



Poem for Santa

*With a click and a clack
And a great big pack,
Down through the chimney,
Pretty nimbly
He will come on Christmas Eve!
If we are real nice and as still as mice,
If we never peep,
And are sound asleep,
He'll fill our stockings, I do believe!
And when we arise
Next day our eyes
Will grow to see
How perfectly
He knew what we all wished to receive.
Thank you, Santa!*
