



Santa Claus

He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
 He softly, silently comes.
 While the little brown heads on the pillows so white
 Are dreaming of bugles and drums.
 He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam.
 While the white flakes around him whirl.
 Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home
 Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide:
 It will carry a host of things,
 While dozens of drums hang over the side,
 With the sticks sticking under the strings
 And yet not the sound of a drum is heard.
 Not a bugle blast is blown.
 As he mounts to the chimney-top like a bird,
 And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,
 Till the stockings will hold no more;
 The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
 Are quickly set down on the floor.
 Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird
 And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
 Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
 As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the east, and he rides to the west
 Of his goodies he touches not one;
 He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
 When the dear little folks are done.
 Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
 This beautiful mission is his;
 Then, children, be good to the little old man
 When you find who the little man is

(Anonymous.)

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