

Churchyard

ALTHO' I came full young here,
Still there are vounger far,
Nor do I mind the crowd here,
Silent as they are.

There's much that's left behind here,
But think of what one gets;
'Tis bright, 'tis cloudy peace here,
A balm and no regrets.

Christmas Music

THE earth wears a white and glittering dress,
Beneath the Christmas sun,
The evergreens spread their fingers out,
White festive gloves to don;
The Christmas bell cries "Ding-dong-dell!"
And the boys "Merry Christmas!" shout.