

The yule log throws a ruddy flicker
 About the dear home-room.
 Our parents smile their sweetest welcome,
 For Christmas now doth loom.

The nuts are cracke^d, the sweets are eaten,
 And some doth sing a song ;
 And very few of us are beaten
 At tales that now are long.

Dear Christmas ! Best of all the seasons
 Which unto man doth come ;
 For then wit, mirth, happy unreason
 Reigneth with all at home.

REFRAIN FOR 6TH VERSE.

Then let us all, dear people here,
 Join hands at once and swell the chime.
 This Christmas Eve we'll ne'er forget,
 For we are here for Auld Lang Syne.

The bells have ceased ; now we are listening
 To that sweet, holy song
 Of Bethlehem's Babe ; which waits are singing
 As they do march along.