

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

THOU comest, Father Christmas
With kindly eyes aglow,
And fair bright leaves of evergreen
Encircling thy brow.

Thou comest, Father Christmas,
To bless the wide world o'er,
Thou com'st to cheer and comfort all,
To gladden rich and poor.

Throughout our fair Dominion
A glad and grateful throng
Are gathering now to greet thee
With garland and with song.

The bells are quivering to tell
What happy hearts do feel,
A grateful peoples heartfelt thanks
In every mirthful peal.

The temple gates wide open are
To greet thy coming there,
A heart whole welcome thou will get
In every house of prayer.

O gentle Father Christmas,
How could we dare to mourn
O'er earthly ills, we must rejoice
This blessed birthday morn.