

# 'TWAS THE MORNING OF CHRISTMAS

by  
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## 'T WAS THE MORNING OF CHRISTMAS

Yvonne Child Hiss

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'Twas the morning of Christmas, and all through the house,  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
(Oops! I take that one back, there popped up two heads.)  
And Ma in her kerchief was deep in her nap,  
While Pa's snoring made like a gurgling tap;  
When in the kid's bedroom there rose such a clatter,  
Of giggling and whispering and mischievous chatter.  
Then out of their covers they flew like a flash,  
Tore open the hall door and made a mad dash.  
The house was so dark, Junior stubbed his big toe,  
On a chair that was out where it ain't oughta go.  
He let out a yelp that was awful to hear!  
Ma sat up in bed, "What was that, dear?"  
"Don't know," Papa mumbled, "go back to sleep quick,  
If I don't get some rest I am going to be sick!"  
So Ma lay back down on her pillow, and then  
The kids began tiptoeing softly again.  
And then in a twinkling, there came from downstairs,  
The noise of excitement, and happy declares.  
"Oh look, there's my dolly, oh isn't she cute!"  
"Oh boy, there's my six guns, I hope that they shoot!"

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