

Santa Won't Tell

— Author Unknown

'Tis the week before Christmas and every night
As soon as the children are snuggled up tight
And have sleepily murmured their wishes and prayers,
Such fun as goes on in the parlor downstairs!

For father, big brother, and grandfather too,
Start in with great vigour their youth to renew.
The grown— ups are having great fun — all is well;
And they play till it's long past their hour for bed.

They try to solve puzzles and each one enjoys
The magical thrill of mechanical toys,
Even mother must play with a doll that can talk,
And if you assist it, it's able to walk.

It's really no matter if paint may be scratched,
Or a cogwheel, a nut, or a bolt gets detached;
The grown— ups are having great fun — all is well;
The children don't know it, and Santa won't tell.