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Christmas Eve

Eugene Field

Oh, hush thee, little dear, my soul,
The evening shades are falling;
Hush thee, my dear, dost thou not hear
The voice of the Master calling?

Deep lies the snow upon the earth,
But all the sky is ringing
With joyous song, and all night long
The stars shall dance with singing.



Oh, hush thee, little dear, my soul,
And close thine eyes in dreaming,
And angels fair shall lead thee where
The singing stars are beaming.

A shepherd calls his little lambs,
And he longeth to caress them;
He bids them rest upon his breast,
That his tender love may bless them.

So, hush thee, little dear, my soul,
Whilst evening shades are falling,
And above the song of the heavenly throng
Thou shall hear the Master calling.

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