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The Gift I Didn't Get

Peter McArthur

I have presents by the dozen,
Meant to make my Christmas glad,
From each uncle, aunt, and cousin —
Best a fellow ever had.
There's a keepsake from my mother,
Father sent a check, and yet
I am thinking of another —
Of the one I didn't get.

There are gifts from all the fellows,
Pipes and things a chum will send;
There's a tie, all reds and yellows,
From a girl who calls me friend.
You would think me far from slighted
If you saw them all — and yet
I confess, I'm most delighted
With the one I didn't get.

She told me it was ready,
She'd prepared it long before;
I'd been calling on her steady
For at least a year or more.
She told me all about it,
And her eyes with tears were wet;
And I'm happy, never doubt it,
For that gift I didn't get.



Her attitude was altered
When I called on her last night;
But my tale of love I faltered —
And I guess I did it right.
And this little rhyme is written —
'Cause I'm full of joy, you bet! —
For a frosty little mitten
Was the gift I didn't get.

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