

## Christmas Comin'

We pass'd Thanksgivin' a while ago  
'N things'r quiet with all this snow.  
The ducks took off jist last week  
'Cause ice is reachin' across the creek.

Tha' Nor'easter keeps the windmill hummin'  
But I don't mind... 'cause Christmas comin'!  
The cousins'll come 'n we'll all go sleddin',  
They ain't been 'round since tha' hot summer weddin'.  
We'll use the ridge with all the bumps  
'N Danny'll steer so we miss the stumps.

Now Gramma smiles 'n forgits ta scold,  
Grandpa's mutterin' his feets is cold.  
Even big sis Annie'll take a tease  
While Ma fries cakes with a 'lil more grease.  
Pa's a 'worried we got 'nuff meats,  
'N still he flips the dawgs a piece.

The critters 'r sleepin' down their dens,  
'N eggs come slow from under the hens.  
Cats hunker down ta cover their paws  
While Sport snuffs snow 'n snaps 'is jaws.

The hawgs've quit their summer squealin'  
Cattle stand 'round... with frosty breathin'.  
The horses seem shaggy all'va sudden,  
It's like ever'ones ready... fer Christmas comin'.

I jist spied a fox who's on the snoop  
'A slinkin' right towards our chicken coop,  
So Sport 'n me, we run 'im off good  
'N lickety-split he hightail't the woods.

Come evenin' time, we all huddle in  
'N fill the stove from the hick'ry bin.  
We down big dinners with all the trimmin's,  
(I'm countin' the days we pass'd Thanksgivin'.)

Then right 'fore bed, Pa gits tha' notion  
To chase me 'round in a big commotion.  
He keeps on teasin' "you need a good lickin'"  
But I fly too quick to my .. feathertickin'.

'N then I'm lyin' there all alone  
Wondrin' if I care to really know  
If Ma was true or was she funin'  
"The times'r best... when Christmas comin'."