



The Mouse
and the
Moonbeam
and other
Christmas Tales
and Christmas
Verse

Eugene Field

THE MOUSE AND THE MOONBEAM

[The Mouse and the Moonbeam ...](#)

[Why do the bells of Christmas ring?](#)

[Christmas Hymn](#)

[The Symbol and the Saint](#)

[Christmas Eve](#)

[Joel's Talk with Santa Claus](#)

[The Three Kings of Cologne](#)

[The Coming of the Prince](#)

[Chrystmasse of Olde](#)

[The Mouse and the Moonbeam](#)

[Christmas Morning](#)

["Awake, O bells! 'tis Christmas morn ...](#)

[Mistress Merciless](#)

[Bethlehem-Town](#)

[The First Christmas Tree](#)

[Star of the East](#)

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THE MOUSE AND THE MOONBEAM
and other Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse

Eugene Field



WHY DO THE BELLS OF CHRISTMAS RING?

Why do the bells of Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay,
Pillowed soft upon the hay;
And its mother sung and smiled:
"This is Christ, the holy Child!"

Therefore bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore little children sing.



CHRISTMAS HYMN

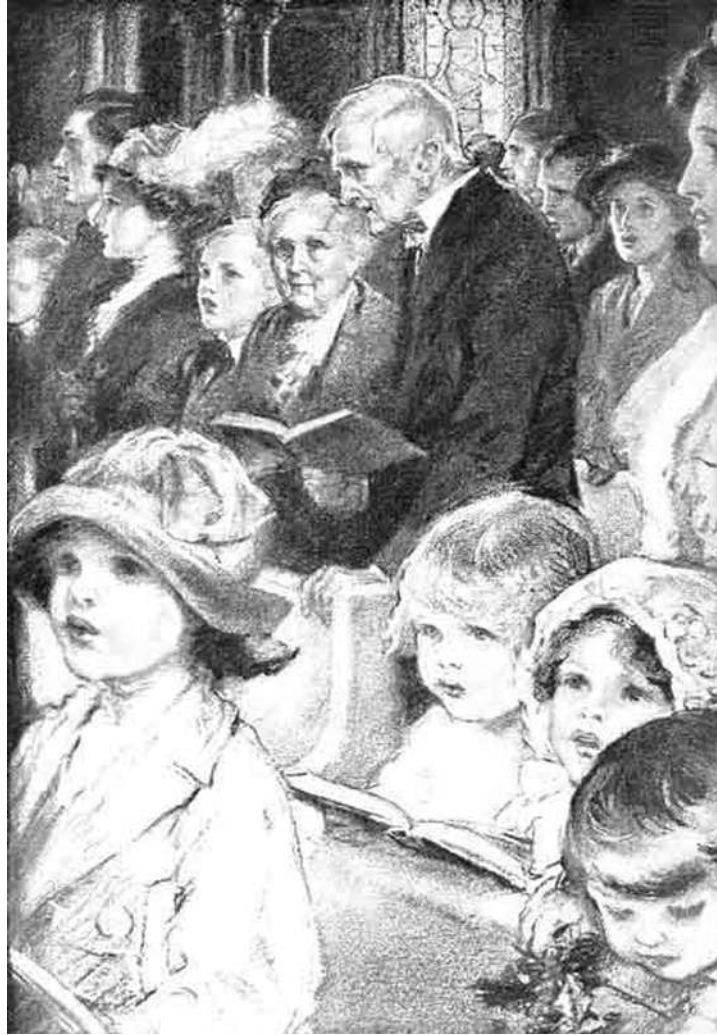
Sing, Christmas bells!
Say to the earth this is the morn
Whereon our Savior-King is born;
Sing to all men,—the bond, the free,
The rich, the poor, the high, the low,
The little child that sports in glee,
The aged folk that tottering go,—
Proclaim the morn That Christ is born,
That saveth them and saveth me!

Sing, angel host!
Sing of the star that God has placed
Above the manger in the East;
Sing of the glories of the night,
The virgin's sweet humility,
The Babe with kingly robes bedight,—
Sing to all men where'er they be
This Christmas morn;
For Christ is born,
That saveth them and saveth me!

Sing, sons of earth!
O ransomed seed of Adam, sing!

God liveth, and we have a king!
The curse is gone, the bond are free—
By Bethlehem's star that brightly beamed,
By all the heavenly signs that be,
We know that Israel is redeemed; That on this morn
The Christ is born
That saveth you and saveth me!

Sing, O my heart!
Sing thou in rapture this dear morn
Whereon the blessed Prince is born!
And as thy songs shall be of love,
So let my deeds be charity
By the dear Lord that reigns above,
By Him that died upon the tree,
By this fair morn
Whereon is born The Christ that saveth all and me!



Sing, O my heart!
Sing thou in rapture this dear morn
Whereon the blessed Prince is born!

THE SYMBOL AND THE SAINT

Once upon a time a young man made ready for a voyage. His name was Norss; broad were his shoulders, his cheeks were ruddy, his hair was fair and long, his body betokened strength, and good-nature shone from his blue eyes and lurked about the corners of his mouth.

"Where are you going?" asked his neighbor Jans, the forge-master.

"I am going sailing for a wife," said Norss.

"For a wife, indeed!" cried Jans. "And why go you to seek her in foreign lands? Are not our maidens good enough and fair enough, that you must need search for a wife elsewhere? For shame, Norss! for shame!"

But Norss said: "A spirit came to me in my dreams last night and said, 'Launch the boat and set sail to-morrow. Have no fear; for I will guide you to the bride that awaits you.' Then, standing there, all white and beautiful, the spirit held forth a symbol—such as I had never before seen—in the figure of a cross, and the spirit said: 'By this symbol shall she be known to you.'"

"If this be so, you must need go," said Jans. "But are you well victualled? Come to my cabin, and let me give you venison and bear's meat."

Norss shook his head. "The spirit will provide," said he. "I have no fear, and I shall take no care, trusting in the spirit."

So Norss pushed his boat down the beach into the sea, and leaped into the boat, and unfurled the sail to the wind. Jans stood wondering on the beach, and watched the boat speed out of sight.