



CHRISTMAS FANCIES

OH, sweet are the songs of Christmas waits,
And the chimes are ringing clear,
And the forest of Christmas trees bend low
With the fruitage of the year.

Come, make the most of Christmas day,
Old Time steps out so fast;
The curtain rings down on the play,
'Twill soon be Christmas past.

Then give the gift of free good-will,
It never comes amiss,
For all the world would be at peace
With such a boon as this.

Come weal, come woe, we'll come again
Next year when rings the chime;
Be sure there's Christmas in your hearts
From now until that time.

ARTHUR WARD.