**Amy’s Magic Night**

**The night is full of children whining,**

**The night is full of warm-baked cookies,**

**The night is full of carolers caroling,**

**You must sleep tight on Christmas Night.**

**I met a man with eyes of green,**

**And fingers as cold as a freezer,**

**With hair as white and soft as rice,**

**And a painful shoulder from a heavy sack.**

**The night is full of warm-baked cookies,**

**The night is full of carolers caroling,**

**You must sleep tight on Christmas Night.**

**With a bang he bashed through the door,**

**Laying our presents, under the tree.**

**He drank his milk while eating cookies,**

**Then, whirling and whisking, up the chimney he went.**

**The night is full of warm-baked cookies,**

**The night is full of carolers caroling,**

**You must sleep tight on Christmas Night.**

**Asking my name and where is the stocking?**

**I told him truthfully, it hung on the stairs,**

**Into the kitchen we went at once,**

**And ate cookies together under the Christmas light.**

**The night is full of warm-baked cookies,**

**The night is full of carolers caroling,**

**You must sleep tight on Christmas Night.**

**His beard grew as he drank his milk,**

**I wondered if he knew,**

**I found myself tucked safe in my bed**

**And wondered …..a dream or not?**

**The night is full of warm-baked cookies,**

**The night is full of carolers caroling,**

**You must sleep tight on Christmas Night.**