

FOREST—Behold how fair and bright
Gleams yon especial star !
Even so, but with a purer light,
And with a splendour richer far,
Shone out the one that led the Eastern sages
To the veiled star, the star of infinite ages.

SNOW—Hear ye the echo of sweet singing
That every breeze is lightly bringing ?
Even so, but with a higher tone,
Because the music was heaven's own,
And with a clearer, fuller song.
Because it came from heaven's bright throng,
Rang out the first glad Christmas strains,
While shepherds watched on Bethlehem's plains.
The heralds from the far celestial portals
Proclaiming peace and good-will unto mortals.

JOY—Sweet sisters, while to-morrow bides
The Christmas angels be our guides,
Peace and Good-will a holy pair
Of sisters most sublimely fair.
Lo, o'er the earth I saw them move,
In each calm face a heaven of love.
Let us their sweet commands obey
To-morrow, their own chosen day.

DREAM—Oh ! I shall command all fairies kind
That fly on the snow-flake airily,
That glide on the star-beam, or dance on the wind,
Or float on the sea-foam fairily.
To forget for a while their fantastic play,
And the holy Christmas angels obey.
And over the earth
To scatter mirth
All the happy, happy day.

FOREST—Soon in the great bell's iron throat
Will stir to life the signal note,
Then the bells will begin their joyous ringing,
All in harmonious ecstacy swinging.
Ah, now, it breaks upon mine ear,
And Christmas, merry Christmas is here.

SNOW—Merry merry Christmas is here.
Let us hie away singing
While the bells are ringing