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# 国際交流員コーナー

## CIR's Corner



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Hello everyone! "CIR's Corner" is my monthly article about international exchange and cultures around the world. I will introduce a variety of interesting international topics.

### This Month's Topic: *'Twas the Night Before Christmas*

I am currently in Gresham, Oregon, enjoying the American Christmas season, so I'd like to introduce the poem, *'Twas the Night Before Christmas*. It was written in 1823 by Clement Clark Moore, and it's so famous that all Americans have heard it. My mother read this poem to me every year on Christmas Eve.

Poems in English often rhyme. In this poem, each pair of lines rhyme, which means each pair of lines ends with the same sound. The rhymes give the poem a nice rhythm, so it's fun to read aloud. Try it!

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

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;  
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap,  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;

"Now, DASHER! now, DANCER! now, PRANCER  
and VIXEN!

On, COMET! on CUPID! on, DONNER and  
BLITZEN!

それはクリスマスの前の晩、家中で

生き物は、ネズミさえも動かなくなったころ、  
靴下は煙突のそばに下げられていて、  
サンタクロースが来るのを待っていた。  
子どもたちはベッドに寝静まって、  
頭の中で砂糖入り菓子が踊っていて、  
ママは布をかぶっていて、私は帽子をかぶり、  
長い夜の眠りについた時に。

突然外の庭で大きな音がしたので、  
私はベッドから飛び起きて、何だろうと思い、  
即座に窓のそばに行って、  
雨戸を開けた。

降ったばかりの雪の上に月が  
昼間のように光を投げていた。

すると目の前に何と  
小さなソリと八頭のトナカイが見えて、  
御者が元気なおじいさんだったので、  
サンタクロースだとすぐ分かった。  
ワシよりも早くトナカイたちは飛んできて、  
サンタさんは大声で名前を呼んだ。

「そらダッシャー、そらダンサー、それプランサー、ヴ  
ィクセン、  
行けコメット、行けキューピッド、ドナー、ブリッツェ  
ン、

To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!  
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.  
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.  
His eyes -- how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;  
He had a broad face and a little round belly,  
That shook, when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A  
GOOD-NIGHT!

ポーチの上まで、壁の上まで！  
早く走れ、それ走れ、みんな走れ！」  
ハリケーンの前で枯葉が舞うように、  
何かにぶち当たると、ソリは空へ舞い上がる、  
だからトナカイたちは家の屋根の上へ飛んで行っ  
た、  
おもちゃがいっぱいのソリとサンタクロースを載せ  
て。  
私が驚いていると、屋根の上に  
トナカイたちがコトコト動いているのが聞こえた。  
頭を引っ込めて、ぐるりと回したら  
サンタさんがポンと煙突を下りてきた。  
サンタさんは頭から足まで、毛皮の服を着て、  
それが灰とススにまみれていた。  
後ろにはおもちゃを沢山背負って、  
包を開く前の行商人のようだった。  
目が光っていて、えくぼが幸せそうで、  
頬は紅色で、サクランボみたいだった。  
小さな口を弓のようにして、  
あごには雪のように白いヒゲを生やして、  
歯にはパイプをきつく噛んで、  
煙が花輪のように頭を巡っていた。  
サンタさんの顔は広くて、丸いお腹は  
笑う時に震えて、ゼリーが入ったボウルのような  
った。  
かわいく太っていて、愉快的妖精のようだった。  
思わず笑ってしまった私に  
目をウィンクして、頭をかしげたので、  
何も怖くないとすぐ分かった。  
言葉は何も言わなくて、すぐ仕事に取り掛かって、  
靴下をいっぱいにして、くるりと身を回して、  
そして指を鼻の脇に置いて、  
それからうなずいて、煙突を登っていった。  
それからソリに飛び乗って、トナカイたちに口笛を  
吹いて、  
枯草が舞うように、飛んでいってしまった。  
でも見えなくなる前に、サンタさんが叫ぶのが聞こ  
えた。  
「メリー・クリスマス！みんな、おやすみ！」



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