

## **Collection Information:**

**Item:** Widdemer, Margaret, [New York City] to Mr. and Mrs. Allyn Kellogg Ford, Minneapolis, Minnesota, Christmas 1950. Christmas card with

poem.

Series: Original Documents.

Collection: Ford, Allyn K., collector. Allyn Kellogg Ford

collection of historical manuscripts.

## **Copyright Notice:**

This material may be protected by copyright law (U.S. Code, Title 17). Researchers are liable for any infringement. For more information, visit <a href="https://www.mnhs.org/copyright">www.mnhs.org/copyright</a>.

## CHRISTMAS 1950

1 West 67th Street, N. Y. C. MARGARET WIDDEMER

## A COUNTRY CAROL

Where the patient oxen were, by the ass's stall,
Watching my Lord's manger knelt the waking cattle all:
'Twas a little country maid vigil by Him kept —
All among the country things my good Lord slept;
Fair was Rome the city on that early Christmas morn,
Yet among the country-folk was my Lord born!

Country lads that followed Him, proud they were and kind, It was only city folk were hard to Him and blind; He who told of lilies, and of grain and grass that grew, Fair things of the summer fields my good Lord knew — By the hedgerows' flowering there He laid His head; It was in the country that my Lord was bred.

When the cross weighed down on Him, on the grievous road, 'Twas a kindly countryman raised my good Lord's load; Peasant-girls of Galilee, folk of Nazareth,

These were fain to follow Him down the way of death — Ay, beyond a city wall, underneath the sky, Out in open country did my good Lord die.

When He rose to Heaven on that white Ascension day, Last from open country did my good Lord pass away, Rows of golden seraphim watched where He should dwell, Yet it was the country-folk had my Lord's farewell — Out above the flowered hill, from the mossy grass, Up from open country did my good Lord pass.

Where the jewelled minsters are, where the censers sway
There they kneel to Christ the Lord on this His bearing-day;
But I shall stay to greet Him where the bonny fields begin,
Like the fields that once my good Lord wandered in,
Where His thorn-tree blossomed once, where His sparrows soared,
In the open country-land of my good Lord!

MARGARET WIDDEMER

WIDDEMER Mu I hus ally Fords 2350 Jake of the Isles Blod Thinmopolis. Thim