

# Christmas Eve Poem

H! oh! Oh! Look at the snow,  
Over the garden way.  
So deep and so white, It has fallen all night;  
We cannot go out to-day!

So we'll have a good game with Dandy,  
warm in the cosy house,  
And then when the twilight gathers,  
we'll talk of old Santa Claus.

We'll sit by the flames together,  
and hear how they roar and sing,  
And picture the old man coming,  
and wonder what he will bring.

We never shall hear his footsteps,  
for the snow will hush their tread,  
But he'll come to us just as ever,  
if the stockings are by the bed.

And he'll bring us the prettiest presents,  
just as he used to do,  
For he never forgets the children  
as long as they trust him true!

This song has been downloaded from [BusSongs.com](http://BusSongs.com).