We Have With Us Today— Christmas

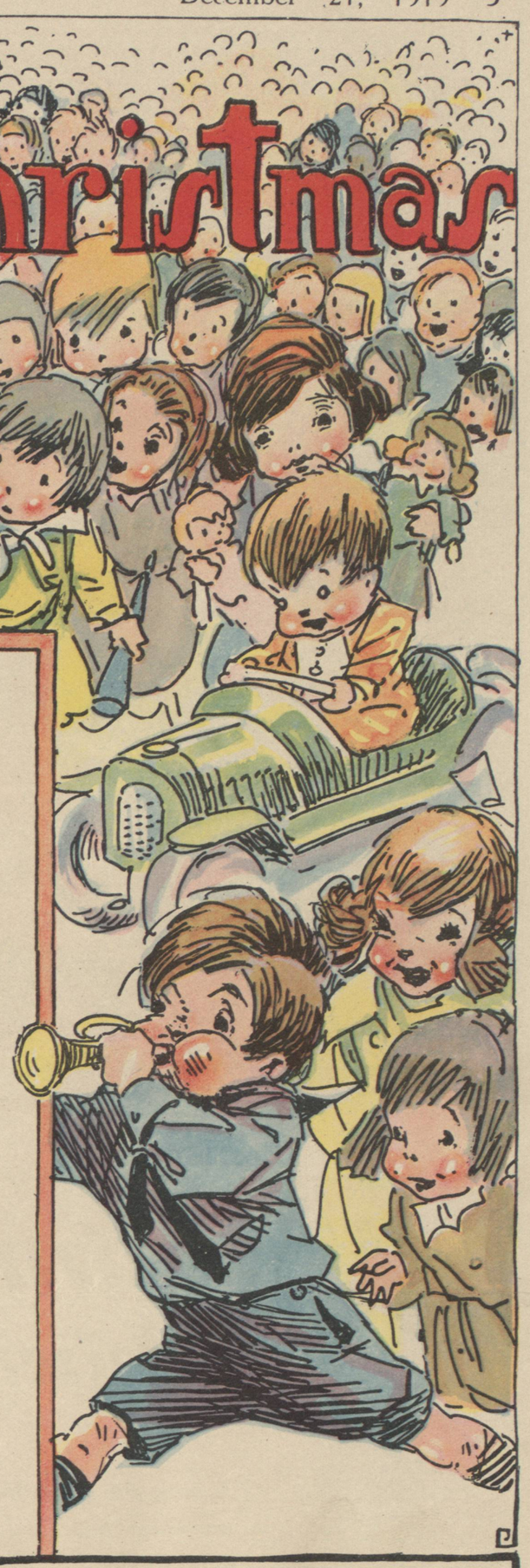
By GRANTLAND RICE & J. N. Ding.

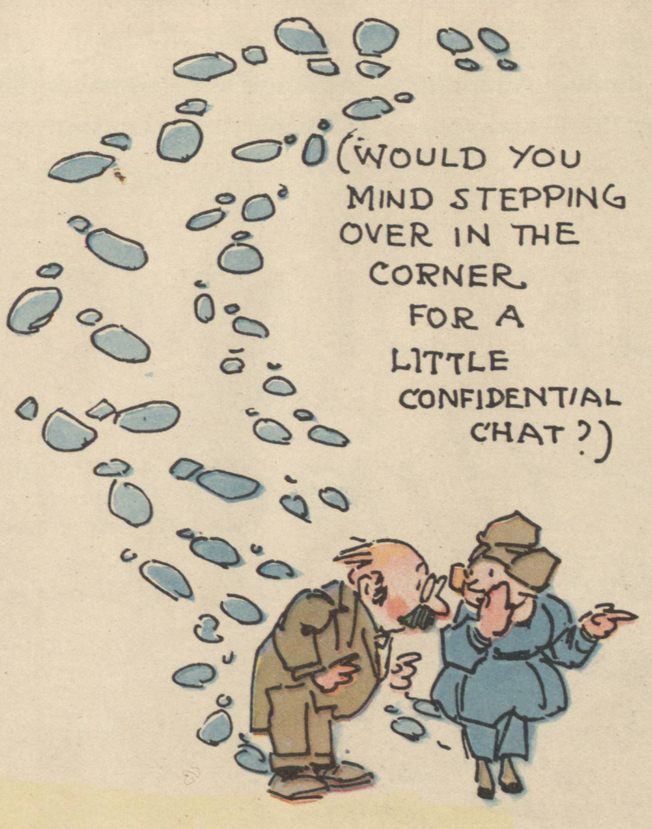
There's the call of the Little Tin Horn—
There's the roll of the Little Toy Drum;
As sure as anyone ever was born
Another world war has come.

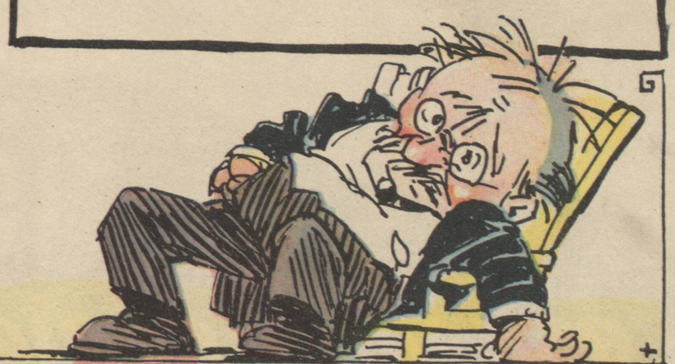
See—watch them mobilize—
Their standard's now unfurled;
Ten million kids with starry eyes
Who soon will hold the World.

Their captain, Santa Claus, will make
His raid on land and sea;
The next objective they will take
Will be the Christmas Tree.

Who is there to withstand
Amid the rolling drums
The wild charge of this gallant band
When Zero Hour comes?





The holly hangs down from the ceiling
All green with its berries aglow;
The sleigh-bells of Christmas are pealing
Over the drift of the snow;
The light of the universe drenches
The dreams of the children that flock;
And the boys are all out of the trenches—
But the Head of the House is in hock.

He tries to be happy and cheerful,
To mix with the youngsters at play;
But he knows he will soon get a ear-full
From creditors yearning for pay;
"They ought to make Christmas unlawful,"
He says as he looks at his purse;
"The High Cost of Living is awful—
But the High Cost of Giving is worse."