

The days are short  
The sun a spark  
Hung thin between  
The dark and dark.



Fat snowy footsteps  
Track the floor,  
And parkas pile up  
Near the door.



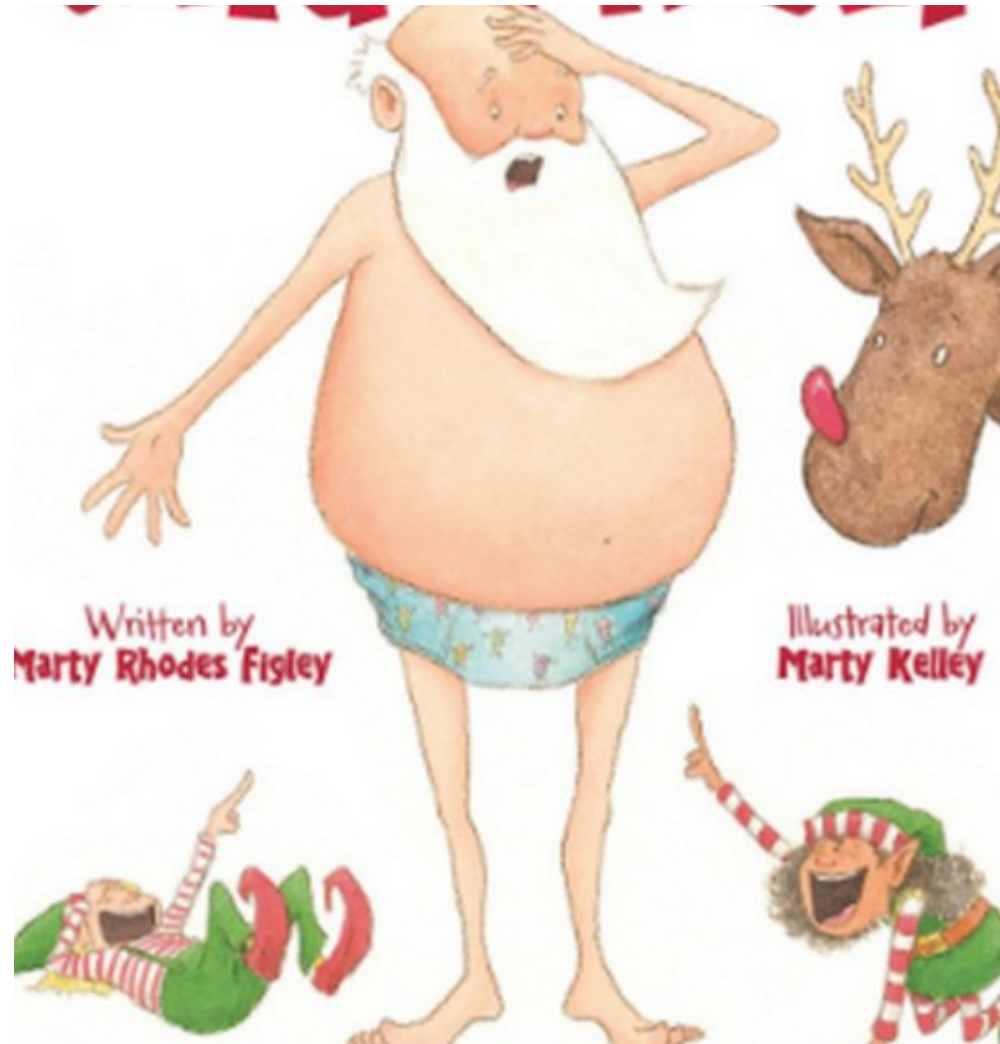
The river is  
A frozen place  
Held still beneath  
The tree's black lace



The sky is low  
The wind is gray  
The radiator  
Purrs all day.



