

## *All Should Sing Along*

I beckon to my father from beside the cheerful fire,  
And by the warmth I set his chair; I know he's quick to tire.  
He slowly takes his favorite seat  
And says to me "Tis lovely heat."  
He lifts his spirit, small and neat  
And takes a little sip.

The firelight eclipses all except the glowing tree.  
The children rush to claim their spot and climb up on his knee.  
"What was it like," they ask my dad,  
"When you were just a little lad?  
What type of Christmas fun was had,  
Back in the good old day?"

Around the bay his eyes now gaze, they rest on simpler times,  
When sea winds off the cold Atlantic brushed the Christmas chimes,  
And on the hill the church bell rang,  
And round the harbour people sang,  
And from the snow piles young ones sprang.  
The old man shuts his eyes.

"It may surprise you younger ones," his old voice almost sings,  
"To hear of all the fun we had without so many things.  
But times were good as oft' as bad  
And we made do with what we had,  
There was no shiny new *iPad*,  
Our apples weren't the same.

But our game was just as fun, we'd *fly* down our old hill.  
Toboggans were quite rare indeed, but I remember still,  
We'd all slide in a cardboard box,  
I thought myself an arctic fox,  
We took so many bumps and knocks,  
But that was all the fun.

And then we'd run, because it wouldn't do to arrive late.  
The visitors were coming, some already at the gate.  
They always came on old Tibb's Eve  
With food and drink, I'd scarce believe  
How many guests we could receive  
In one small saltbox house.

Though I allows that in our home you'd never fit more joy,  
For there was laughter, love and then, perhaps, a scattered ploy  
To trick the old ones with our game  
When out as mummers we all came,  
They'd clap and try to guess our name  
And we'd near burst with pride.

And then we'd ride the sleigh next night to head to Midnight Mass.  
Old Betsy pulled us sure and strong, her power unsurpassed.  
We'd head home under clear moonlight  
Our path of sparkling snow so bright,  
The magic of a Christmas night  
I'd hoped would always last.

But time moves fast, as we all know, though some things stay the same.  
A visitor would come our way, I'm sure you know his name,  
The fellow in the big red suit  
He always left a little loot  
A hanging stocking full of fruit,  
To us, it was a treasure.

I cannot measure peace or joy, but I recall it well.  
My Christmas wish for you is that such joy in you will dwell.  
Memories will make the season.  
Those we love should be the reason.  
Time is music on a breeze and  
All should sing along..."



*An Old Fashioned Christmas* is a painting by Richard De Wolfe