

Poem for Speech Meet to be memorized by January

Our Snowman
By Lucille Chiddix

Our fat snowman
Was a comical sight,
He had two hands,
But he couldn't write.

He had a wide grin,
But he couldn't talk.
He had a tall cane,
But he couldn't walk.

He had four buttons,
But he had no coat.
We tied a big bow
Around his throat.

The sun looked down
On our fat snowman,
Said mother, "I fear
He'll get a bad tan."

By noon the poor fellow
Had tears in his eyes.
By four he was down
To Tom Thumb size.

By the time the moon shone
On the fast melting snow,
He was down to nothing
But his buttons and bow.

Recitation includes the title and author