

Macmillan ISBN 9781447205166 / 9781447220268

- First line: At nine of the night I opened my door
- Last line: 'The same to you, old friend,' said I.

## AT NINE OF THE NIGHT I OPENED MY DOOR

At nine of the night I opened my door  
That stands midway between moor and moor,  
And all around me, silver-bright,  
I saw that the world had turned to white.

Thick was the snow on field and hedge  
And vanished was the river-sedge,  
Where winter skilfully had wound  
A shining scarf without a sound.

And as I stood and gazed my fill  
A stable boy came down the hill.  
With every step I saw him take  
Flew at his heel a puff of flake.

His brow was whiter than the hoar,  
A beard of freshest snow he wore,  
And round about him, snowflake starred,  
A red horse-blanket from the yard.

In a red cloak I saw him go,  
His back was bent, his step was slow,  
And as he laboured through the cold  
He seemed a hundred winters old.

I stood and watched the snowy head,  
The whiskers white, the cloak of red.  
'A Merry Christmas!' I heard him cry.  
'The same to you, old friend,' said I.

CHARLES CAUSLEY