

CHRISTMAS EVE

by Michael Hogan

'Twas Christmas Eve - the gale was high -
The snow-clouds swept along the sky;
The flaky drift was whirling down,
Like flying feathers thro' the town.
The tradesman chatted o'er his "drop",
The merchant closed his vacant shop
Where, all day long, the busy crowd
Bought Christmas fare, with tumult loud.
The grocer scored the day's amounts,
The butcher conned his fat accounts;
The farmer left the noisy mart,
With heavy purse and lightened heart,
In every pane the Christmas light
Gave welcome to the holy night;
In every house the holly green
Around the wreathed walls was seen;
The Christmas blocks of oak entire,
Blazed, hissed and crackled in the fire;
And sounds of joy from every dwelling,
Upon the snowy blast came swelling.

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The sweet-toned bells of Mary's tower,
Proclaimed the Saviour's natal hour!
And many an eye with pleasure glistened!
And many an ear with rapture listened!
The gathered crowd of charmed people
Dispersed from gazing at the steeple;
The homeward tread of parting feet,
Died on the echoes of the street.

