

**CHRISTMAS BELLS; OR, THE  
WANDERING JEW**

“PEACE on earth, good-will ’twixt men.”  
Far the midnight air’s resounding,  
And the words are gaily bounding  
Over sea, land, wood and glen.  
Through the dark a darker form  
Wends his way outcast and lonely—  
’Tis the wandering Hebrew only,  
And his beard waves in the storm;  
And the storm wafts forth the peal,  
And the words dance round the spectre,  
Moist his lips with their sweet nectar;  
But they on’y make him reel.  
On his staff he leans, and hears.  
“’Tis the song I’m always singing,”—  
And the bells are gaily ringing,  
And he sighs and disappears. . . .