

Christmas Music  
Marian Froelich, 1883.  
Gideon Froelich.

Christmas music merrily wakes the echoes;  
Hark! hark! how it freights the air;  
While the storm-king holds his wildest revels,  
Flings, flings snowdrifts everywhere;  
From the belfry in the tower,  
In the chapel on the hill,  
Harmony descends like silver shower,  
Or like sweetly flowing rill.

Christmas music merrily wakes the echoes;  
Hark! hark! over the city's streets;  
Pealing clearly while the snow is falling,  
Pure, pure covering all it meets;  
The cathedral's deep-toned thunder  
Joins a sweetly chiming bell,  
And the passer, lost in joy and wonder,  
Lists what metal tongues can tell.

Christmas music merrily wakes the echoes;  
Hark! hark! sounding far and near;  
Happy children lend their flute-like voices,  
Praise, praise Christmas joy and cheer;  
Sweetest music of the heart-strings,  
Swept by fingers skilled by love,  
Gives to life a charm so true, endearing,  
Earth becomes like Heav'n above.