

Mother Nature's Christmas Tree

By FRANCISCO G. LONOGBANUA

There was once a wee Christmas tree
Stood bare in the woods;
Unhappy was he,
Poor little tree!

Christmas had come,
His friends had all gone
To be trimmed.

Said he, "I want to go, too."

Mother Nature heard
What the little tree said.

She called her fairies.
"Big yellow moon, come light the way.
Little Silvery Twinkle,
Glide down to the little tree.
Paint the snowballs, Jacky Frost.
Make them sparkle, sparkle, glitter;
Freeze the icicles, long and slender;
Make them taper, taper, taper!"

Before you could wink,
It was finished!

