



Tu Inglés

The Night Before Christmas

Transcript

Tu-Ingles.com

[Esta grabacion es un proyecto especial de Tu-Ingles.com. Tu Ingles! Aprender ingles de oído.]

[music]

Hola y bienvenido a Tu Ingles! This is a program for people who want to learn English.

[MUSIC]

Hello everyone, how are you? My name is Brian, tu entrenador personal de ingles. Es hora de ejercitar tu oído para ingles!

Cecilia and I have been busy ... hemos estados ocupados ... we have been busy working on Tu Ingles Session 31 ... session treinta uno. But while you are waiting, mientras esperas, while you are waiting, I would like to read you a Christmas poem.

It's called, "The Night Before Christmas."

Es una poesía muy famosa aquí en estados unidos.

But it was not written by a famous poet. El autor no es famoso. In fact, most Americans who know the poem "The Night Before Christmas" do not know the name of the author. He is not a well known American poet, like Walt Whitman or Edgar Allen Poe, or Emily Dickinson.

His name is Clemente Clarke Moore. Clemente Clarke Moore.

But there is a controversy about who actually wrote the poem. Hay una controversia sobre la identidad del autor.

When "The Night Before Christmas" was published, cuando estaba publicado, when it was published, the author was anonymous. El autor era anónimo.

This was in the year 1823. 1823.

Some people say the poem was actually written by a man named Henry Livingston. Henry Livingston. But we don't know for sure! No lo sabemos con seguridad!

The poem is about ... la poesía se trata de ... the poem is about the tradition of Santa Claus in the United States. Santa Claus. Some people used to call him Saint Nicholas. St. Nicholas.

Creo que se llaman Papa Noel en muchos países hispanohablantes.

In America, many children believe ... mucho niños creen ... many children believe that Santa Claus comes to their house on the night before Christmas. En la noche buena. The night before Christmas. Santa brings presents. He brings gifts. Regalos. Gifts. But he comes at night, when everyone is sleeping. Cuando todos están durmiendo.

So, no one ever sees Santa Claus ... nadie nunca ve Santa Claus ... no one ever sees Santa Claus ... well, except for the speaker in this poem, "The Night Before Christmas."

The poem describes a surprise meeting ... un encuentro fortuito ... a surprise meeting with Santa Claus. In fact, the original title of the poem, el título original, era "A Visit from St. Nicholas." "A Visit from St. Nicholas."

Te aviso, el lenguaje de la poesía es un poco avanzado y difícil. Además es un poco arcaico. Pero no te preocupes ... es muy ejercicio por tu oído para inglés!

OK, bueno, normalmente, cobramos una miseria para la transcripción de las sesiones de Tu Inglés. Pero puedes leer la transcripción de este programa totalmente gratis en nuestro sitio web. Además, puedes leer el texto de la poesía en tu iPod. Solo tienes que pulsar el botón tres veces. Déjame saber si tienes problemas con encontrar el texto en tu iPod.

OK, aquí tienes "The Night Before Christmas" o "A Visit from St. Nicholas."

Por cierto, después de leer la poesía, voy a leer otra versión en broma ... es una versión en "Spanglish." OK?

Here we go ...

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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 mama in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap--

When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from my 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 a 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! Dunder and Blitzen--
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 a 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 on 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 bowl full 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,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

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OK! I hope you enjoyed that! Espero que hayas podido entender la mayoría de las palabras en la poesía.

And now, as I promised, here an adaptation of the poem, written in Spanglish.

Sabes Spanglish, verdad? Es una mezcla de inglés y español?

OK, aquí tienes la versión corta en Spanglish ...

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'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the casa,
Not a creature was stirring - ¡Caramba! ¿Qué pasa?

Los niños were tucked away in their camas,
Some in long underwear, some in pijamas,
While hanging the stockings with mucho cuidado,
In hopes that old Santa would feel obligado,
To bring all children, both buenos and malos,
A nice batch of dulces and other regalos.

Outside in the yard there arose un gran grito,
and 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 that it era?

Saint Nick in a sleigh and a big red sombrero,
Came dashing along like a loco bombero.
And pulling his sleigh instead of venados,
Were eight little burros approaching volando.

I watched as they came and this quaint little hombre,
Was shouting and whistling and calling by nombre:
"Ay Pancho, ay Pepe, ay Cuco, ay Beto,
ay Chato, ay Chopo, Maruco, y Nieto!"

Then standing erect with his hands 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 lively regalos,
None for the ninos that had been very malos.

Then chuckling aloud, seeming very contento,
He turned like a flash and was gone como el viento,
And I heard him exclaim, y ¡esto es verdad!

Merry Christmas to all, ¡y Feliz Navidad!

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Well, that is it for this special edition of Tu Ingles! Gracias por escucharme! Si tienes preguntas o comentarios, dejame saber! See you again soon, y suerte con tu ingles!