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The Seven Sets of Presents

Unknown writer

All the world's a Christmas tree,
And all the men and women merely children.
They have their presents and remembrances,
And each man in his time gets many gifts,
His lot being seven series. At first the infant,
With his feeding spoons and rattles;
Then the trumpet and tin soldiers, skates and sleigh,
And fireman's helmet; and then the lover,
Like a furnace, with a gaudy necktie
Knit by his lady's fingers. Then a hubby,
Showered by his friends with socks and gloves,
And pipes that will not draw, inkwells of brass,
And fountain pens that leak, or else some painted
China his wife can use as well. And then
The middle-aged, of fair round belly, with a little cap
To hide his shining pate. The sixth set sinks
Into the carpet-slipper game, or bad cigars,
A silver cutter, since his teeth are bad.
Last gift of all that ends this strange,
Eventful history is failing sight —
Then they bring a magnifying glass
For grandpa.



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