

# *Knitting*

## *'Twas The Night Before Christmas*

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*'Twas the night before Christmas and all around me,  
Was unfinished knitting not under the tree.  
The stockings weren't hung by the chimney with care,  
'cause the heels and the toes had not a stitch there.  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds  
but I had not finished the caps for their heads.  
Dad was asleep; he was no help at all,  
And the sweater for him was six inches too small.  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I put down my needles to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window, I flew like a flash,  
Tripped over my yarn and fell down with a crash.  
The tangle of yarn that lay deep as the snow  
Reminded me how much I still had to go.  
Out on my lawn, I heard such a noise,  
I thought it would wake both dad and the boys.  
And though I was tired, my brain was a bit thick,  
I knew in a moment, it must be Saint Nick.  
But what I heard then left me perplexed,  
For not a name I heard was what I had expected  
"move, Ashford; move, Lopi; move, Addie and Clover;  
move, Reynolds; move, Starmore; move, Fraylic--move over"  
"Paton, don't circle round; stand in line.  
Come now, you sheep wool work just fine!  
I know this is hard semi, it's just your first year,  
I'd hate to go back to eight tiny reindeer."  
I peered over the sill; what I saw was amazing,  
Eight woolly sheep on my lawn all a' grazing.  
And then, in a twinkle, I heard at the door  
Santa's feet coming across the porch floor.*

*I rose from my knees and got back on my feet,  
And as I turned round, Saint Nick, I did meet.  
He was dressed all in wool from his head to his toe  
and his clothes were hand knit from above to below.  
A bright Fairisle sweater he wore on his back,  
and his toys were all stuffed in an Aran knit sack.  
His cap was a wonder of bobbles and lace,  
A beautiful frame for his rosy red face.  
The scarf round his neck could have stretched for a mile,  
And the socks peeking over his boots were Argyle.  
The back of his mittens bore an intricate cable,  
And suddenly on one I spied a small label.  
SC was duplicate stitched on the cuff and I asked  
"Hey Nick, did you knit all this stuff?"  
He proudly replied "Ho-ho-ho, yes I did,  
I learned how to knit when I was a kid."  
He was chubby and plump, a quite well-dressed old man,  
And I laughed to myself for I'd thought up a plan,  
I flashed him a grin and jumped up in the air,  
And the next thing he knew he was tied to a chair.  
He spoke not a word, but looked in his lap  
where I'd laid my needles and yarn for a cap.  
He quickly began knitting, first one cap then two;  
For the first time I thought I'd really get through.  
He put heels on the stockings and toes in some socks  
while I sat back drinking Scotch on the rocks!!  
So quickly like magic, his needles they flew,  
That he was all finished by quarter to two.  
He sprang for his sleigh when I let him go free,  
And over his shoulder he looked back at me.  
And I heard him exclaim as he sailed past the moon,  
"Next year start your knitting sometime around June!"*