

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER

AND SOUTHERN FARM GAZETTE

A Farm and Home Weekly For the Carolinas, Virginia, Georgia and Tennessee.

FOUNDED, 1886, AT RALEIGH, N. C.

Vol. XXVII. No. 51.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1912.

Weekly: \$1 a Year.

CHRISTMAS AT THE HOME PLACE.

(When the Hills Played Ghost and the Wind Whistled a Dance Tune.)

Written for The Progressive Farmer by Frank L. Stanton.

I.
THE HILLS put on their caps of snow and stood in scary white
 And the children said: "They're up from bed and playin' ghost
 tonight;
 But when Santa Claus, he comes along the ghosts won't have a chance,
 For the Wind will clap his hands for joy and make the cold hills dance!"



MR. STANTON.

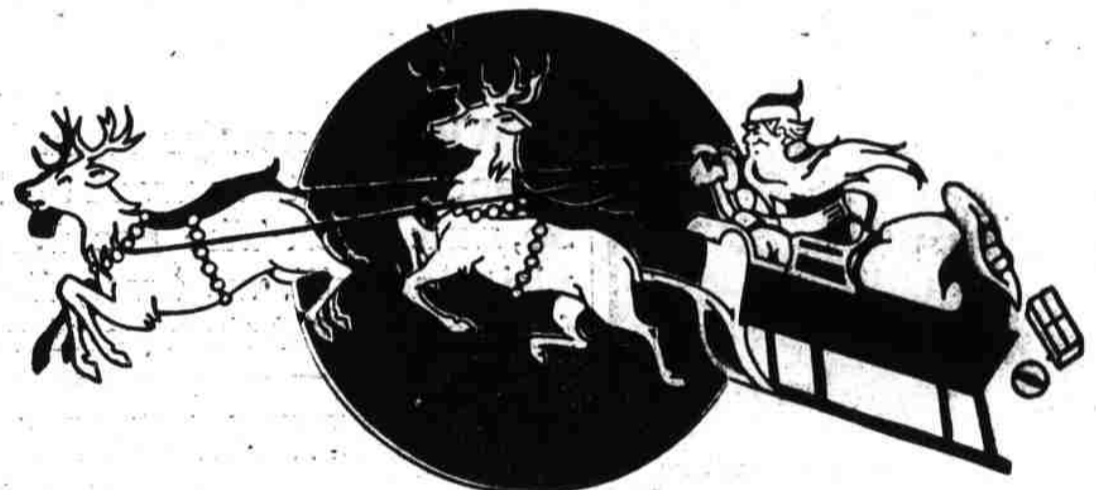
II.
 That was the word the children said as the firelight
 threw its beams
 From the windows bright on the winter night dream-
 ing the Christmas dreams;
 For the Wind may blow the stars out when the clouds
 come at his call,
 But Christmas Eve in the country brings the sweetest
 dreams of all.

III.
 Don't envy their city pleasures, for we hive Life's honeycomb
 With Christmas times in the country and all our hearts at home!
 And, listen, folks! When the children are bundled up in bed
 There's a merrier sound than the jingle of reindeer bells on the shed.

IV.
 Whistle over the housetops, Wind o' the Christmas Eve!
 Rumble and roar in the chimney! You're only a make-believe!
 Seems that you'd storm the steeple down, out there, so cold and gray,
 But you've blown the Christmas fiddle and the rosy girls our way!

V.
 Come in!—There's a thrill o' welcome in the tinkling of the latch:
 "Come in!" says the singing Fire. "where Joy will meet his match!
 Leave dull Care to the darkness, his way thru the night to feel;
 Come in, and shake the snow off in a rollicking old-time reel!"

VI.
 Talk of your op'ry pieces—trillin' of birds in spring,—
 The Christmas fiddler knows the trick that makes a fiddle sing!
 Listen: The music's with him: Not far will he let it roam:
 "Down in old Alabama" makes the country feel at home!



VII.

No fear we'll wake the rosy ones—scare Santa Claus away;
 In the holly hall there's room for all, and it's far to break o'day.
 And—bless us!—There's Grandfather, with a dancing step of old,
 The glimmer of his gray hair near Mollie's curls of gold!

VIII.

Isn't the deacon dancing?—The goodness gracious knows!
 Sure, he's swinging the widow, whose cheeks are red as a rose!
 The old-time fiddler pats his feet, and—ain't it the joyous truth
 That Age is "swingin' corners" with rollicking, laughing Youth!

IX.

Talk about times!—We have 'em when Christmas time comes 'round
 And children say the hills play ghost with snowy night-caps crowned;
 For even the Cold Wind claps his hands and whistles a trumpet-call,
 And the very hills bow "Howdy," with "Merry Christmas—all!"

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