

A little Christmas-Gedicht



When the last Kalender-sheets
flutter trough the winterstreets
and Dezemberwind is blowing,
then ist everybody knowing
that it is not allzuweit:
she does come - the Weihnachtszeit.

All the Menschen, Leute, people
flippen out of ihr warm Stühle,
run to Kaufhof, Aldi, Mess,
make Konsum and business.
Kaufen this und jene things
and the Churchturmglöcke rings.

Manche holen sich a Tännchen,
when this brennt, they cry "Attention".
Rufen for the Feuerwehr:
"Please come quick to löschen her!"
Goes the Tännchen of in Rauch,
they are standing on the Schlauch.

In the kitchen of the house
mother makes the Christmasschmaus.
She is working, schuft and bakes
the hit is now her Yoghurtkeks.
And the Opa says als Tester:
"We are killed bis to Silvester".
Then he fills the last Glas wine -
yes, this is the christmastime!

Day by day does so vergang,
and the Holy night does come.
You can think, you can remember,
this is immer in Dezember.

Then the childrenlein are coming
candle-Wachs is abwärts running.
Bing of Crosby Christmas sings
while the Towerglöcke rings
and the angels look so fine -
well this is the Weihnachtstime.

Baby-eyes are big and rund,
the family feels kerngesund
when unterm Weihnachtsbaum they're hocking
then nothing can them ever shocking.
They are so happy, are so fine -
this happens in the Chistmastime!

The animals all in the house,
the Hund, the Katz, the bird, the mouse,
are turning round the Weihnachtsstress,
enjoy this day as never nie,
well they find Kittekat and Chappi
in the geschenkkarton von Pappi.

The family begins to sing
and wieder does a Glöckchen ring.
Zum song vom grünen Tannenbaum
the Tränen rennen down and down.
Bis our mother plötzlich flennt:
"The christmas-Gans im Ofen brennt!"
Her nose indeed is very fine. -
End of the Weihnachtstime.