

## Village Bells

Phil Keaggy

How soft the sound of those village bells  
Falling upon our ears  
The memory kindled of days gone by  
Recollections of all the years

As decades roll into each other  
We reminisce with one another  
Generations wane, the photos yellow  
And as we age we too grow mellow

Winter in North Hill, kids gather round  
Eyes open with wonder  
In an old fashion town  
Winter in Hubbard, see how they run  
Through the snow and leaves  
In the December sun

Oh let us pray and let us give thanks  
For the gift above all gifts  
And let us raise our hands to the Son  
Oh let us remember this...

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