

## THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house,  
Were empties and butts left around by some louse.  
And the quart I had hid by the chimney with care,  
Had been swiped by some bum who'd found it down there.

My guests had been poured long before in their beds,  
To wake in the morning with God-awful heads.  
My wife too, was cold with her chin in her lap,  
And me, I was dying for another night cap.

When up from the lawn there arose such a smell,  
I sprang to my feet to see what the hell.  
Away to the window I tore like a flash,  
Fell over the table and chair with a crash.

The moon on the crest of the new fallen snow,  
Made me think of the coal bill and all I did owe.  
Then what to my wandering eyes did show up,  
But eight bloated reindeer, hitched to a beer truck.

With a little old driver who looked like a hick,  
But I saw it was Santa as tight as a tick.  
Like great Sherman tanks those reindeer they came,  
And he hiccoughed and belched and called them by name.

"On Schenley, on Seagram, we ain't got all night,  
You too Haigh and Haig, and you Black and White,  
Scram up on the roof, get to hell off this wall,  
Get going you dummies, we've got a long haul."

So up on the roof went reindeer and truck,  
But a tree branch hit Santa before he could duck.  
And then in a twinkle I heard from above,  
A hell of a noise that was no cooing dove.

Then I pulled in my head and cocked a sharp ear,  
Down the chimney he came, right smack on his rear.  
Her was dressed up in furs, with cuffs on his pants,  
And the way the guy squirmed, I guess he had ants.

His droll little mouth made him look a bit wacky,  
And the beard on his chine was stained with tabaccy,  
He had pints and quarts in the sack on his back,  
And a breath that would blow a train off the track.

He was chubby and plump and he tried to stand right,  
But he didn't fool me, he was high as a kite,  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And missed half the stockings the plastered old jerk.

Then putting five fingers up to his nose,  
He gave me the nod and up the chimney he rose.  
He sprang for his truck and fell flat on his face,  
But heard him burp back ere he passed out of sight,  
"Merry Christmas you rum dum, now really get tight."

Anonymous

This poem was circulated as an INTER-DEPARTMENTAL  
MEMORANDUM at ORENDA ENGINES LIMITED. Although it was not  
dated, it was produced on a typewriter.

I have taken the liberty of correcting the typos.