

# From Every Spire On Christmas Eve

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Arr by A. M., Jr.

1. From ev - 'ry spire on Christ-mas Eve The Christ-mas bells ring clear- ly out  
 2. A thou- sand bless- ed mem- 'ries throng, The stars are ho - ly signs to them,  
 3. To whom that sto- ry, old and sweet, Is but a fa - ble at the best;  
 4. That they, at last, may see the light Which shines from Beth-l'hem, and un- fold

5. Their mes- sage of good- will and peace, With man- y'a call and sil- ver shout;  
 And from the eyes of ev- 'ry child Looks forth the Babe of Beth- le- hem;  
 The Christ- mas mu- sic mocks their ears, And life has naught of joy and rest.  
 For Christ the treas- ures of their hearts, Rich - er than spi - cer - y or gold.

10. For faith- ful hearts, the an- gels' song Still ech- oes in the frost - y air,  
 But there are oth - ers, not like these, Whose brows are sad, whose hopes are crossed,  
 Oh! for an an - gel's voice to pierce The clouds of grief that o'er them rise,  
 Hope of the a - ges, draw Thou near, Till all the earth shall own Thy sway,

15. And by the al - tar low they bow, In ad - o - ra - tion and in prayer.  
 to whom the sea- son brings no cheer, And life's most gra - cious charm is lost:  
 The mists of doubt and un - be - lief That veil the blue of Christ - mas skies;  
 And when Thou reign'st in ev - 'ry heart It will, in- deed, be Christ - mas Day.