

MD 2006

Christmas Poems

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Northumberland GfL Advent Calendar

I've been waiting for Christmas,
And it's almost here.
I've been waiting for Christmas,
Santa's getting near.
Can't you hear the sleigh bells ringing?
Reindeer up so high.
Can't you hear the children singing,
As they watch the sky?

Two merry blue eyes
A very little nose
A long snowy beard
And cheeks like a rose
A round chubby man
A big bulging pack
Hurrah for Old Santa
We're glad he's come back!

A Christmas Tree
One little star on the top of the tree,
Two little presents underneath for me,
Three silver ropes twisted around the tree,
Four coloured lights shining prettily,
Five shining balls flowing silvery.
Oh, what a sight for use to see!

Isn't it the strangest thing,
That Santa is so shy?
We can never, never catch him,
No matter how we try.
It isn't any use to watch,
Because my parents said,
"Santa Claus will only come
When children are in bed!"

Deep down in the forest when trees grew so tall,
Stood one little fellow, the smallest of all.
The trees waved their branches
and rustled their leaves,
But the smallest of all
just stood stiff in the breeze.
When Winter winds howled,
the trees were afraid,
and dropped their leaves,
Till there was no more shade.

The smallest of all just stood brave and tall,
And kept his green coat when snow started to fall.
One day laughing children came pulling a sleigh,
They cut on him gently and pulled him away.

They dressed him in tinsel and bright shiny balls,
In peppermint canes, tiny angels, and dolls.
And on Christmas morning it was easy to see—
The smallest of all
was the loveliest tree!

The frost was hard,
the snowdrifts deep
when shepherds left
their flock of sheep
and glimpsed the child
asleep, asleep.

A new star shone
on three Wise Men.
Each wore a cloak
and diadem.
From far they came
to Bethlehem.

By Wes Magee

If I had three Christmas wishes
My first wish would be
For an end to hunger and poverty.

If I had three Christmas wishes
My second would be for
An end to violence, hatred and war.

If I had three Christmas wishes
My third wish would be
That we take proper care
Of the land and the sea.

By John Foster

Christmas Island must be magic,
winter every day –
snow for throwing,
ice for sliding,
gliding to school on a sleigh!

Easter Island must be great,
a dozen eggs a day –
look and lick,
be quick deciding –
hiding them's the safest way!

Birthday island must be brilliant,
parties every day –
candle-blowing,
wish-inside-ing,
riding my new bike – hurray!

By Sue Cowling

In Spain, there are no reindeer.
In France, no mistletoe.
In Russia, there's no roast pork.
No sleighs in Mexico.

In Panama, the weather's hot.
In Congo, there's no snow.
But Christmastime means Peace and Love
No matter where you go.

By Ian Larmont

Christmas is just round the corner.
We haven't got long to wait.
Christmas is riding a reindeer
And galloping in at the gate.

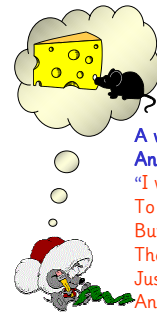
Christmas is just round the corner.
Christmas is writing cards.
Christmas is singing outside our door
Under the sparkling stars.

Christmas is just round the corner.
Christmas is dressing a tree
With baubles and bells and tinsel
For everybody to see.

Christmas is just round the corner.
We haven't got long to wait
Till the twenty-fifth of December.
And Christmas will never be late.

There's an old woman who lives in our street,
She doesn't have money for nice things to eat,
So we give her a present or give her a call,
Or she won't have a Christmas at all.

Mrs O'Deary is ninety years old,
She cannot walk far and she suffers from cold,
I hope Father Christmas will give her a call,
Or she won't have a Christmas at all....

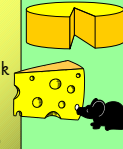


**A wee mouse wrote to Santa Claus
And this is what he said,**
"I write this letter Santa Claus,
To ask for cheese and bread,
But if it just should happen,
That you're short of either, please,
Just give the bread to someone else,
And send along the cheese".

The Mouse Hole Number 16

Dear Santa Claus,
I write this letter Santa Claus, to ask
for cheese and bread, but if it just
should happen, that you're short of
either, please, just give the bread to
someone else, and send along the
cheese.

Love Mouse
X



I would like to show you this wreath.
Isn't it shaped so perfectly round?
You see, there's no end of it's circle,
And the beginning cannot be found.



That is how it is with God's love -
We don't know when it first began,
But He promised it would last forever,
And one day with Him we will stand.



With a click and a clack
And a great big pack,
Down through the chimney,
Pretty nimbly
Somebody comes on Christmas Eve!



If we are really nice
And as still as mice,
If we never peep,
And are sound asleep,
He'll fill our stockings, I do believe!



And when we arise
Next day our eyes
Will grow big to see
How perfectly
He knew what we all wished to receive!



by Susie M. Best



Dear Santa Claus,
I'll let you know
The few things that I need,
And if you'll bring them to me
I'll be much obliged indeed.



I want a horse and wagon,
And a boat that's painted red,
An elephant, a jumping-jack—



You need not bring a sled

...for I have one very pretty;
But I want a trotting-horse,
A man who wheels a wheel-barrow,
And candy, too, of course.



Now, Santa dear, you'll not forget.
I wish you'd write them down,
And leave them all at my house
When you journey through the town.



by Jennie D. Moore



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