



Christmas Eve

It's Christmas eve, and all the shops have sold out,
Not a turkey to be seen, no baubles or sprouts.
Everyone's excited, for what the morning will bring,
Lots of presents, 'thank yous', 'oh wows!' and eating.

All the children are trying not to sleep,
Hoping they'll see Santa – just a little peep.

All the baked goodies are tucked away,
They aren't to be eaten, not 'til the big day.

We wake on Christmas morning, fresh snow on the ground,

It's so calm and peaceful – there's barely a sound.

Suddenly there's a cry – and the stockings are found,

Everyone's so happy – there's joy all around.