TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Twas the night before Christmas   
And all through the house   
The puppies were squeaking   
An old rubber mouse

The wreath which had cheerfully   
Been hung on the door   
Was scattered in pieces   
All over the floor

The stockings so lovingly   
Hanging in rows   
Now boast of a hole   
In each of the toes

The tree was subjected   
To many bright-eyed whims   
And now although splendid   
Is missing some limbs

I catch them and hold them   
Be good, I insist   
They lick me, then run off   
To find what they missed

And now as I watch them   
The thought comes to me   
That theirs is the spirit   
That Christmas should be

Should children and Boxers   
Yet show us the way   
And teach us the joy that   
Should come with this day

Could they bring the message   
That's written above   
And tell us that, most of all   
Christmas is LOVE!!

~~ Author unknown

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