL – FRED COGSWELL**

The holly wreath that now  
Our house adorns  
Will wither soon and be  
A jagged crown of thorns;

Now when fir needles fall  
Can tinsel hide  
The grey and naked limbs  
Of the tree crucified;

The fair feast of Christmas  
Our flesh enthrones  
Even as we gaze piles up  
A hollow heap of bones;

By which I know a sad  
And doleful thing  
That though we eat and drink  
And gladsome carols sing

The ancient curse still blights  
The human tree  
And things men touch become  
Shadows of Calvary.