

“SPEAKIN’ O’ CHRISTMAS”

BY

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Breezes blowin’ middlin’ brisk,
Snow–flakes thro’ the air a–whisk,
Fallin’ kind o’ soft an’ light,
Not enough to make things white,
But jest sorter siftin’ down
So ’s to cover up the brown
Of the dark world’s rugged ways
‘N’ make things look like holidays.
Not smoothed over, but jest specked,
Sorter strainin’ fur effect,
An’ not quite a–gittin’ through
What it started in to do.
Mercy sakes! it does seem queer
Christmas day is ‘most nigh here.
Somehow it don’t seem to me
Christmas like it used to be,—
Christmas with its ice an’ snow,
Christmas of the long ago.
You could feel its stir an’ hum
Weeks an’ weeks before it come;

Somethin' in the atmosphere
Told you when the day was near,
Did n't need no almanacs;
That was one o' Nature's fac's.
Every cottage decked out gay—
Cedar wreaths an' holly spray—
An' the stores, how they were drest,
Tinsel tell you could n't rest;
Every winder fixed up pat,
Candy canes, an' things like that;
Noah's arks, an' guns, an' dolls,
An' all kinds o' fol-de-rols.
Then with frosty bells a-chime,
Slidin' down the hills o' time,
Right amidst the fun an' din
Christmas come a-bustlin' in,
Raised his cheery voice to call
Out a welcome to us all;
Hale and hearty, strong an' bluff,
That was Christmas, sure enough.
Snow knee-deep an' coastin' fine,
Frozen mill-ponds all ashine,
Seemin' jest to lay in wait,
Beggin' you to come an' skate.
An' you 'd git your gal an' go
Stumpin' cheerily thro' the snow,
Feelin' pleased an' skeert an' warm
'Cause she had a-holt yore arm.

Why, when Christmas come in, we
Spent the whole glad day in glee,
 Havin' fun an' feasin' high
 An' some courtin' on the sly.
Bustin' in some neighbor's door
 An' then suddenly, before
 He could give his voice a lift,
 Yellin' at him, "Christmas gift."
Now sich things are never heard,
 "Merry Christmas" is the word.
 But it's only change o' name,
 An' means givin' jest the same.
There 's too many new-styled ways
 Now about the holidays.
I 'd jest like once more to see
 Christmas like it used to be!