

DREAM—All the bright spirits are busy to-night,
We have but come to plan the delight.

JOY—We must soon be away on the wings of the wind
To fly over all the land,
For my sisters have gone, and I long, O I long !
To join their happy band.

SNOW—Think you the weary world is sleeping ?

JOY—Nay, thousands to-night their watch are keeping
In great Cathedrals where bells are ringing.
And organs pealing and voices singing.

DREAM—And others that lie in all the seeming
Of sleep, are awake, yet awake, are dreaming
Of what might have been and what yet may be.

FOREST—But the children, the little ones are asleep ?

JOY—Oh ! many a one will wake and peep
Into the biggest, longest stocking
That ever such little feet wore,
And listen, and listen, for Santa Claus' knocking
At chimney, or window, or door.

FOREST—What have we done and what shall we do
Before the dawn of the day ?
We must make our plans before midnight chimes ;
White fairy, what do you say ?

SNOW—I have been floating over the world,
And millions of glittering snow-flakes whirled
Down, down,
Over country and town,
Covering all things dark and dreary,
Silently clothing the worn and weary
Earth with a garment white and saintly,
Till the silver horn of the young moon, faintly
Gleaming over the stainless drift,
Made it seem an emblem of the gift
Of purity and love,
Brought down from heaven above
By Him who in a manger lay,
On that first happy Christmas day.