

## *Happy Christmas to All*

'Twas the night before Christmas,  
When all through the Town  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a clown;  
The towers had risen on each hilltop bare,  
In hopes that St. Liberty soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of windmills 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 hill 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 aglow,  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a giant wind tower, and eight other ones near,  
With a clever crane operator, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Clip.  
More rapid than eagles his turbine nacelles came,  
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;

Now, Bumper! now, Thumper! Now, Swisher and Cracken!  
On, Quantum! On Stupid! On, Drummer and Fritzen!  
To the top of the sky! to the top of the hill!  
Now hoist away! hoist away! hoist away all!

## *And to All a Good Night!*

*Questions or concerns? Contact us.  
We think our town was better*

# *Turbine-free*

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