

**Round the Tree of Life:
Birds, Blossoms, and Christmas Trees
Poetry Journal of the Seasons**



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Round the Tree of Life the flowers
Are ranged, abundant, even;
Its crest on every side spreads out
On the fields and plains of Heaven.

Glorious flocks of singing birds
Celebrate their truth,
Green abounding branches bear
Choicest leaves and fruit.

The lovely flocks maintain their song
In the changeless weather,
A hundred feathers for ever bird,
A hundred tunes for every feather.

Brendan Kennelly translating from Celtic poem



LOVE and harmony combine,
And around our souls entwine
While thy branches mix with mine,
And our roots together join.

Joys upon our branches sit,
Chirping loud and singing sweet;
Like gentle streams beneath our feet
Innocence and virtue meet.

Thou the golden fruit dost bear,
I am clad in flowers fair;
Thy sweet boughs perfume the air,
And the turtle buildeth there.

There she sits and feeds her young
'Sweet I hear her mournful song;
And thy lovely leaves among,
There is love, I hear his tongue.

There his charming nest doth lay,
There he sleeps the night away;
There he sports along the day,
And doth among our branches play.



Tomorrow shall be my dancing day;
I would my true love did so chance
To see the legend of my play,
To call my true love to my dance;

*Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love, my love,
This have I done for my true love.*

Then was I born of a virgin pure,
Of her I took fleshly substance
Thus was I knit to man's nature
To call my true love to my dance.

In a manger laid, and wrapped I was
So very poor, this was my chance
Between an ox and a silly poor ass
To call my true love to my dance.

Then afterwards baptized I was;
The Holy Ghost on me did glance,
My Father's voice heard I from above,
To call my true love to my dance.

Into the desert I was led,
Where I fasted without substance;
The Devil bade me make stones my bread,
To have me break my true love's dance.

The Jews on me they made great suit,
And with me made great variance,
Because they loved darkness rather than light,
To call my true love to my dance.

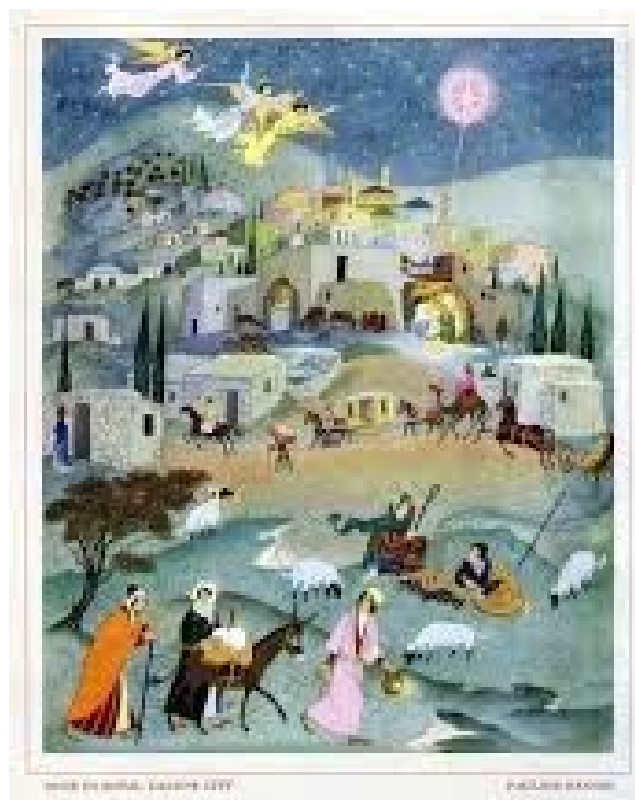
For thirty pence Judas me sold,
His covetousness for to advance:
Mark whom I kiss, the same do hold!
The same is he shall lead the dance.

Before Pilate the Jews me brought,
Where Barabbas had deliverance;
They scourged me and set me at nought,
Judged me to die to lead the dance.

Then on the cross hanged I was,
Where a spear my heart did glance;
There issued forth both water and blood,
To call my true love to my dance.

Then down to hell I took my way
For my true love's deliverance,
And rose again on the third day,
Up to my true love and the dance.

Then up to heaven I did ascend,
Where now I dwell in sure substance
On the right hand of God, that man
May come unto the general dance.



