



Twas the nite before Xmas when all thru the house
Not a creature was stirring not even a mouse.
the stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that St. Nick soon would be there.

The children all nestled all snug in their beds
With No thought of the dog filling their head.
And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap
Knew the dog was cold, but didn't care about that.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash
Figuring the dog was free of his chain and into the
frash.

The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow
gave the luster of mid-day to objects below.
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But Santa Clause with eyes full of tears.

He unchained the dog once so lively and quick
Last years Xmas present now painfully sick.
More rapid than eagles he called the dogs name
and the dog ran to him despite all his pain.

Now Dasher, now Dancer, now Prancer and Vixen
On Comet on Cupid on Donner and Blitzen.
To the top of the porch to the top of the wall
Let's find this dog a home where he will be loved by
all.

I knew in an instant there would be no gifts this
year
For Santa had made one thing quite clear.
The gift of a dog is not just for the season
We had gotten the dog for all the wrong reasons.

In our haste to think of the kids a gift
There was one important thing we missed.
A dog should be family, and cared for the same
You don't give a Gift, then put it on a chain.

And I heard him explain as he rode out of site...

YOU WEREN'T GIVEN A GIFT

YOU WERE GIVEN A LIFE!

