

A Little Boy's Resolution

By ENCARNACION BORJA *

Mammy, is Sta. Claus coming tonight?
And bring me toys and a tree so bright?
Will he remember me this time
And come to me when the bells will chime?

Yes, Bobby dear, if you will be,
A good, good little boy
Then will he come and bring the tree
The shining Christmas Joy.

So, say your prayers and go to sleep
And don't ever try to peep
Out of the windows, for if you do
Sta. Claus will not come to you.

And when you wake up in the morn
And you see your Christmas tree
Will you remember Christ was born
Bringing all joys for you and me.

Then one by one write down the things
A good little boy should do
At home, in school, in church and play
Be, Bobby, good, polite and gay.

When Bobby woke up it was Christmas Day
The sun was bright, the flowers gay
And in his room, he did really see
The shining Christmas tree.

Then he took his pen, on the paper he wrote
The very best of Christmas thoughts,
Dear Sta. Claus and Mother, hear
Bobby has promised to be a dear.

Before going to bed and when I arise
I'll say my prayers, too



To be so honest, true, and wise
To be a loving boy to you.

I will clean myself and comb my hair,
And dress myself with perfect care
I will obey my mother dear
Her heeding words I'll hear.

I'll not forget to greet my friends
My teachers, everyone
I'll try to wear a happy smile
I will be gay till work is done.

I'll keep to my seat with eyes on my book
And never on others' papers I'll look.

I'll not pull Lita's hair, take her candy from her
From now on, I'll be to everyone—fair.

I'll read my books and recite my poems
I'll say my tables and learn my rhymes
I'll join the rest and softly sing
And patiently wait for the bell to ring.

I won't pout and shout and be a cross little boy,
I won't kick and roll when they keep my toy,

I'll be very good and be mammy's dear
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND A HAPPY
NEW YEAR.

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