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Recipe for a Christmas Poem

Margaret Winship Eytinge

Take some lightly falling snowflakes, some stars, some wintry weather
(Meanwhile the bells, for miles around, start ringing altogether);
With shouts of merriest laughter, and with sounds of merriest singing,
(Be sure, whate'er you do, to keep the joyful bells a-ringing);
And Christmas trees enough to fill a forest, decked with berries,
Some creamy white and some as red as summer's ripest cherries,
And stockings of all sizes and all hues set gently swinging
From chimney shelves. (And, mind, don't let the gladsome bells stop ringing.)
And of mince pies, plum puddings, turkeys, chickens, yes, and any
Good things you find take plenty, for you cannot have too many.
Then Santa Claus get hold of when his reindeer steeds are springing
From roof to roof (cling-clang! cling-clang! still have the bells a-ringing),
And help yourself to sweets and toys for some poor little dweller,
Some pretty, thin-faced boy or girl—in garret or in cellar—
To whose pale cheek the sight of them will flush of joy be bringing
(Louder and faster let the bells, the festive bells, be ringing).
Then gather lots of greetings warm and untold stores of kisses,
And friendly wishes, happy smiles—in fact, all kinds of blisses,
With "hip hurrah!" for Prince New Year his way toward us winging
(And now their very fastest must the wild, wild bells be ringing),
And at the last mix well with rhymes, and you'll have—don't I know 'em?
I should, for I've a thousand read—a reg'lar Christmas poem.



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