

Santie's Kiss

By Margaret G. Hays

"I'VE HUNG up my stockin' an' I said 'Good-night,' An' all my folks are sleepin' tight. Now I'm goin' to watch closely, just because I want to see ol' Santie Claus. So out o' bed I'll sof'ly creep, 'Cause ever'body's fas' asleep. I hanged two stockings up, 'cause, see, The white one 'at belongs to me Is far too small. I hope 'at he Will soon come down the chim-me-lee. 'Fraid Mother wouldn't 'prove o' this, But I want to give him jus' one kiss." Dear, dear! the sandman spoils the plan, Soon fast asleep falls little Nan. The fire glows cozily and warm Upon the little night-gowned form When down the chimney with his pack Hops Santa like a jumping jack. "Why, see who's here?" Old Santa said, Then carried Nannie off to bed. Tucked her in warm, dear little miss, Then softly took one loving kiss. "She waited up for me, dear tot," Laughs Santa, "So I'll leave a lot Of all the best my pack contains And take that sweet kiss for my pains. "Merry Christmas!" Nannie cries As she opes her sleepy eyes, "Oh, see what Santie's left for me! Both stockin's full as full can be, An' round my bed, upon the floor, Are toys an' dollies—more an' more. Dear Santie Claus has sure been here. Maybe I'll stay awake nex' year. Now I'll get dressed an' have some fun So Merry Christmas, every one!"

