

Christmas Dog

— Shel Silverstein

Tonight's my first night as a watchdog,
And here it is Christmas Eve.
The children are sleeping all cozy upstairs,
while I'm guardin' the stockin's and tree.

What's that now —footsteps on the rooftop?
Could it be a cat or a mouse?
Who's this down the chimney?
A thief with a beard—
And a big sack for robbin' the house?

I'm barkin', I'm growlin', I'm bitin' his butt.
He howls and jumps back in his sleigh.
I scare his strange horses, they leap in the air.
I've frightened the whole bunch away.

Now the house is all peaceful and quiet again,
The stockin's are safe as can be.
Won't the kiddies be glad when they wake up tomorrow
And see how I've guarded the tree.