
THE TRAIL OF A SOURDOUGH

TO MY BOY

Right after all of the Christmas joys
Of 1917,
Old Santa Claus had stopped to pause
In a fairy dell unseen.
But he saw an angel flying by
With a dolly that he had forgot,
Encircling the clouds with its precious gift
To alight on a welcome spot.
Reindeer looked up at this wondrous sight,
But Santa hung his head—
To forget the greatest gift of the year
Was unpardonable, he said.

Visions of earth to the angel came
As it fondled its treasure with care;
Into the heart of a Royal home
It left a Royal heir.
Concealing its flight in the Christmas night
It flew back to heaven above,
To tell Santa he was forgiven at last
By the joy of a baby's love.
On the Record Book the angel wrote,
Where they register every birth—
Robert Victor Elliott,
The Greatest Boy on Earth.