

## Victor Hugo: En hiver la terre pleure

En hiver la terre pleure;  
Le soleil froid, pâle et doux,  
Vient tard, et part de bonne heure,  
Ennuyé du rendez-vous.

Leurs idylles sont moroses.  
– Soleil ! aimons ! – Essayons.  
O terre, où donc sont tes roses ?  
– Astre, où donc sont tes rayons?

Il prend un prétexte, grêle,  
Vent, nuage noir ou blanc,  
Et dit : – C'est la nuit, ma belle ! –  
Et la fait en s'en allant ;

Comme un amant qui retire

Chaque jour son cœur du noeud,  
Et, ne sachant plus que dire,  
S'en va le plus tôt qu'il peut.

## Europäische Weihnachtsgedichte

eine Sammlung von  
**Melissa Schneider**

With a little old driver, so lively and  
quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St.  
Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his  
courses they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted, and  
called them by name;  
"Now, DASHER! now, DANCER!  
now, PRANCER and VIXEN!  
On, COMET! on CUPID!  
DONNER and BLITZEN!  
To the top of the porch! to the top  
of the wall!  
Now dash away! dash away! dash  
away all!"  
(...)

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,

**Clemens Clarke Moore: 'Twas  
the night before Christmas**  
'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

**Rainer Maria Rilke: Es gibt so  
wunderweisse Nächte**  
Es gibt so wunderweisse Nächte,  
Drin alle Dinge Silber sind.  
Da schimmert manchen Stern so  
lind,  
Als ob er fromme Hirten brächte  
Zu einem neuem Jesuskind.  
Weit wie mit dichtem  
Demantstaube  
Bestreut, erscheinen Flur und Flut,  
Und in die Herzen, traumgemäß,  
Steigt ein kapellenloser Glaube,  
Der leise seine Wunder tut.

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