



WHERE?

Where is the Spirit of Christmas found?
In the market place?
In the bustling crowd?
In the tunes that blare
From the speakers loud?
Or is it sweeter and undefiled
In the glowing eyes of a little child.

Where does the Spirit of Christmas live?
In the show and glare of the avenue?
In the tinsel's gleam
Or the color's hue?
Or is it's dwelling meek and mild
In the trusting heart of a little child.

JINGLE BELLS

Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way.
Oh what fun it is to ride
In a one horse open sleigh.



RING OUT, WILD BELLS

From In Memoriam

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

— Alfred Tennyson



PERHAPS

Perhaps "The Star" that shone
Upon that night so long ago,
Whose brilliance filled the skies
While Heav'nly hosts bowed low,
Will sweep across the heavens
On this coming Christmas Eve
And guide the world to Bethlehem,
To kneel there—to believe.

Perhaps, against the cosmic seep
Of God's infinity,
"The Star" once more will brightly glow,
That all mankind may see
The glory of that Holy Night
Repeated in the skies,
In dazzling reassurance of
His Love that never dies.

Perhaps the radiant symbol of
God's love fulfilled this night,
Will guide the world from shadow
Toward the Everlasting Light.
Then the Christmas Time's bright promise
Of goodwill toward all men,
Will link the world in brotherhood
And "Peace on Earth" again
— Williard G. Seaman



CAROL OF THE BELLS

Hark how the bells
Sweet silver bells
All seem to say
Throw cares away



CHRISTMAS TIME

Christmas time is already here,
its a very good time for fun and cheer.

Shoppers scurrying all over the place,
moving at a steadily rising pace.
Busses are crowded to fantastic capacities,
and people are walking, by no means placidly.

The customers packages, big and small,
most of them short, a few of them tall.

Many of them heavy some of them light,
all of the shoppers need brawn and might.

Now to the home front to a tree big and bright,
with big shiny ornaments and glowing lights.

Below its broad and leafy branches,
are plenty of soldiers with long pointed lances.

Hiding on top of, beside and behind,
the presents on Christmas some children will find.

Thank you for reading,
and God bless you!
Its a Merry Christmas I wish to you!

by Donald Fannon 8-213 Gate of Heaven



A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

Once again it's Christmas
Best time of the year,
All the lads and lassies
Think of loved ones dear.

*Christmas morn, the legends say,
Even the cattle kneel to pray,
Even the beasts of wood and field
Homage to Christ the Saviour yield.
Horse and cow and woolly sheep
Wake themselves from their heavy sleep,
Bending heads and knees to Him
Who came to earth in a stable dim.*



*Far away in the forest dark
Creatures timidly wake and hark,
Feathered bird and furry beast
Turn their eyes to the mystic East.
Loud at the dawning, chanticleer
Sounds his note, the rest of the year,
But Christmas Eve the whole night long
Honouring Christ he sings his song.
Christmas morn, the legends say,
Even the cattle kneel to pray,
Even the wildest beast afar
Knows the light of the Saviour's star.*

— Denis A. McCarthy

CHRISTMAS AT SEA

The sheets were frozen hard, and they cut the naked hand;
The decks were like a slide, where a seaman scarce could stand;
The wind was a nor'wester, blowing squally off the sea;
And cliffs and spouting breakers were the only things a-lee.

They heard the surf a-roaring before the break of day;
But 'twas only with the peep of light we saw how ill we lay.
We tumbled every hand on deck instanter, with a shout,
And we gave her the maintops'l, and stood by to go about.

All day we tacked and tacked between the South Head and the North;
All day we hauled the frozen sheets, and got no further forth;
All day as cold as charity, in bitter pain and dread,
For very life and nature we tacked from head to head.

We gave the South a wider berth, for there the tide-race roared;
But every tack we made brought the North Head, close aboard:
So's we saw the cliffs and houses, and the breakers running high,
And the coastguard in his garden, with his glass against his eye.

The frost was on the village roofs as white as ocean foam;
The good red fires were burning bright in every 'longshore home;
The windows sparkled clear, and the chimneys volleyed out;
And I vow we sniffed the victuals as the vessel went about.

The bells upon the church were rung with a mighty jovial cheer;
For it's just that I should tell you how (of all days in the year)
This day of our adversity was blessed Christmas morn
And the house above the coastguard's was the house where I was born.

O well I saw the pleasant room, the pleasant faces there,
My mother's silver spectacles, my father's silver hair;
And well I saw the firelight, like a flight of homely elves,
Go dancing round the china plates that stand upon the shelves.

And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was of me,
Of the shadow on the household and the son that went to sea;
And O the wicked fool I seemed, in every kind of way,
To be here and hauling frozen ropes on blessed Christmas Day.

They lit the high sea-light, and the dark began to fall.
"All hands to loose topgallant sails," I heard the captain call.
"By the Lord, she'll never stand it," our first mate, Jackson, cried.
". . . "It's the one way or the other, Mr. Jackson," he replied.

She staggered to her bearings, but the sails were new and good,
And the ship smelt up to windward, just as though she understood.
As the winter's day was ending, in the entry of the night,
We cleared the weary headland, and passed below the light.

And they heaved a mighty breath, every soul on board but me,
As they saw her nose again pointing handsome out to sea;
But all that I could think of, in the darkness and the cold,
Was just that I was leaving home and my folks were growing old.

— Robert Louis Stevenson

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not sen,
Although thy bréath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most living mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

— William Shakespeare



THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

— James Russell Lowell



O BETHLEHEM

O Bethlehem, fairest of all the towns of Judah,
O Bethlehem, over thy walls a star shines bright
There in a stable rude and lowly
Lies our Redeemer Jesus Holy
Of Mary born this happy night