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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