

Merry Christmas Bells Are Ringing  
M. E. Waite.  
Herman Kotzschmar(1829-1909)

Merry Christmas bells are ringing,  
Ringing far and near,  
Angel voices sweetly singing,  
Singing soft and clear;  
Glory! for the Lord is come,  
"Jesus makes the earth His home."

Happy voices catch the echo  
Of the angels' song;  
Grand old chant, and joyous carol,  
Ring the aisles along.  
Let our lips their homage pay  
To the Savior born today.

Graceful Christmas greens are wreathing  
Column, choir and nave;  
While their cross-tipped boughs say ever,  
"Jesus comes to save."  
And the spicy fir's perfume  
Breathes its welcome: "Christ is come!"

In our souls let glad obedience,  
Faith and love entwine,  
Yielding Christmas odors sweeter  
Than the fragrant pine;  
So our hearts shall homage pay  
To the Savior, born today.

Precious Christmas gifts are gladdening  
Many a heart and home;  
But the "Gift all gifts excelling,"  
Christ, Himself, is come;  
In your hearts make speedy room,  
For the Christ, the Lord is come!

And have we no gifts to offer  
To our Lord and king?  
Lord, "ourselves, our souls and bodies"  
Unto Thee we bring.  
With our lips glad homage pay  
To the Savior, born today!