# Santa's underwear

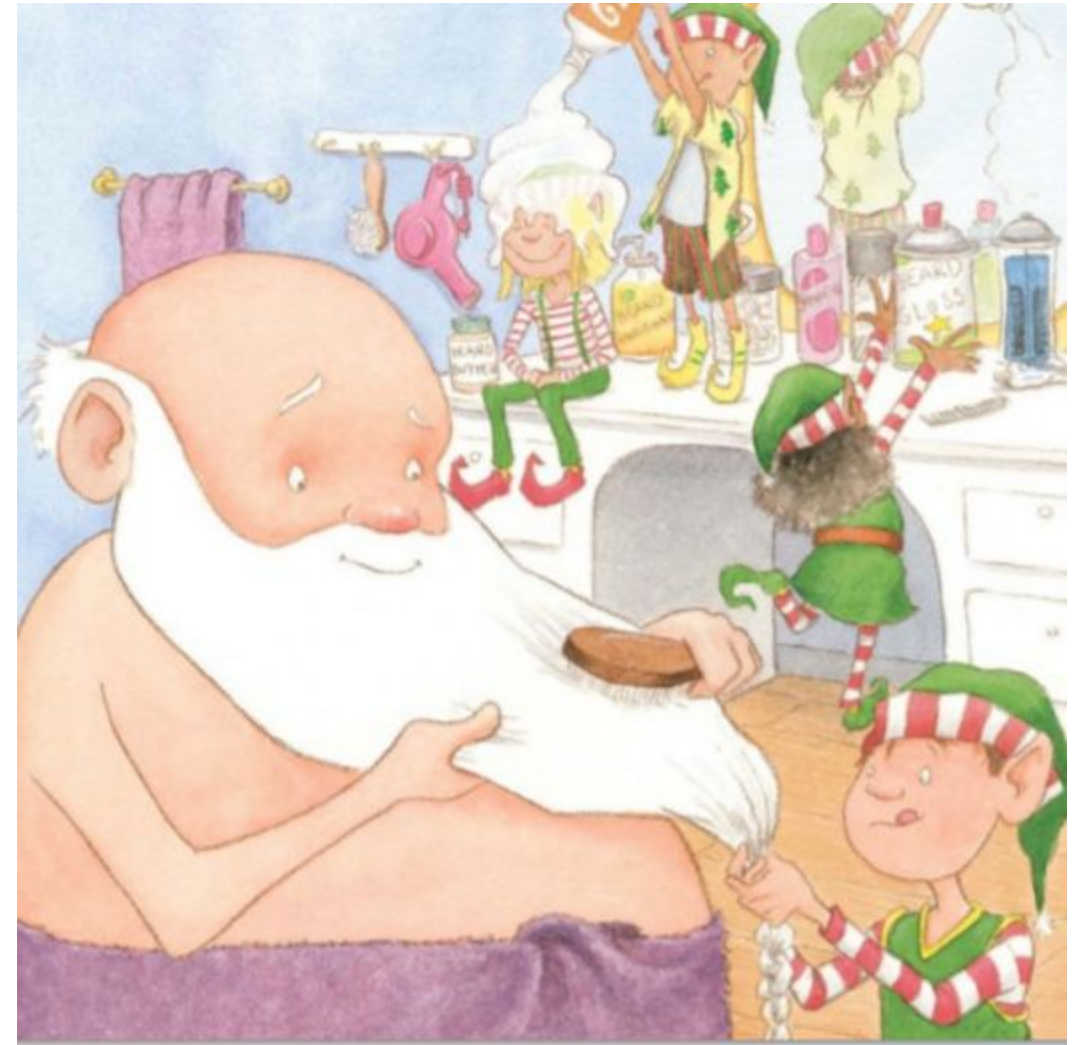


It is Christmas Eve. And time for Santa to get ready.



Santa is shining his  
belt and he  
is polishing his black  
boots.

He is brushing his teeth and he is having a nice bath.



He is looking in the mirror and  
he is smiling.





Santa is opening the drawer and he is looking for his woolly undies.



He is peeking under the bed.  
But he can't find his undies.



He is putting on the pink boxers and  
a T-shirt with hearts and cupids.  
He doesn't like!



