"And I'll bring them down to the earth below
As a gift for some dear little folks I know."
But the stars had heard, and they ran to hide,
And the elf couldn't catch them, though he tried.

He was very sad, that poor little elf,
Till he thought: "I will make some stars myself,
Some stars that my dear little friends will love
Almost as well as the stars above."

So he set to work with a right good will,
And painted and pasted, and snipped, until
He had made the wonderful book you see,
Full of "Twinkling Pictures" for you and me.

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