

Chime I

THE CHILDREN AND THE CHIME.

Hark, hark ! listen and hark !
Magical melodies out of the dark,
Beautiful ripples of sound on sound,
Scattering, pattering, hovering round !

Down from the sky the notes are flung,
Like a ladder of music, rung by rung,—
Like a wonderful ladder that Angels hold
For a child to tread thro' the midnight cold.

Step by step and note by note
The peal descends from a realm remote,—
And something blends with it, small and sweet,
Like tiny pit-a-pat baby feet.

Here at home it is happy and cosy,
Curtains are drawn, and the fire burns rosy;
Do you really think that a Child would roam
So far away from its heavenly home ?