

THE SPELL OF ST. NICHOLAS

Wonderful boy of long ago,
Come now and tell :
As aged man, with beard of snow
And hair all white, what gave thy name,
Adown the years, the glow of fame ?
Explain thy spell.

O'er countless children waiting thee
In varied home—
Afar inland, beside the sea,
In lonely cot, and crowded town—
Awatching oft in midnight gown
For thee to come.

Wert thou a selfish, cunning boy ?
Ah no ! ah no !
Tradition findeth no alloy