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READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Santa Claus Street in Jingleetown

Sarah J. Burke

Every night when the lamps are lit,
And the stars through the curtain begin to peep —
When pussy has grown too tired to play,
And has laid herself down on the rug to sleep —
When the spoon drops into the empty bowl
(For baby has eaten her bread-and-milk),
And bright eyes hide behind drooping lids,
Fringed with lashes as soft as silk —
When I lift my baby and fold her bib,
And carry her off to her little crib,
She whispers: "Before we cuddle down
Let us take a journey to Jingleetown."

Oh, Jingleetown is a wonderful town!
Mother Goose lives on its finest square,
And little Jack Horner bought his pie
At one of the bakers' shops there.
The House that Jack Built stands near the church
Where they sounded Cock Robin's knell,
And Little Bo-Peep there lost her sheep,
When she took them to town to sell.
But the funniest thing of all is this —
You must stop at the toll-gate and pay a kiss!
For the tiniest tear or the slightest frown
Will keep a child out of Jingleetown.

When we go, I follow my baby's lead,
But, oh! she never wants to rest,
And I walk the streets of the queer old town
In a never-ending quest.
But the street that my darling loves the most
Is bordered with trees of evergreen,
Whose branches droop to the ground, and show
The twinkling lights between.
There the merriest children swarm,
And my darling lingers, wrapped up warm

In her traveling-robe of eider-down —
Santa Claus Street, in Jingletown!



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