

Nellie and Her Blanket.

You came to me at Christmas,
With your lovely soft-gray folds,
To protect me from the rigors
Of the Winters waves of cold.

I patted you and hugged you,
And showed you to my friends,
Folded you gently into shape,
So to your needs I'd lend.

I hung you nicely on a chair,
Where I'd behold you ever,
Then thought, I must not leave you there
For dust you must get never.

So into the suitcase I bestowed
My pride and joy so dear,
For if I couldn't see you there
I knew that you were near.

Then came a letter from the giver,
With instructions very clear,
"Must keep you near me where I am,
For harm I need not fear."