

Can never the poor be rich,
Though we wait till this life is o'er,
When they tell me we'll live once more,
Like my mother, who's gone before?

She looked so glad,
Who was always sad,
O! I'm sure she was poor no more.

Then listen, I pray,
To my Christmas lay,
You'll know if my tale is true;
For if Christ's come to-day,
As I've heard some say,
He's with gentlefolk like you.

* An old writer says—"Yet many of our beggar boys, whom we call *carols*, seeking alms by playing and singing their Christmas Carols, so little understand the meaning thereof, that they are not much removed from heathen people."