

Christmas Eve in the Arctic

by George Albert Leddy

MANY A MAN HAS WISHED IN VAIN
THAT THE DAYS GONE BYE MIGHT COME AGAIN

I'll never forget that Christmas Eve, I spent in my shack alone;
In that lonesome land, in the great-beyond, that Santa has never known;
How the winds swept down, from the frozen heights, like the banshees' mournful cry;
And the pine on the hearth burned warm and bright, and all alone was I.

Then I closed my eyes, and there came to me, in voices soft and low;
The Christmas Carols we used to sing, in days of long ago.
It carried me back to my home again, a boy with no earthly care;
And the stockings were hung by the fireplace, and Mother and Dad were there.

And my brothers were: Jim, Dan and Bob; and my sisters were: Beth and Sue.
They'd told us that Santa would come tonight, and of course, 'twas true.
There were apples, and nuts, and candy too; we'd gathered it all ourselves;
And the popcorn we'd strung on little strings, was hanging from the shelves.

There was love and joy, and the evening passed, and our little prayers were said;
And Mother had kissed us a sweet Good Night, and we were tucked in our little bed;
To dream of Old Santa coming soon, with his pack overloaded with toys;
With his: "Ha! Ha! Ha!" and his: "Ho! Ho! Ho!" as he greeted the girls and boys.

Then I woke to the cry of a pack of wolves, as they fought to make their kill;
And I saw in the east, a pale cold moon, rising beyond the hill;
But I'd lived again a Christmas Eve, like in the days of the long gone bye;
While the pine on the hearth was burning bright, and all alone was I.
