



# **TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS**

( MORE OR LESS)

BY SHORT AGE

TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND ALL THROUGHT THE HOUSE

NOT A CREATURE WAS STIRRING, NOT EVEN A MOUSE.

THE AMATEURS WERE NESTLED, ALL SNUG IN THEIR BEDS,  
WHILE VISIONS OF RADIO EQUIPMENT DANCED IN THEIR HEADS.

THEIR WISH LIST WERE HUNG BY THEIR DESK WITH CARE,  
IN HOPES THAT SAINT JOHN WOULD SOON BE THERE.

WHILE BACK AT QSO'S SO LONELY I SAT,  
HAVING JUST STARTED IN ON A QSO WITH A DX STATION.  
WHEN OUT IN THE LIVING ROOM THERE AROSE SUCH A CLATTER,

I SPRANG FROM MY CHAIR TO SEE WHAT WAS THE MATTER.

I TORE OPEN THE DOOR AND KNOCKED DOWN THE TRASH,

AWAY TO THE LIVING ROOM I FLEW LIKE A FLASH.

THE MOON ON THE CREST OF THE NEWLY WAXED FLOOR,

GAVE A LUSTER OF MIDDAY TO OBJECTS FOR SHORE.

WHEN WHAT TO MY WONDERING EYES SHOULD APPEAR,

BUT A MINATURE SLEIGH AND EIGHT TINY REINDEER.

WHEN A LITTLE OLD DRIVER SO LIVELY AND JOLLY,

I KNEW IN A MOMENT IT MUST BE SAINT JOHN.

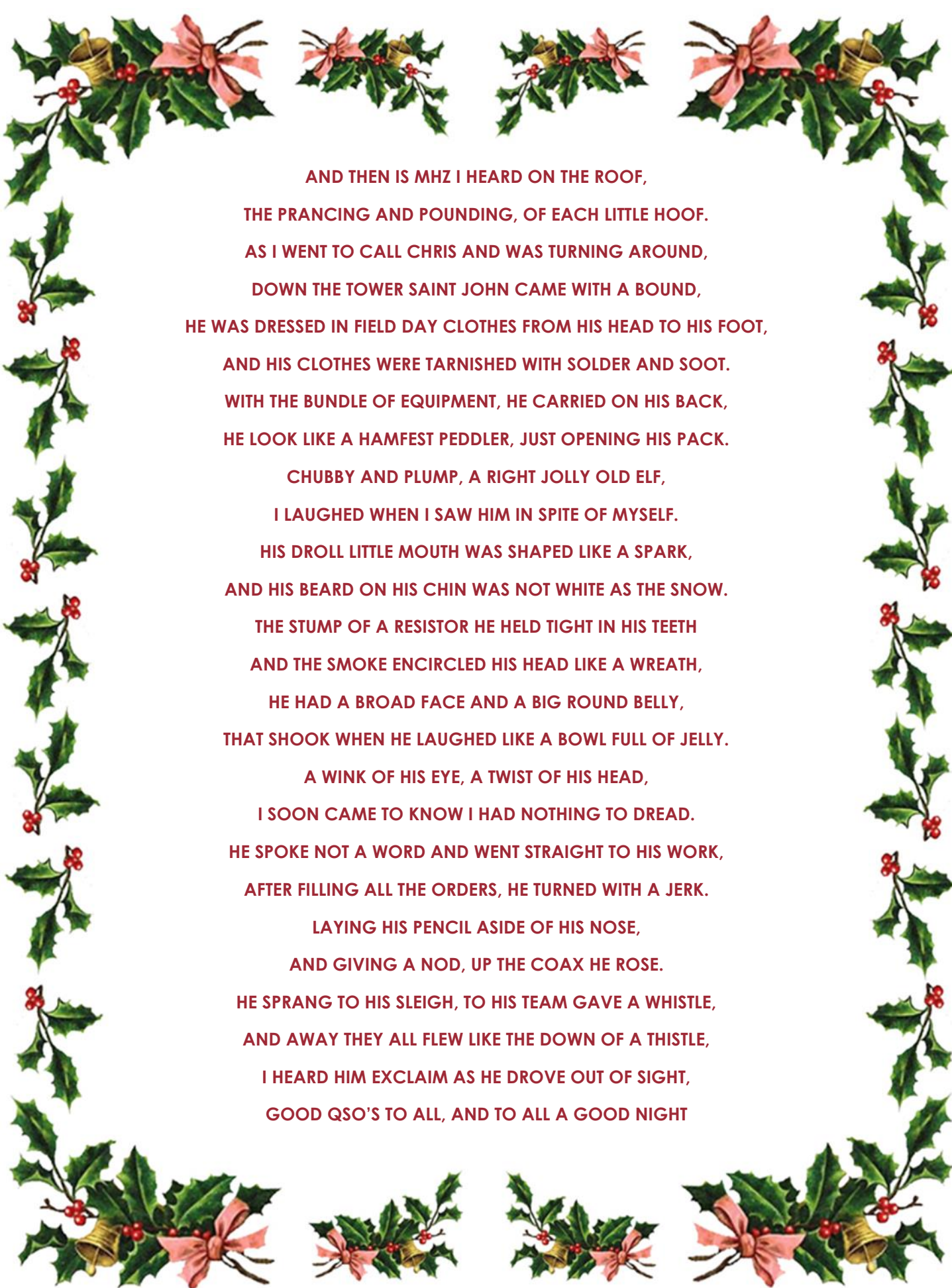
MORE RAPID THAN FT8 HIS COURSERS THEY CAME,  
AND HE WHISTLED AND SHOUTED AND CUSSSED THEM BY NAME.

