

Jeff Black

"Santa Claus"

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His sleigh 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

He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam
While the white flakes around him whirl
Who tells him I don't know, but he finds the home
Of every little boy and girl

The little red stockings he silently fills
Till the stockings won't 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 jingle jangle is heard
As he ups and gallops away

He rides to the East and he rides to the West
Of his goodies he touches not one
He eats all the crumbs of the Christmas feast
When the dear little folks are done
Old Santa Claus does the best that he can
This beautiful mission is his
So children be good to the little old man
When you find who the little man is

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