

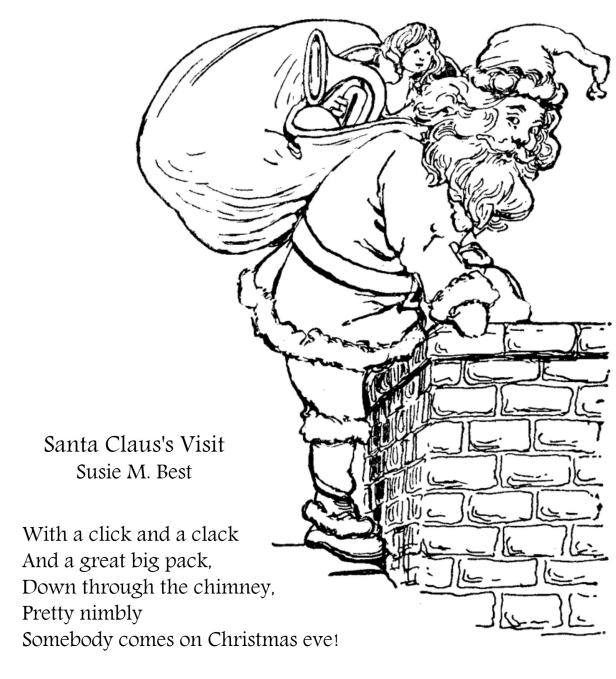


L. A. France

We are a band of carollers,
We march through frost and snow,
But care not for the weather
As on our way we go.

At every hall or cottage That stands upon our way, We stop to give the people Best wishes for the day. We pray a merry Christmas, Made bright by Christmas cheer, With peace, and hope, and gladness And all they may hold dear.

And for all those that happen
To pass us on our way
We have a smile, and wish them
A merry Christmas-day.



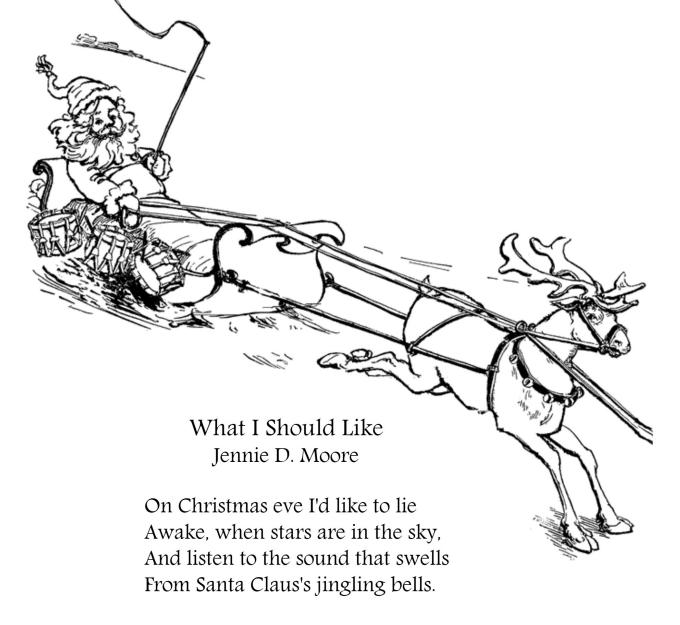
If we are real nice
And as still as mice,
If we never peep,
And are sound asleep,
He'll fill our stockings, I do believe!

And when we arise
Next day our eyes
Will grow big to see
How perfectly
He knew what we all wished to receive!



The Mousie M. N. B.

A mousie got into a great Christmas pie, Two little boys heard him, and then they did cry, "O mousie! O mousie! come quickly away! That pie is not for you, 'tis for our Christmas day."



I'd like to hear upon the roof
The patter of each tiny hoof
Of Santa's reindeer overhead,
When I am snug and warm in bed.

But mamma says I must not lie Awake, or he will pass me by; He does not like the girls or boys To watch him when he brings the toys.

I think I'd better go to sleep.
I guess the presents all will keep,
Then in the morning I shall be
Glad to think I did not see.



## A Merry Christmas Pie John Kendricks Banks

Take a quart of pure Good Will, Flavor well with Sympathy; Boil it on the fire till It is full of bubbling Glee. Season with a dash of Cheer. Mixed with Love and Tenderness; Cool off in an atmosphere That is mostly Kindliness. Stick a dozen raisins in Made of grapes from Laughter's vine. And such fruits as you may win In a purely Jocund line. Make a batter from the cream Of Good Spirits running high, And you'll have a perfect dream Of a Merry Christmas pie!



## A Toast to Santa Claus John Kendrick Bangs

Whene'er I find a man who don't Believe in Santa Claus,
And spite of all remonstrance won't Yield up to logic's laws,
And see in things that lie about The proof by no means dim,
I straightway cut that fellow out,
And don't believe in him.

The good old Saint is everywhere Along life's busy way.

We find him in the very air

We breathe day after day—

Where courtesy and kindliness

And love are joined together,

To give to sorrow and distress

A touch of sunny weather.

We find him in the maiden's eyes
Beneath the mistletoe,
A-sparkling as the star-lit skies
All golden in their glow.
We find him in the pressure of
The hand of sympathy,
And where there's any thought of love
He's mighty sure to be.

So here's to good old Kindliheart!
The best bet of them all,
Who never fails to do his part
In life's high festival;
The worthy bearer of the crown
With which we top the Saint.
A bumper to his health, and down
With them that say he ain't!



