

# Merry Christmas

When you hear the bells a-ringin' with a sort of  
extra chime

And you've hollered "Merry Christmas" for the  
forty-leventh time,

When the world's a-runnin' over with good will  
and peace and cheer

Ain't it, honest now, the best old day of all the  
gladsome year?

There's so many days to celebrate, when we can cut  
a shine

In our Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes and have the  
doin's fine;

But in all the golden calendar there's not a day  
so dear

As the one that dawns with chimin' bells at  
Christmas time o' year.

It's the day that keeps you busy wishin' everybody  
well,

When from care and strife and clamor folks can  
get a breathin' spell;

And the more you utter wishes with a cadence warm  
and true

Seems as if they do their blessed work, then come  
right back to you.

It's the Christmas wish a-floatin' round that gets  
into your soul,

Makin' earth a joyful heaven where the tides o'  
glory roll;

And you keep that wish a-goin' till you seem to hear  
the call

Just like angels were a-chantin' it—"Good will,  
good will to all!"

When the waves o' dawn come breakin' on the  
shores o' this glad day

And the angel wish soaks in your heart too deep  
to leak away,

When the glooms go chasin' outward and the joy  
bells ring with cheer,

It's enough just to be livin' in the Christmas time  
o' year.

—Clem Bradshaw.