

A story this is,
So long ago told
Now long forgot
May I be so bold

There once was a time
With every Christmas stocking shorn
For every child across the land
Came a candy cane on Christmas morn

Now the problem Santa Faced
As he plucked the canes from trees
Near his home in the North Pole
They always came in 3s!

The problem you see
Is not the sets of 3
But some too short, others too long and might
Only some settled at a height just right

So after a fateful Christmas
Where the shrub went to Bucky
and Sally got lucky
And only some got canes at a height just right
Santa knew this wouldn't do-



'Blisty the Magic Christmas Ornament' Author, Barrett R Solberg
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'Blisty, The Magic Christmas Ornament'

Santa spring home, the North Pole he flew,
He consulted his friend Blisty
Blisty the Magic Christmas ornament
'Oh Blisty Oh Blisty what am I to do?'
Blisty you've heard of no?
The song from so long ago?

Blisty, the magic Christmas Ornament
Was a very magic Christmas ornament

He would hang on the tree,

Say don't look at me,

Cuz I might fall down one day

There must have been something yucky in that pumpkin pie
he ate,

Cuz when he put it in his belly,

He began to regurgitate!

Oh Blisty, the magic Christmas ornament

He knew what to do

The magic he could cast

No more sizing problems would ensue

But to cast such magic

Would use up all his power

The price to be paid left him bereft

A snowflake, one of millions,

Would be all that's left

But to fix such a problem

So noble a task

When Santa came back to check on Blisty

'Trust me,' Blisty said, 'that's all I ask.'

No more candy canes in sets of 3, by Blisty Christmas light-

With some too short, others too long and might

And only some settled at a height just right

So now every Christmas morning,
Along with the snowflakes brilliant glow
Comes a cane in each stocking

All the same size, don't you know!