



*The choir of angels sang their joy;
The groundhog heard them sing
And so set out for Bethlehem
To see the infant king.*

*So cold and dark the winter,
So deep the ice and snow,
So treacherous the footing,
The going was so slow,*

*That when he got to Bethlehem,
He found an empty stall;
Gone were angels, shepherds, kings,
And Holy Family, all.*

*So thus did Holy Groundhog
Realize his fate:
To be the patron saint of those
Who send their greetings late.*