

The Night after Christmas.

Written by Dr Robt. Archer

1866

written for Roberta Archer Jeffery

'Twas the night after Xmas, and all through the town,
The nurses were running—some up and some down.
The Doctor was wanted for a plague on Old Nick –
His visit had made all the little ones sick!
His cakes were so nice, and his pies were so sweet,
That from morning till night they did nothing but eat.

Their hearts were all light, and peeped out of their eyes;
Their stomachs were tight and chock full of mince pies.
They were merry as larks, had no care for tomorrow,
Unmindful that joy is soon followed by sorrow.
The lights were all out and the blinds were all closed.
Papa and Mamma in deep slumber reposed.

The Cat on the hearth rug was licking her paws,
And seemed to be thinking of old Santa Claus.
The fire in the chimney burned cheerful and bright,
And the frost on the panes shone like crystals of light.
The tea kettle, bubbling before the warm blaze
Was singing the dirge of once happier days.

The Clock on the Mantel had just sounded one,
And announced that another new day had begun.
When hark! from the nursery a solo of moans,
Then a duet of sobs, with a chorus of groans
Broke in on the stillness and silence of night,
And threw the whole house in commotion and fright.

The Mother's quick ear first encountered the sound:
She jumped up in bed and sprang out with a bound:
Papa had oft witnessed such tumult before,
And the louder the groans why the louder he'd snore:
But oh! Such a scene was ne'er witnessed before.
The children were rolling about on the floor!

The bed clothes were ruined, the carpet was spoiled
And their pretty night dresses were crumpled and soiled.
The nurse all bewildered was fretting and grieving,
The children in concert were retching and heaving.
"O, no! I'm so sick: I shall die of this pain;
I'll never touch Santa Claus' candy again!"

Poor Ella in a flutter threw up her sad eyes:
Little Bob with a splutter threw up his mince pies
And Saint Nick, who was peeping, cried out with a titter:
"In every thing sweet there's a drop that is bitter."
But cheer up my children you'll soon be all right
And cracking his whip he soon dashed out of sight.

The crisis was over and all went to bed
Sweet slumber soon fell on each dizzy head.
The life blood again freely coursed in their veins,
And dreams of St. Nicholas danced through their brains.
With a smile they awoke from their visions of bliss,
As Mamma on each rosy lip planted a kiss.

And they vowed that in spite of all sickness & pain
They would hang up their stockings next Christmas again.

Written when he broke his arm for his Granddaughter Roberta Archer Jeffery