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Kriss Kringle

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Just as the moon was fading
Amid her misty rings,
And every stocking was stuffed
With childhood's precious things,

Old Kriss Kringle looked round,
And saw on the elm-tree bough,
High-hung, an oriole's nest,
Silent and empty now.

"Quite like a stocking," he laughed,
"Pinned up there on the tree!
Little I thought the birds
Expected a present from me!"



Then old Kriss Kringle, who loves
A joke as well as the best,
Dropped a handful of flakes
In the oriole's empty nest.

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