

## VOICES OF THE MIDNIGHT!

Hark, how the joy bell's, silver peal rings far,  
across the snow,  
Whilst twinkling stars, like angels, throw their  
Christmas smiles below;  
The night's filled with devotion, and, upon her  
jeweled wings,  
A song of love comes floating, and a wealth of  
joy it brings.

It tunes all hearts to beating, with its notes of  
right good cheer;  
Those voices of the midnight sing to bless the  
coming year.  
Their song has rung for ages, on the quickened  
pulse of Time  
And—"Gloria in Excelsis"—is the burden of its  
rhyme.

Then twine a holly wreath of joy, while bright  
the Yule-log glows,  
And raise your voices in the song, that from  
yon belfry flows:  
It steals, far o'er the city, like an angel's, whis-  
pered prayer,  
It fills all hearts with gladness and, sweet,  
leaves its message there.

O! Joybells, soft, now ringing! Pray, cease not  
your silver peal!

O! Voices of the midnight! Let your music  
sweetly steal