

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

The angels ring their golden peal aloft,
And all the joyful earth leaps up to
hear ;

The children answer it with laughter soft,
The shepherd hails it on the hillside drear :
The olden folk beside their waning fire,
The outcast wandering on the frozen fells,
They know the echo of their heart's desire
In your immortal note, dear Christmas
Bells !