Now he is wearing his briefs with  
dancing jelly beans.  
He doesn't like!



Now he is wearing his regular underwear. But it is right for tonight not for Christmas.



What is he to do?



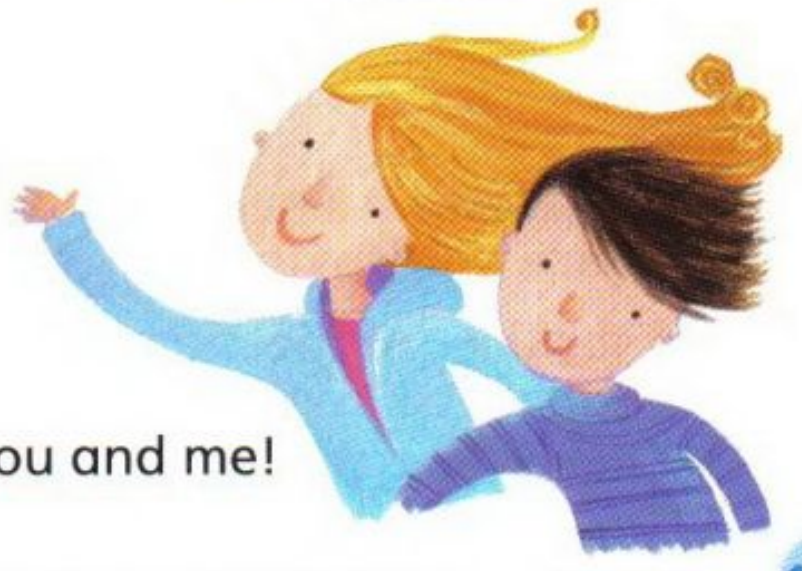


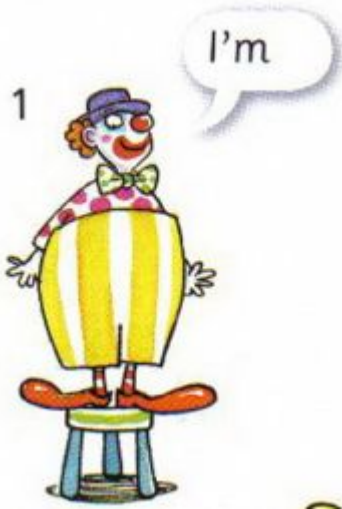
**3** Now you!



**4**  Listen and sing.

The rain is falling, the clouds are grey.  
It's a cold, wet, windy day.  
But look up in the sky. What can you see?  
The sun! The sun!  
And a rainbow, a rainbow, a rainbow for you and me!





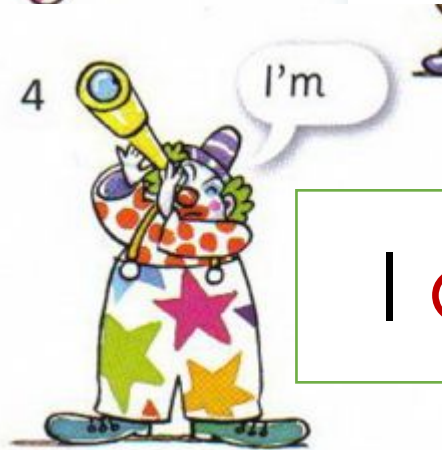
I am standing



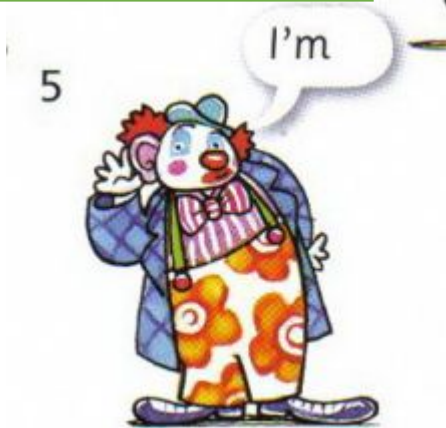
I am jumping



I am singing



I am looking



I am listening