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A Christmas Hamper

Unknown writer

This Christmas hamper, neat and trim,
Is full of sweet things to the brim!
Its tales and rhymes, and pictures bright,
Will please you dear, on Christmas night,
When of such games as blind-man's buff,
And hide-and-seek you've had enough.

I'm told I'm very naughty
I almost 'spect I am;
But, somehow, when I shut the door
It's nearly sure to slam.
Can you tell why my shoe-strings break
And tie themselves in knots,
And how it is my copy-books
Are always full of blots?
It seems as if too many blots
Lived in one pot of ink;
But when they're wet and shiny,
They're pretty, don't you think?
Why does my hair get tangled?
What makes me talk all day?
And why don't toys and books just try
To put themselves away?
I think that p'r'aps I might be good
A little, by-and-by;
It's very hard, but sometimes
I almost 'spect I'll try.
But now they say I'm naughty,
And p'r'aps it's nearly true;
There are so many naughty things
For little folks to do.



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