

SONG OF SANTA CLAUS

The path I have chosen
Is covered with snow;
The streams are all frozen;
Yet onward I go.

I glide o'er the mountain,
And skim o'er the lea;
I pass by the fountain;
Yet no eye can see --

My form or my shadow
On snow-drift or mound,
On hill-top or meadow,
Or frost-spangled ground.

While sleigh-bells are ringing
Upon the highway,
And glad parties singing
So thoughtless and gay, --

I pass through and over
Each hamlet and hall
Ere mortals discover
Who gave them a call.

I pause but to count o'er
The gifts for each one,
And then quickly mount o'er
The stile. I am gone!

Sources:
Alger Street, 1964.