

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.



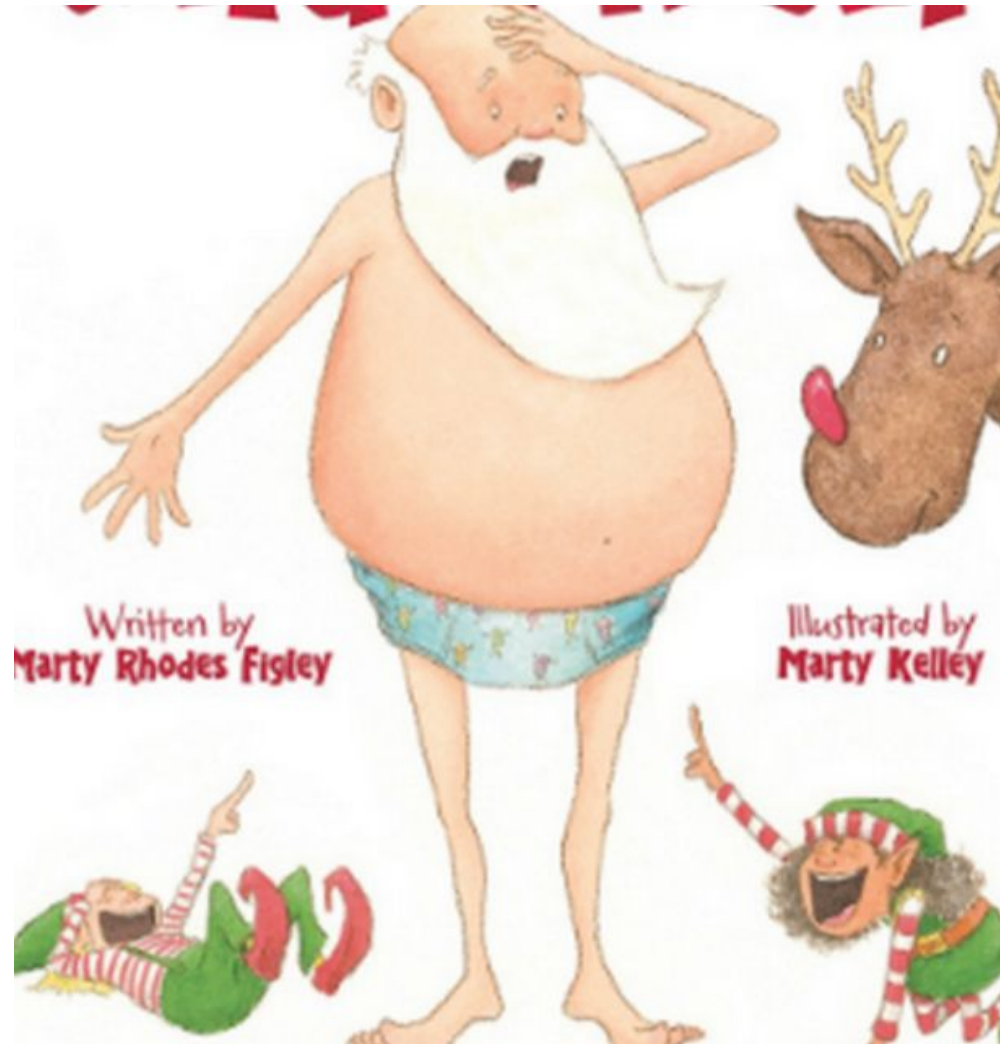
The river is
A frozen place
Held still beneath
The tree's black lace



