

Twas the night before Christmas, but my manger was bare
My Coat is still matted, the spots that aren't there
My thirst shows no Mercy on this day of the lord
My stall is still filthy, manure covering the floor
Outside the stars are brilliant, in the clear sky they shine
Peace and love fill the world, except the corner that's mine
Here it is cold and hunger that are more the rule
The season's joys and blessings aren't shared by the cruel.
My owner is comfortable, all snug in his bed
He doesn't care that I haven't been fed.
When Out in the pasture, what should I hear?
But the sound of a sleigh and the hoofs of reindeer!
I peered out of the stall for there raised quite a clatter.
As Santa strode in to see what was the matter.
I heard your poor suffering even from afar
Your owner doesn't deserve you, the good horse that you are.
The Scowl on his face didn't fit the jolly old elf.
His anger had gotten him quite beside himself
He threw open the stall door and in a flash
Had my rack filled with hay my bucket with mash!
You enjoy this he said as he strode to the house
I'm going to stir up more than a mouse!
As I munched I looked to see what would occur
Santa entered the house and he caused quite a stir.
He grabbed my owner by the back of his shirt
And pulled him to the barn, where he stopped with a jerk
This horse is Gods Creature placed in your care!
Santa shouted his wrath filling the air.
You have used and abused him for far to long
And worse you don't even think it is wrong!
I have your Christmas list Santa brought it fourth from his coat.
You want toys gizmos and a boat
Santa said with a grin your gift this yr is much better by far
Then any shiny new toys or even a car
My owner's eyes grew wide and filled with fear
Not sure what it was that next he would hear

Santa took a deep breath in said with a sigh
You shall switch lives with this little guy
Then laying his finger beside his nose
He winked at me and switched our rolls
I was no longer a horse all battered and thin
But stood on 2 feet wearing a grin
The horse in the stall neighed in protest
Santa just smiled and shook his head as he left
I heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight
Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night
I watered my horse and cleaned out his stall
Amazed that there are some seasons blessings after all