

December's Eve, At Home

By Ann Radcliffe

Welcome December's cheerful night,
When the taper-lights appear;
When the piled hearth blazes bright,
And those we love are circled there!

And, on the soft rug basking lies,
Outstretched at ease, the spotted friend,
With glowing coat and half-shut eyes,
Where watchfulness and slumber blend.

Welcome December's cheerful hour,
When books, with converse sweet combined,
And music's many-gifted power
Exalt, or soothe th' awakened mind.

Then, let the snow-wind shriek aloud,
And menace oft the guarded sash,
And all his diapason crowd,
As o'er the frame his white wings dash.

He sings of darkness and of storm,
Of icy cold, and lonely ways;
But, gay the room, the hearth more warm,
And brighter is the taper's blaze.

Then, let the merry tale go round,
And airy songs the hours deceive;
And let our heart-felt laughs resound,
In welcome to December's Eve!