

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR 'CHATTERBOX.'

Oh! blithe and blest is Christmas-tide! When-e'er its sea - son comes . . . We

hail it e - ver with de-light, For hearts are light and

eyes are bright In Eng - land's hap - py homes. We'll use its harm - less

mirth a-right, We'll ga - ther all, both great and small, In so - cial ring, . . . And

once a-year our ca - rols clear Right lus - ti - ly we'll sing.

Though bleak and chill the wintry wind,
And frost be hard and keen,
We'll circle closely round the fire;
Of music strains we shall not tire—
We love them well, I ween.
Both young and old, and son and sire,
Our parts and voice we all rejoice
Again to bring,
And once a-year our carols clear
Right lustily we'll sing.

With hearts elate, good friends, 'tis meet
Our cheerful songs should rise,
For at this season long ago
Peace and goodwill mankind did know,
First chanted in the skies,
And shall be echoed here below:
With joyous lays and hymns of praise
The world shall ring;
And every year its carols clear
Right lustily shall sing.