

Merry Christmas My Dear Friend

Its December 24th, yes it's Christmas Eve,
Still so much to do, that it's hard to believe!
More wrapping, and baking, and cleaning, it's true,
Yet something is tugging and biting my shoe!

As I shake my leg and look down to see,
There are two soulful eyes staring up at me.
'Oh Rover!' I snap, there's no time for play!
There is so much to do for Christmas day!

Rover turns to leave hanging his head
And shuffles on over to get in his bed.
As I watch him curl up with a deep heavy sigh,
A little tear forms at the edge of my eye.

For doesn't Rover deserve some Christmas glee?
And all he wants is to spend time with me!
So I grab up my coat and put on his collar,
Pick up a ball, turn to him, and holler.

'The wrapping and cooking and cleaning can wait!
We have just enough cookies for the Santa Claus plate!
So come on let's play!
Let's enjoy this day!

Merry Christmas my dear friend,
For you, it's time I will spend!

December 24, 2002
For the love of my best fiend
By Christie-Lee McNamara