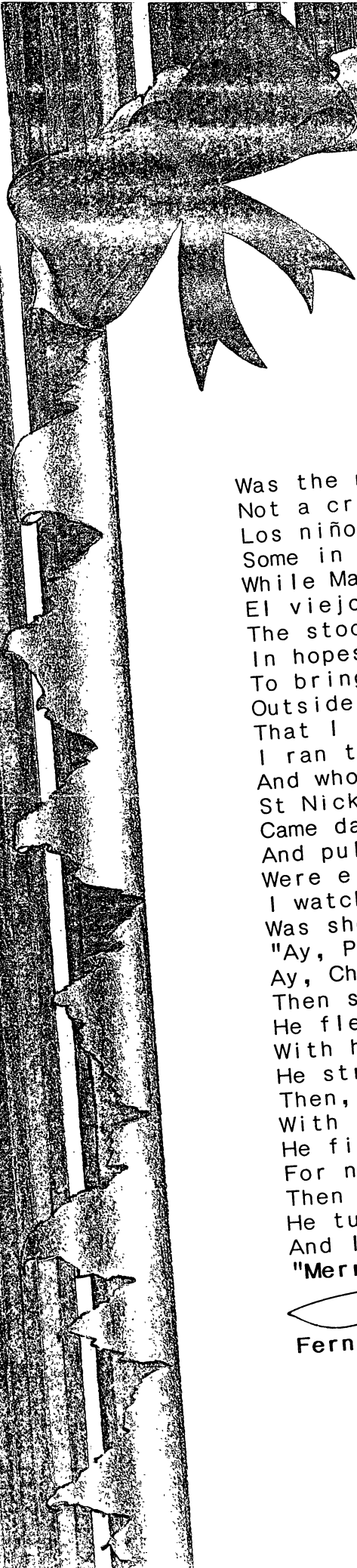
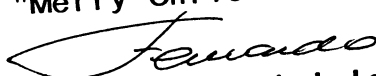




Feliz Navidad

--NOCHEBUENA EN SOUTH TEXAS--

Was the night before Christmas and all through the casa,
Not a creature was stirring. ¡Caramba! ¿Qué pasa?
Los niños were all tucked away in their camas,
Some in vestidos, and some in pajamas.
While Mamá worked late in her little cocina,
El viejo was down at the corner cantina.
The stocking were hanging con mucho cuidado,
In hopes that St. Nicholas would feel obligado,
To bring all the children, both buenos and malos,
Outside in the yard there arose such a grito
That I jumped to my feet like a frightened cabrito.
I ran to the window and looked out afuera,
And who in the world do you think it era?
St Nick in a sleigh and a big red sombrero
Came dashing along like a crazy bombero!
And pulling his sleigh, instead of venados,
Were eight little burros, approaching volados.
I watched as they came, and this quaint little hombre
Was shouting and whistling and calling by nombre:
"Ay, Pancho! Ay, Pepe! Ay, Cuca! Ay, Beto!
Ay, Chato! Ay, Lupe! Maruca y Roberto!"
Then standing erect with his hand on his pecho,
He flew to the top of our very own techo.
With his round little belly like a bowl of jalea,
He struggled to squeeze down our old chimenea.
Then, huffing and puffing, at last in our sala,
With soot smeared all over his red suit de gala,
He filled all the stockings with lovely regalos,
For none of the niños had been very malos.
Then chucking aloud, seeming very contento
He turned like a flash and was gone like viento.
And I heard him exclaim--and this is verdad--
"Merry Christmas to all!-- ¡Feliz Navidad!"


Fernando Moral Iglesias

- December 1993-