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A Feel In The Chris'mas-Air

James Whitcomb Riley

They's a kind o' _feel_ in the air, to me.

When the Chris'mas-times sets in.

That's about as much of a mystery

As ever I've run ag'in!--

Fer instunce, now, whilse I gain in weight

And ginerall health, I swear

They's a _goneness_ somers I can't quite state--

A kind o' _feel_ in the air.

They's a feel in the Chris'mas-air goes right

To the spot where a man _lives_ at!--

It gives a feller a' appetite--

They ain't no doubt about _that_!--

And yit they's _somepin_'--I don't know what--

That follers me, here and there,

And ha'nts and worries and spares me not--

A kind o' feel in the air!

They's a _feel_, as I say, in the air that's jest

As blame-don sad as sweet!--

In the same ra-sho as I feel the best

And am spryest on my feet,

They's allus a kind o' sort of a' _ache_

That I can't lo-cate no-where;--

But it comes with _Chris'mas_, and no mistake!--

A kind o' feel in the air.



Is it the racket the childern raise?--
W'y, _no_!--God bless 'em!--_no_!--
Is it the eyes and the cheeks ablaze--
Like my _own_ wuz, long ago?--
Is it the bleat o' the whistle and beat
O' the little toy-drum and blare
O' the horn?--_No! no!_--it is jest the sweet--
The sad-sweet feel in the air.

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