

The Rich Man's Christmas.

"Now too is heard
The hapless cripple tuning through the streets
His carol new, and oft amid the gloom
Of midnight hours prevails the accustomed sound
Of wakened waits."—"Christmas,"—a Poem.

Oh! I wish I were rich!
Though 'twere only at Christmas time,
When the bells so joyously chime;
They surely must know my rhyme,
So gladly they sing,
With their ding dong ding,
How they dance to the Christmas chime!
Then listen I pray
To my Christmas lay,
You'll know if my tale is true;
For if Christ's come to-day,
As I've heard some say,
He's with gentlefolk like you.

What, he made you rich!
He bidding you now rejoice!
Oh, how you must love his voice,
And bless him that you're his choice!
How we'd sing, could we meet
Him here in the street,
Who is bidding the rich rejoice!
Then listen, I pray,
To my Christmas lay,
You'll know if my tale is true,
For if Christ's come to-day,
As I've heard some say,
He's with gentlefolk like you!

Oh! I wish I were rich,
Though to-morrow I'm poor again!
How I'd comfort all grief and pain,
They never should moan in vain,
Through this livelong day
I'd sing without pay,
Though to-morrow I'm poor again.
Then listen, I pray,
To my Christmas lay,
You'll know if my tale is true;
For if Christ's come to-day,
As I've heard some say,
He's with gentlefolk like you.