

Christmas/Winter

Catinka Knoth 12/23/13

To ensure that All be found,
Sending blessings the whole world round,
As it plays entwining along the ground,
The Music forever does resound

There is no special word,
Like each branch that holds a bird,
From which those wings have whirred,
And every One will soon have heard.

The Angel plays its song,
The Music moves along,
Not a note or beat is wrong,
So All may know that they belong.

An Angel's Song



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