



SANTA CLAUS AND HIS WORK.

This nice little story for girls and for boys, Is all about Santa Claus, Christmas and toys, So listen, my children, to what you shall hear. For I know, to each little one, Santa is dear.

In a nice little village called Santa Claus-ville, With its houses and church, at the foot of the hill, Lives jolly old Santa Claus—day after day, He works and he whistles the moments away.

For he knows that in labor is happiness found, And a merrier fellow was never around; So fat and good natured this jolly old chap Will never be idle, except for a nap.

His house in fair Santa Claus-ville, as you know, Is near the North Pole, in the ice and the snow; But clothed all in fur from his head to his toes,

Not a feeling of coldness the old fellow knows.

He has the most beautiful long snowy hair, Tho' the top of his head is quite shiny and bare; His dear little eyes, how they twinkle and shine, But he never was known to drink brandy or wine.

'Tis only because he is merry and bright That they sparkle like two little stars of the night, And perhaps 'tis his kindness of heart showing through, While he's planning and working, dear children, for you.

For good little children he's working away, Making the toys which he'll bring them some day; And busy all day, while he whistles and sings, He's planning and making the funniest things.

And a very wise fellow is Santa Claus, too, He is jolly and kind, but he knows what to do; And after his work for the day is all done, As he sees the long rays of the bright setting sun,

He climbs to his turret, way up near the sky, And looks o'er the world with his keen searching eye; Peeps into the cities, the towns, great and small, And villages, too, for he's sure to see all.

With his dog standing near and spy-glass in hand, He looks for good children all over the land; And whenever he sees them, at work or at play,



The old fellow listens to hear what they say.

And if they are gentle, and loving and kind, To give them a present he makes up his mind; And when Christmas time comes he will surely be there, To leave of his treasure a bountiful share.

Oh, a jolly good sight is this funny old chap, When he's robed in his bear-skin and fur-bordered cap, All ready to start on his way through the cold, In a sleigh covered over with jewels and gold.

While his deer from the mountains all harnessed with care, Like race-horses prance through the clear frosty air; 'Tis fun just to watch them and hear the bells ring, Even the stars seem to think it a comical thing.

For old Santa is bundled so close to the chin, That there isn't a chance for the cold to get in, His cheeks are so rosy, his eyes are so bright, That truly he makes quite a comical sight.

He cracks his long whip and he whistles a tune, While he winks at the stars, and he bows to the moon; And over the tree-tops he drives like the wind, Leaving the birds of the night far behind.

Ah! here is a picture, oh, children, just look At the names of the good little girls in his book; And a long list of names of the good little boys, Who are careful and never disturb with their noise.

An army he gives to the boy who is neat, And never is rude, in the house or the street; And a farm to the boy who goes smiling to school, Who knows all his lessons, and minds every rule.

For old Santa knows well, who the good children are, And through his good telescope sees them afar; And he never is known to forget, or pass by, No matter how many his searching may spy.



When Christmas eve comes, into bed you must creep, And late in the night, when you all are asleep, He is certain to come, so your stockings prepare, And hang them all close to the chimney with care.

I told you his home was up North by the Pole, In a palace of ice, lives this happy old soul; And the walls are as bright as the diamonds that shone In the cave, where Aladdin went in, all alone,

To look for the lamp, which we've often been told Turned iron and lead, into silver and gold. His bedstead is made of the ivory white, And he sleeps on a mattress of down every night.

For all the day long, he is working his best, And surely at night, the old fellow should rest, He uses no candle, for all through the night, The Polar-star shining, looks in with its light.

He's a funny old chap and quite shy, it would seem,



For I never but once caught a glimpse of his team: 'Twas a bright moonlight night, and it stood in full view, So seeing it, I can describe it to you.

When Christmas time comes, he will toll like a Turk, For the cheery old fellow is happy at work. With his queer-looking team, through the air he will go, And alight on the houses, all white with the snow;

And into the chimneys will dart in a trice, When all are asleep, but the cat and the mice; And he has to be quick, to be through in a night, For his work must be done ere the coming of light.

Then he'll fill up the stockings with candy and toys, And all without making a bit of a noise, There'll be presents for Julia, and Bettie, and Jack, And plenty more left in the old fellow's sack.

And if Evrie behaves well, and minds what is said, Quits teasing the cat, and goes early to bed, He'll find for his present a sled, or a gun, A ready companion in frolic and fun.

When Christmas is o'er, old Santa Claus goes, Straight home, and then takes a full week of repose, And when all the holiday frolics are o'er, He goes to his shop, and his labors once more.

And all the long years, with his paint and his glue, He is making new toys, little children for you. So be glad, and remember to do what you can, To please and make happy this good little man.

And now, ere the story is ended, we'll give Three cheers for old Santa Claus, long may he live! To work for good children, and long may they try To be good, that he never may pass any by.

Three cheers! for the hero of Santa Claus-ville; Let us echo them now with a hearty good will.

A cleverer fellow no man ever saw, So hail to old Santa Claus! Hip, Hip, Hurrah!

