

# A Wild Dream

♩ = 135

Last night as I lay on my soft pillow sleep - ing, I  
 I flew over mountains and ice cover - ed wat - ers, To  
 To - geth - er they hast - ened to a room that was chill - y, That in  
 With eyes fixed and wild, he set out to des - troy it, Yes,  
 A - las, she was help - less, as his cour - age strength - ened, And  
 He then raised his arms and with re - newed cour - age, He  
 Then sapped of his strength this joll - y old fell - ow, Held his  
 I a - woke to the sounds of the birds sweet - ly sing - ing, Be -

dreamt I saw Sant - a and his el - vin throng; My  
 finall - y a - rrive at his snow - y north home; Then  
 those earl - y hours was noise - less and hushed; And  
 ev - en though Mrs. Claus rose to de - clare: That the  
 for the last time she did make her de - mands; But,  
 swift - ly set out on his err - and of woe; He  
 breath as he viewed the new fresh - ness of youth; And  
 - side my dear tedd - y who was still lost in sleep; And I

free spir - it soared ov - er per - il - ous snow - drifts,  
 Mrs. they Claus whisper - ed (in my un - seen pres - ence),  
 there they stood tremb - ling as he (in red P - Js),  
 kids would for - sake him if he had no long - er  
 fate was im - pend - ing, he rejoiced and was eag - er,  
 got not a scratch - ev - en though he was shak - ing,  
 much to the surprise of this bare faced Sant - a,  
 laughed when I thought of that dream a - bout Sant - a,

*ritard.*

Blown, as it were, by the wind of a song.  
 Words of dis - may that this hour had come.  
 Ad - mired the beard he'd so lov - ing - ly brushed.  
 That mark of dis - tinct - ion that gave him such flair.  
 Then fastened the raz - or with bolts to his hands.  
 And emerged as a strang - er, some - one he once knew!  
 Mrs. Claus loved the new look - that's the truth!  
 Shav - ing his beard while behind cur - tains I peeped.