With
WITH CHRISTMAS GREETINGS
AND ALL GOOD WISHES
FOR THE NEW YEAR
with love
Pauline Baynes



The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown:

*O, the rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.*

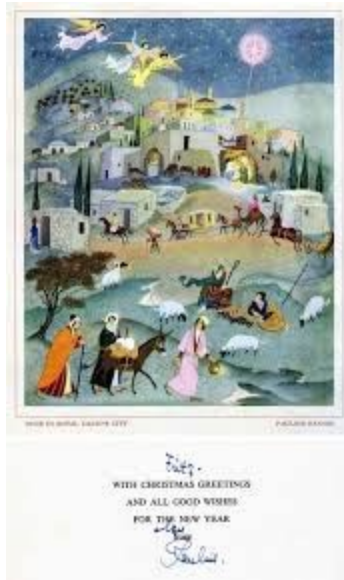
The holly bears a blossom,
As white as lily flow'r,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our dear Saviour:

The holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good:

The holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
On Christmas Day in the morn:

The holly bears a bark,
As bitter as any gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
For to redeem us all:

*O, the rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.*



"Joseph, Dearest Joseph mine,
Help me cradle the Child divine.
God reward thee and all that's thine,
In paradise," so prays the mother Mary.

*He came among us at Christmas time
At Christmas time in Bethlehem
Men shall bring him from far and wide,
Love's diadem
Jesus, Jesus;
Lo, he comes and loves and saves and frees us.*

"Gladly dear one, Lady mine
Help I cradle this Child of thine."
"God's own light on us both shall shine,
In paradise," as prays the mother Mary.

servant 1

Peace to all that have goodwill!
God, who heaven and earth doth fill,
Comes to turn us away from ill,
As all may see In Jesus, Son of Mary.

servant 2

All shall come and bow the knee,
Wise and happy their souls shall be.
Loving such a divinity as all may see
In Jesus Son of Mary. **Chorus**

servant 3

Now is born Emmanuel,
Prophesied once by Ezekiel,
Promised Mary by Gabriel, Ah, who can tell
Thy praises, Son of Mary. **Chorus**

servant 4

Thou my lazy heart hast stirred,
Thou, The Father's eternal Word,
Greater than aught that ear hath heard,
Thou tiny bird of love, Thou Son of Mary. **Chorus**

