

## 08 THE CHANT OF THE THREE SISTERS

Maiden, from the fields of air  
We have winged our rapid flight,  
Bringing gifts both rich and rare,  
On this frosty Christmas night.  
Guard them ever: they will be  
Of exceeding worth to thee.

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I am Faith. To thee I bear  
Childlike trust and confidence  
In the ever-watchful care  
Of our Father's providence.  
Maiden, one of sisters three,  
This the gift I bear to thee.

I am Hope. When darksome clouds  
Gather round thy earthly way,  
And Misfortune's shadowy well  
Intercepts the light of day,  
I will come on wings of light:  
Clouds and mist shall straightway fly,  
And reveal the golden gates  
Of a happier home on high.  
Maiden, one of sisters three,  
This the gift I bear to thee.

I am Charity. Let me  
Ever on thy steps attend,  
And, as long as life shall last,  
Be thy counsellor and friend,  
In thy bosom I would sow  
Seeds of gentleness and love,  
And, a resident of earth,  
Fit thee for a home above.  
Maiden, last of sisters three,  
This the gift I bear to thee.

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Maiden, from the fields of air  
We have winged our rapid flight,  
Bringing gifts both rich and rare,  
On this frosty Christmas night.  
Faith and Hope and Charity!  
Earthly maiden, sisters three,  
These thy gifts we bear to thee.

**Sources:**

Monthly Religious Magazine, February, 1853.

Bertha's Christmas Vision, 1856.

Alger Street, 1964.