**Приложение 3 стихотворение**

**SANTA CLAUS**

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,

And looked like a peddler just opening his sack.

His eyes how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,

And smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face, and a little round belly

That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump,-- a right jolly old elf—

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.