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



Santa's underwear

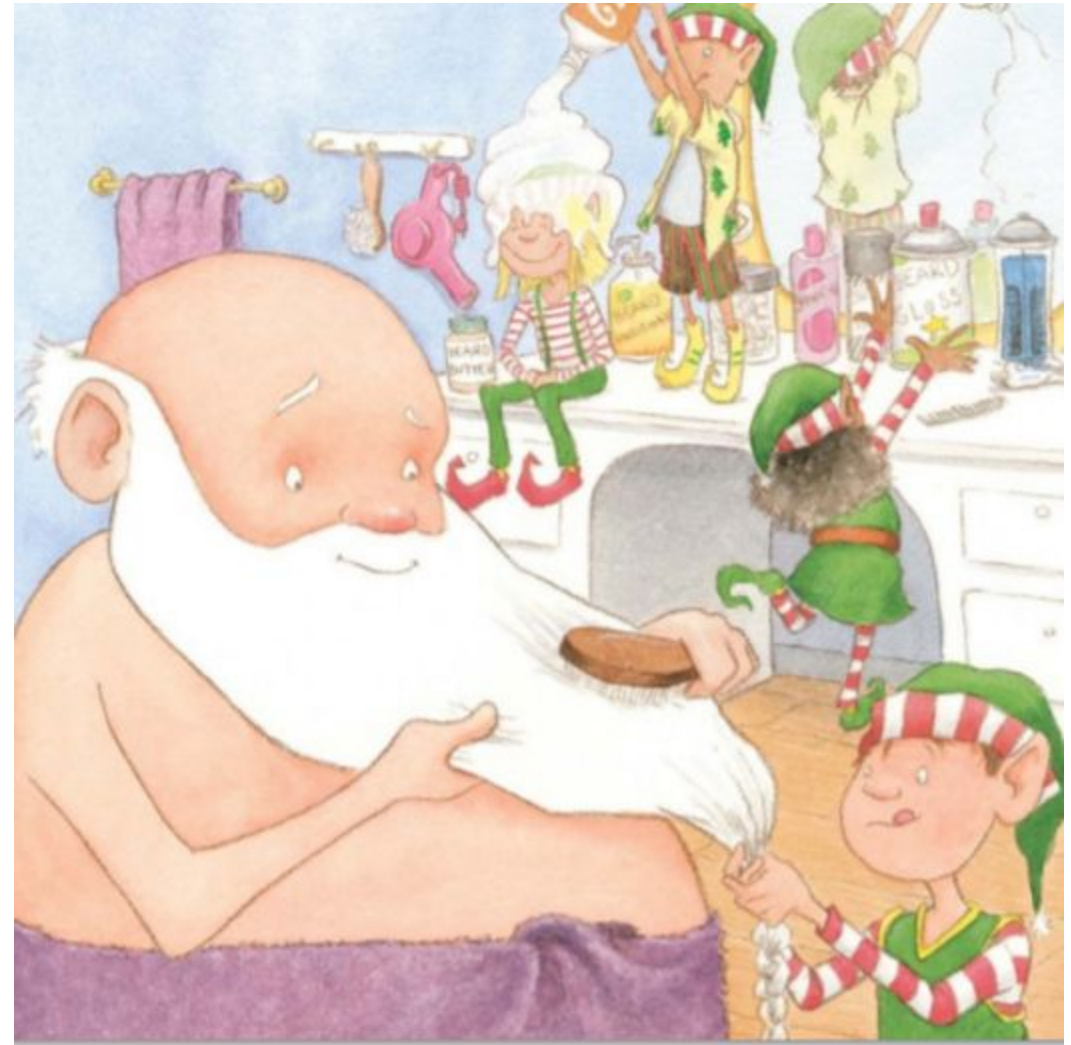


It is Christmas Eve. And time for Santa to get ready.



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?



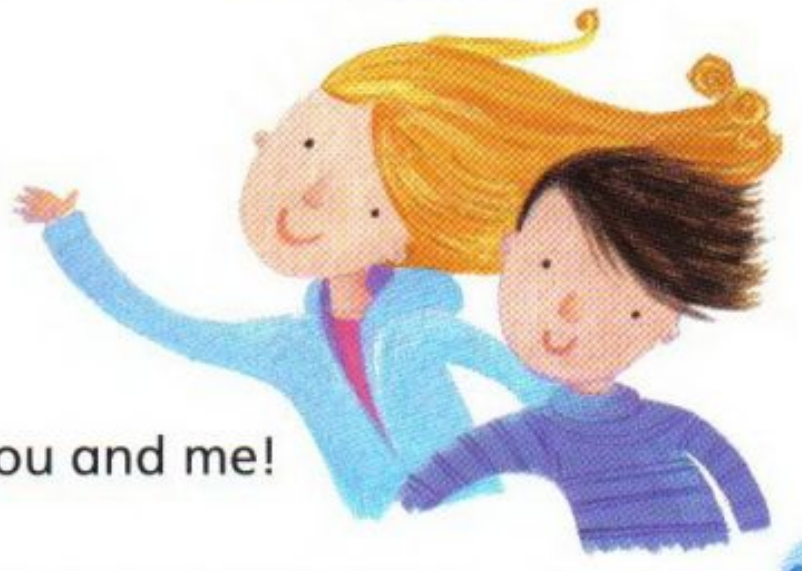


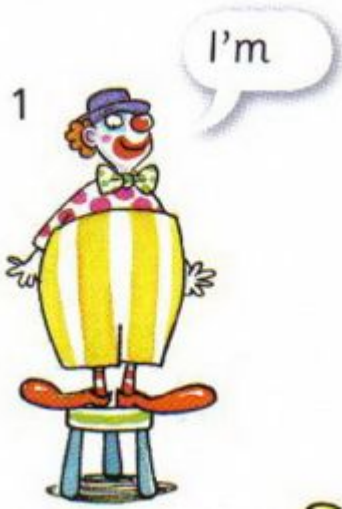
3 Now you!



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!





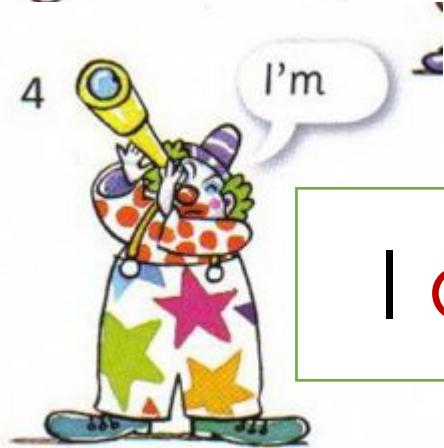
I am standing



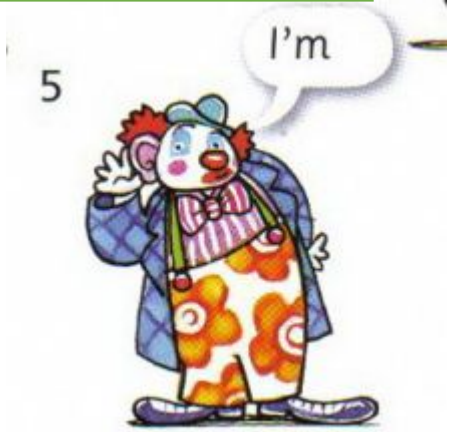
I am jumping



I am singing



I am looking



I am listening