

And fill, with hope and lasting joy, the sinful  
    hearts of men,  
The while you carol forth the birth, of Him, at  
    Bethlehem.

### THE VOICE OF WINTER.

From far beyond the autumn hills,  
    The frost winds lured it, lone;  
Across the plains and rippling rills,  
    It sang a monotone.  
The sparrow heard its mournful call  
    Ring down the mountain side;  
A sky of gloom o'ershadowed all,  
    The last, bright leaf had died.

It sang a dirge in doleful rhyme,  
    A song of death and woe;  
The year was old, the pulse of Time  
    Was beating soft and slow.  
The voice stole through the skies, so gray,  
    It whispered, called a name;  
The snow flakes fell, fast in their play,  
    When, lo, the High-priest came.

He wore a robe of frost and snow,  
    'Twas soft as eider-down;  
Upon his head, with white a-glow,  
    He wore his icy crown.  
He prayed the dying year to rest,  
    While stars beamed in the blue;  
His icy hands upon his breast,  
    He welcomed forth the—New.