NOW DENNIS, JEFF, NOW DAVE & HERB.

ON TOM, MIKE, ON SCOTT AND CHARLIE.

TO THE TOP OF THE ROOF, TO THE TOP OF THE WALL,

NOW DASH AWAY, DASH AWAY, DASH AWAY ALL.



AND THEN IS MHZ I HEARD ON THE ROOF,  
THE PRANCING AND POUNDING, OF EACH LITTLE HOOF.  
AS I WENT TO CALL CHRIS AND WAS TURNING AROUND,  
DOWN THE TOWER SAINT JOHN CAME WITH A BOUND,  
HE WAS DRESSED IN FIELD DAY CLOTHES FROM HIS HEAD TO HIS FOOT,  
AND HIS CLOTHES WERE TARNISHED WITH SOLDER AND SOOT.  
WITH THE BUNDLE OF EQUIPMENT, HE CARRIED ON HIS BACK,  
HE LOOK LIKE A HAMFEST PEDDLER, JUST OPENING HIS PACK.

CHUBBY AND PLUMP, A RIGHT JOLLY OLD ELF,  
I LAUGHED WHEN I SAW HIM IN SPITE OF MYSELF.  
HIS DROLL LITTLE MOUTH WAS SHAPED LIKE A SPARK,  
AND HIS BEARD ON HIS CHIN WAS NOT WHITE AS THE SNOW.  
THE STUMP OF A RESISTOR HE HELD TIGHT IN HIS TEETH  
AND THE SMOKE ENCIRCLED HIS HEAD LIKE A WREATH,  
HE HAD A BROAD FACE AND A BIG ROUND BELLY,  
THAT SHOOK WHEN HE LAUGHED LIKE A BOWL FULL OF JELLY.

A WINK OF HIS EYE, A TWIST OF HIS HEAD,  
I SOON CAME TO KNOW I HAD NOTHING TO DREAD.  
HE SPOKE NOT A WORD AND WENT STRAIGHT TO HIS WORK,  
AFTER FILLING ALL THE ORDERS, HE TURNED WITH A JERK.

LAYING HIS PENCIL ASIDE OF HIS NOSE,  
AND GIVING A NOD, UP THE COAX HE ROSE.  
HE SPRANG TO HIS SLEIGH, TO HIS TEAM GAVE A WHISTLE,  
AND AWAY THEY ALL FLEW LIKE THE DOWN OF A THISTLE,  
I HEARD HIM EXCLAIM AS HE DROVE OUT OF SIGHT,  
GOOD QSO'S TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT