

# SCROOGE'S NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS



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GIBBS  
SMITH

'T was the night before Christmas,  
and old Marley was dead  
As dead as a doornail,  
so the simile read.  
His former partner, Scrooge,  
walked to their office,  
Thinking of nothing but his own  
profits and losses.



Scrooge scolded Bob Cratchit and  
forbade him more coal,  
For the heat gave no warmth  
to old Scrooge's cold soul.  
Though the day was a joyful  
part of the season,  
For Scrooge 'twas an annoyance,  
and here was his reason:

Christmas picked his pocket  
every 25th of December,  
A loss of business was all that  
Scrooge cared to remember.  
His stony heart was ice  
as it beat in his chest.  
He ignored the needy, the hungry,  
and all of the rest.

"I'm the Ghost of Christmas Present,"  
laughed the genial phantom.  
He took reticent Scrooge  
on a journey across the kingdom,  
Where people all around reveled  
in the joy of the day,  
Feasting and merrymaking,  
all in their own way.

The spirit led Scrooge to  
Bob Cratchit's poor dwelling,  
Where the smell of goose dinner  
was rising and swelling.  
The whole family rejoiced  
to be with each other,  
From mother and father,  
to sister and brother.







With one silent motion replied the  
hooded ghost.

“Oh, spirit!” trembled Scrooge,  
“I do fear you the most.

Pray tell that a man  
can for ill deeds atone!”

With horror Scrooge read  
his own name on the tombstone.



**S**crooge was conveyed next  
to an old, forlorn church  
Surrounded by graves;

his heart gave a lurch.

“Are these all the shadows  
of what Will or May be?

Surely futures can change. Say it’s  
true, even for me.”