

From Every Spire on Christmas Eve

Eleanor Hunter.

George Coles, 1835.

From every spire on Christmas Eve, the Christmas bells ring clearly out
Their message of goodwill and peace, with many a call and silver shout.
For faithful hearts, the angels' song still echoes in the frosty air,
And by the altar low they bow, in adoration and in prayer.

A thousand blessed memories throng, the stars are holy signs to them,
And from the eyes of every child looks forth the Babe of Bethlehem;
But there are others, not like these, whose brows are sad, whose hopes are crossed,
To whom the season brings no cheer, and life's most gracious charm is lost.

To whom that story, old and sweet, is but a fable at the best,
The Christmas music mocks their ears, and life has naught of joy or rest.
Oh! for angel's voice to pierce the clouds of grief that over them rise,
The mists of doubt and unbelief that veil the blue of Christmas skies.

That they, at last, may see the Light which shines from Bethlehem, and unfold
For Christ the treasures of their hearts, richer than spicery or gold.
Hope of the ages, draw Thou near, till all the earth shall own Thy sway,
And when Thou reignest in every heart it will, indeed, be Christmas Day.