

The Fairy Future

SANTA CLAUS, the Fairy Future,
 Now will soon be coming here
 With a pack of gifts and playthings
 In the basket of the year.

No one is by him forgotten --
 Rich and poor he goes among,
 Visiting the homes of mortals,
 Bearing gifts to old and young.

Leaving in the tent of soldier
 Sword, and life, and rolling drum.
 With a dream of martial glory
 And of laurels yet to come.

To the lawyer brings he bag-wig
 (Would that he brought wisdom, too!)
 And the doctor has a pill-box
 That shall make his patient blue.