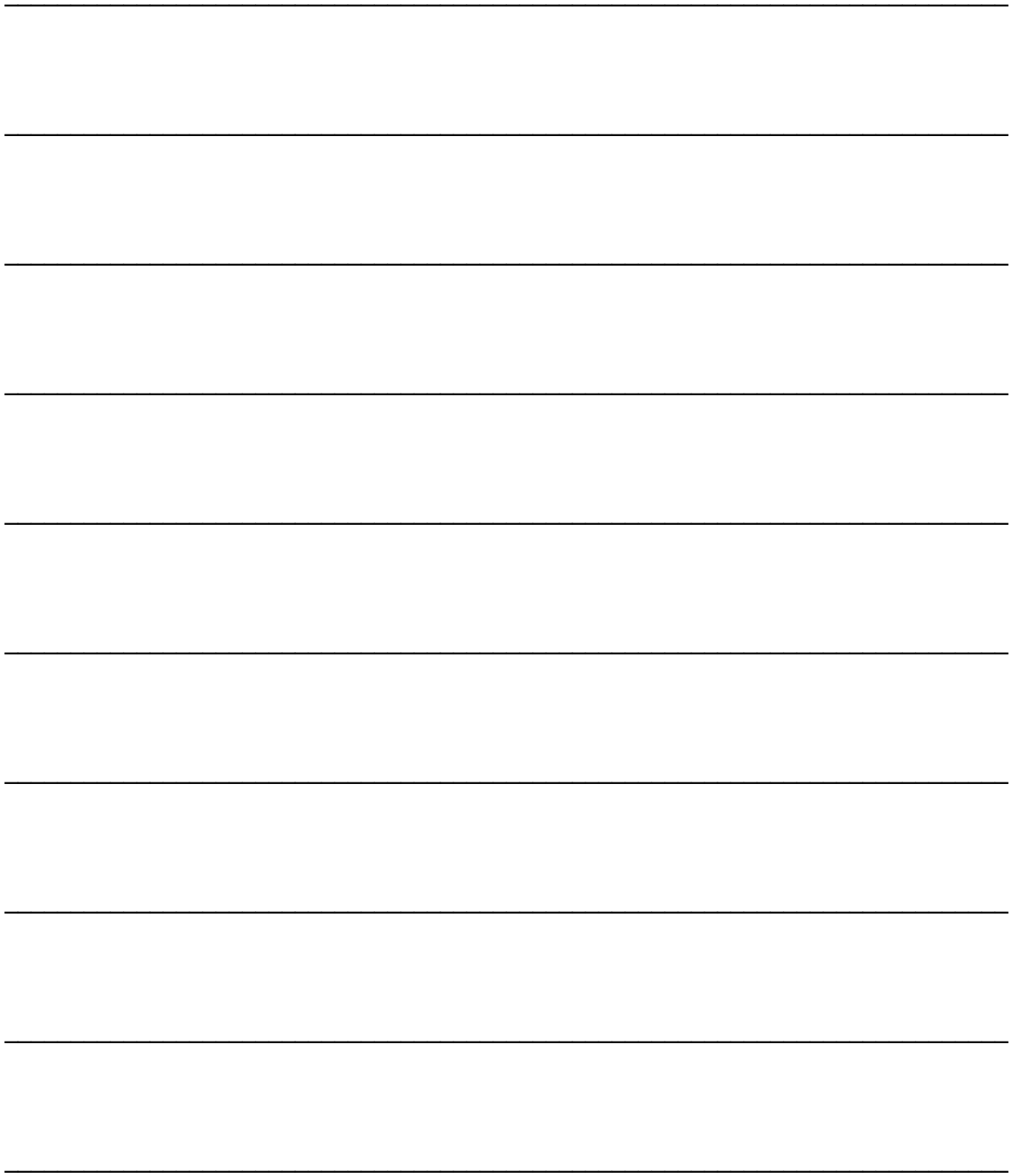
servant 1

Sweet and lovely little one,
Thou princely, beautiful, God's own Son,
Without Thee all of us were undone;
Our love is won by Thine, O Son of Mary. **Chorus**

servant 2

Little man, and God indeed,
Little and poor, Thou art all we need;
We will follow where Thou dost lead,
And we will heed our brother, born of Mary.





Joseph lieber Joseph mein
hilf mir wiegen mein Kindelein,
Gott, der wird dein Löhner sein
im Himmelreich, der Jungfrau Kind Maria.

*Eia, eia. Sause.
Virgo Deum genuit,
quem/quod divina voluit clementia.*

*Omnes nunc concinite,
nato regi psallite,
voce pia dicite:
sit gloria Christo nostro infantulo.*

*Hodie apparuit in Israel,
quem praedixit Gabriel, est natus Rex*

Joseph lieber, Joseph mein,
Hilf mir wiegen mein Kindelein;
Gott der will dein Lohner sein
Im Himmelreich, der Jungfrau Sohn Maria.

Chorus:

*Er ist erschienen am heut' gen Tag,
Am heut' gen Tag in Israel:
Der Maria verkündigt ist
Durch Gabriel
Eya, eya,
Jesum Christ hat uns geboren Maria.*

JOSEPH

Gerne, liebe Muhme mein,
Helf ich dir wiegen dein Kindelein
Dass Gott müsse mein Lohner sein
Im Himmelreich, der Jungfrau Sohn Maria. **Chorus**

FIRST ATTENDANT

Nun freu' dich, christenliche Schar
Der himmelische K/Snig klar
Nahm die Menschheit offenbar
Den uns gebar die reine Magd Maria. **Chorus**

SECOND ATTENDANT

O ew'gen Vaters ew'ges Wort
Wahr Gott, wahr Mensch, der Tugend Hort
In Himreel und Erde hie und dort
Der Solden Pfort, die aufgetan Maria. **Chorus**

THIRD ATTENDANT:

Uns erschien Emanuel,
wie uns verkundet Gabriel,
und bezeugt Ezechiel:
Du Mensch ohn' Fehl', dich hat gebor'n Maria! **Chorus**

FOURTH ATTENDANT

Ew'gen Vaters ew'ges Wort,
wahrer Gott, der Tugend Hort,
irdisch hier, im Himmel dort
der Seelen Pfort', die uns gebar Maria. **Chorus**

FULL (or THE FOUR ATTENDANTS)

Susser Jesu, auserkom,
weisst wohl, dass wit war'n verlorn:
Stille deines Vaters Zorn.
Dich hat geborn die reine Magd Maria. **Chorus**

Himmlisch' King, o grosser Gott,
Leidest in der krippen Not.
Machst die Sunder frei vom Tod,
Du englisch' Brot, dans uns gebar Maria. **Chorus**