

even, When the her - ald An - gels' chorus swell'd thro' the bright Ju - dean

heav'n.

Oh, Earth! the white shroud wraps thee now, in Death's cold grasp thou art,
Thy tears, thy music, bound alike in the ice-chain on thine heart;
So lay the darken'd world of sin when the Angels spread abroad
The glorious tale of the Virgin-born—the birth of Incarnate God!

Melt, melt, oh, cold and stony heart! ev'n as the ice-bonds shiver,
When Spring breathes soft on the frozen wood, when warm winds loose the river;
The Angel-vision sheds on thee its glorious, softening ray—
The Angel-song is for thine ear: "A Saviour's born to-day!"

Morn, on the sparkling wilds of snow—morn, on the frozen west!
The holy chimes float musical o'er the deep wood's solemn breast;
And the winter sun plays cheerily on the wealth of bright green wreaths
Which through the lowly forest-shrine a spring-like freshness breathes.

Frail monitors! your verdure speaks, all eloquently bright,
Of a lustrous summer morn to break on Life's long, wintry night—
Of the waving palms—the crystal streams—the everlasting flowers
Beyond the jasper battlement, by the Golden City's towers.

Let the wild wind sweep the snows without—within be joy and mirth—
Let happy households cheerly meet around the Christmas hearth:
One welcome pledge must circle round—"Be happy hearts and smiles
To all we love in the Forest Land: to all in the Parent Isles!"

The Christmas hearth! ah! pleasant spot, where joyful kindred meet—
Kind eyes, with love and gladness lit, scarce mark the vacant seat;
And if too-faithful Memory turn, to mourn the loved, the fair—
Look up—the Shepherds' star's in Heaven—the lost one-waits thee there.

Wake thy ten thousand voices, Earth! outpour thy floods of praise—
Up to the crystal gates of Morn the deep hosannas raise;
Till heavenward-wafted, seraph-wing'd, they pierce the illum'd zone,
Where the Church-triumphant's anthem floats round the Everlasting Throne.