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THE OLD OLD WISH

BY
WILBUR D. NESBIT



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THE OLD OLD WISH

by
Wilbur D. Nesbit



Published by
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at their Shop in
Chicago





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IT'S such a old, old wish,
you know, seems like it
must come true—
This "Merry Christmas!" that
I wish with all my heart
to you.

I like to think about it
when I wish it to my
friends—

It's one good wish a feller
never only jest
p'tends!

"Good will to men!"— they
sung it in th' midnight
ca'm an' clear

Two thousand years ago
fer all th' happy world
to hear.

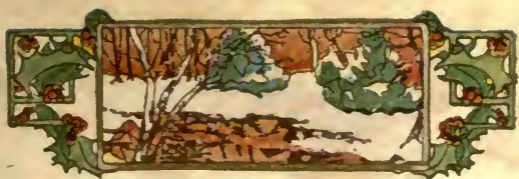






“GOOD will to men!”—
th’ angels sent it ringin’
from th’ skies
With all th’ stars a-singin’—
Oh, to think that mortal
eyes
Could see that dawn o’ glory,
an’ mortal ears could
hear
That first glad “Merry Christ-
mas!” come a-rippin’ sweet
an’ clear!
I like to sort o’ sing, it when
I pass it right along,
An’ feel I’ve caught th’ echo
of that old, old angel
sonó.





I LIKE to catch th' sperrit
that is back of ev'ry
word,
Th' sperrit that th' shepherds
felt th' minute that they
heard
Th' whole sky full o' music.
Oh, they understood it
then
Jest as we do at Christmas
if we mean "Good will to
men."
It ain't jest for your nebbors
an' your fambly, but it
starts
Right from your soul an' takes
in all th' world o' human
hearts.





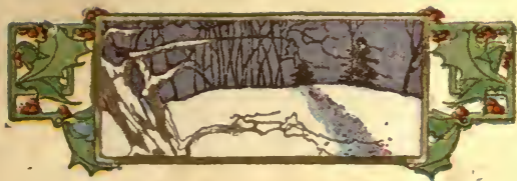
IT'S such a old, old wish—
why, it's a older thing than
time!

I like to think it murmured
in th' first angelic chime
'Long 'fore th' world was
fashioned an' there was a
land an' sea—

I like to think 'twas started
then to reach to you an'
me!

An' so I say it softly, with
a sort o' singin' strain
An' like to think th' echo
still is soundin' from that
plain.





WHEN you say "Merry
Christmas," if you
think o' what you say
You're touchin' hands with
them that saw th' first real
Christmas Day—
You're one with them in
sperrit— an' th' angels, too,
that sung,
I like to think they're happy
when that wish is given
tongue.
It's such a old, old wish, you
know, seems like it must
come true—
This "Merry Christmas!"
that I wish with all my
heart to you.





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