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The Christmas-Tree Lights

Annie Willis McCullough

When holiday week's almost over,
And broken are some of the toys,
When Christmas-tree needles are dropping,
And drums will not give out a noise,

When someone has said, "It's a nuisance;
This tree *must* be carried away,"
And we stand around and look gloomy,
And beg for it "just one more day,"

There's one thing that keeps up our spirits:
The best of the week's merry nights
Is just at the last, when we children
May blow out the Christmas-tree lights.

The little tots, Doris and Douglas,
They blow out the ones lowest down.
Their faces get redder and redder;
Their foreheads are all in a frown.

Then Alice, the next high by measure,
Puts out all the candles half low;
And then I, the eldest and tallest,
I blow, and I *blow*, and I BLOW!

But even I can't reach the top ones,
So father lifts up Baby Grace;
Her dear little mouth is a circle,
All wrinkled her sweet little face.



She blows out the tiptopmost candles;
We clap and hurrah when she's done;
And that is the end of the Christmas,
The very — last — bit — of — the — fun!



But all through the year it's a pleasure
To think of our holiday nights —
The best coming last, when we children
May blow out the Christmas-tree lights.

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