

Wonderful Hours of Christmas

By Charles Frederick Wadsworth

What a pattering and scampering of eager little feet!

What a look of joyous wonder in the little eyes that stare!

Was there ever Christmas morning more exciting, more complete,
As the little hands explore the piles of presents everywhere?



From the kitchen comes the whirring of the beater in its haste,
And the sklop-sklop of the spoon as Mother stirs another cake,
With the clicking of the oven as the turkey gets a baste,
And a hundred teasing odors dinner preparations make!



Now the dining-room is crowded as the folks come trooping in,
Take their seats and bow in silence as Dad says the Christmas grace,
Then the clatter and the chatter and the laughter make a din
That's a tribute from each merry heart and happy, smiling face.



As the darkness settles down again the lights upon the tree
Seem to glow a benediction on the gladness of the day,
Like the star that stood o'er Bethlehem for all the world to see
And to lead the Wise Men to the place where little Jesus lay.



Sandman brings a little wand to wave above each drowsy head;
Time to gather all the trinkets up and put each one away—
All except a doll or teddy bear to cuddle up in bed—
Then the nighties and pajamas and the little prayers to say



Such a jolly trip through Dreamland with the streets all paved with pie!
Light and phone poles made of candy and the wires of popcorn strings!
Lakes of ice cream, cakes for houses reaching half way to the sky,
Filled with all the nicest presents that a Christmas ever brings!



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