

GRANDDAD'S CHRISTMAS DAY

By Maud Tisdale.

WHAT! Chris'mas Day agen? Oh dear—how the days roll aroun'—
Scarce gives a fellow time to git his last year's puddin' down;
I mind, well, how, when Santy Claus came 'long o' Christmas Day,
The days seemed weeks, an' weeks seemed months afore they rolled away—
When all us youngsters us't to hunt our biggest stockings out,
An' hang 'em where old Santy Claus could easy git about—
An' oh, the fun we us't to hev; the games we us't to play,
For them was happy, smilin' times on Grandad's Chris'mas Day.

But when old Santy Claus was gone, it didn't seem the same
For grow'd up folks don't hang their stockings on the iron crane,
An' Granny she stopped tellin' us her tales of fairy lore,
When Mary stuck the kissin' bush above the kitchen door.
'Twas kinder sad to be grow'd up, to lose dear Granny's tales,
But still the Chris'mas joy was left;—the puddin never fails,
An' Santy Claus aint everything; for after all I say,
I'd sooner hev the kissin' bush on Grandad's Christmas Day!

For blind man's buff an' "button button," tag, an' every game,
When Mary got that kissin' bush, seemed very, very tame—
I reckon that I hung about that door an' bush awhile,
For, "get one if you can," was in her purty saucy smile.
But as she couldn't dodge all day, I caught her there an'—well
Them branches has a purpose—so there ain't no need to tell.
You bet I got my Chris'mas box—in sunshine make the hay!—
An' I married purty Mary at next Gran'dad's Chris'mas Day.

Ah! that was many years ago; yet, strange as it may seem,
I feel I'm back a boy agen—bein' grow'd-up's but a dream—
For Santy's slid adown the years to make us young once more,
To hang the stockings on the crane, the bush above the door;
To help to stuff them stockings too, with every kind of toy—
Oh, Santy is the chap I ween, to make us girl an' boy.
An' when we're tired rompin'—while our children's children play,
I'll steal a kiss from Gran'ma at their Gran'dad's Chris'mas Day!

