

HAPPY DAYS

THE bells in the town are ringing,
 'Tis Christmas time, we know;
But not a sound of the bells we hear
 Out across the shifting snow.
Across the wind-swept prairie,
 Where the wild chinook winds blow.

'Tis Christmas night, and we're far away
 From all we love and know,
But faces are bright, and hearts are light;
 Outside is the drifting snow.
And we talk, and laugh, and sing with joy,
 Out where the chinooks blow.

It's Christmas night, and they drink a toast
 To the loved one, far away;
One to the boys from the sunny South,
 And one for the old range ways;
But the one we all love best of all
 When they call out "Happy Days."