THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

At the Round Rock Stagecoach Inn

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the Inn

Not a creature was stirring, without or within;

The stockings were hung on the rock chimney with care,

In hopes that renovations soon would be there;

The windows, wood covered, were snug in their frames;

While visions of replacements danced in their panes;

And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my hat

Puzzled out ways to raise funds for just that,

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,

I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,

With visions of open shutters and a wide-open sash.

The moon gleamed brightly on the old Inn so pretty ,

Sharing rays of joy that it was saved by its City.

When what to my wondering eyes did appear,

But some RRP friends full of good cheer,

Who came and decorated so lively and quick,

I was well festooned to meet old St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles, all came to see

My beautiful wreath and grand Christmas tree.

Santa arrived with a bagful of toys,

How glorious! I was filled with such joys

It was so long since I felt such love...it’s been years!

I was so overwhelmed, it moved me to tears

Next Christmas, I wondered,

What will it bring?

I hope more improvements

And Christmas Carols to sing

I thank you, my neighbors,

For your hard work and strife

For moving me downstreet

And saving my life

I joined in with Santa as he drove out of sight—

*“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!”*

*In loving memory of Donald Marquardt, co-founder of Round Rock Preservation*