



AN OLD COUPLE.

You and I, sitting side by side, Darby and
Joan his wife,—

Shut in the peace of the tranquil years that
follow the s'train and strife,—

Our locks grow greyer, our limbs grow
weaker, the suns of our youth have set,—
But the tender call of the Christmas Bells,
we smile that we hear it yet.

You and I, going hand in hand on the quiet
downhill track,

The road that every traveller knows, the
Road-of-No-Turning-Back,—

And flowers grow fewer, and steps grow
slower,—but ever by night and day

The memories born of the Christmas Bells
have followed us all the way.