

Zeitschrift: Helvetia : magazine of the Swiss Society of New Zealand
Herausgeber: Swiss Society of New Zealand
Band: 78 (2012)
Heft: [8]

Artikel: Samichlaus poems
Autor: Blaser, Adrian
DOI: <https://doi.org/10.5169/seals-944096>

Nutzungsbedingungen

Die ETH-Bibliothek ist die Anbieterin der digitalisierten Zeitschriften auf E-Periodica. Sie besitzt keine Urheberrechte an den Zeitschriften und ist nicht verantwortlich für deren Inhalte. Die Rechte liegen in der Regel bei den Herausgebern beziehungsweise den externen Rechteinhabern. Das Veröffentlichen von Bildern in Print- und Online-Publikationen sowie auf Social Media-Kanälen oder Webseiten ist nur mit vorheriger Genehmigung der Rechteinhaber erlaubt. [Mehr erfahren](#)

Conditions d'utilisation

L'ETH Library est le fournisseur des revues numérisées. Elle ne détient aucun droit d'auteur sur les revues et n'est pas responsable de leur contenu. En règle générale, les droits sont détenus par les éditeurs ou les détenteurs de droits externes. La reproduction d'images dans des publications imprimées ou en ligne ainsi que sur des canaux de médias sociaux ou des sites web n'est autorisée qu'avec l'accord préalable des détenteurs des droits. [En savoir plus](#)

Terms of use

The ETH Library is the provider of the digitised journals. It does not own any copyrights to the journals and is not responsible for their content. The rights usually lie with the publishers or the external rights holders. Publishing images in print and online publications, as well as on social media channels or websites, is only permitted with the prior consent of the rights holders. [Find out more](#)

Download PDF: 18.04.2026

ETH-Bibliothek Zürich, E-Periodica, <https://www.e-periodica.ch>



All about Santa Claus

The Best Gift

On Christmas Eve, a young boy with light in his eyes
Looked deep into Santa's eyes, to Santa's surprise
And said as he sat on Santa's broad knee,
"I want your secret. Tell it to me."

He leaned up and whispered in Santa's good ear
"How do you do it, year after year?"
"I want to know how, as you travel about,
Giving gifts here and there, you never run out."

How is it, dear Santa, that in your pack of toys
You have plenty for all of the world's girls and boys?
Stays so full, never empties, as you make your way
From rooftop to rooftop, to homes large and small,
From nation to nation, reaching them all?"

And Santa smiled kindly and said to the boy,
"Don't ask me hard questions. Don't you want a toy?"
But the child shook his head, and Santa could see
That he needed the answer. "Now listen to me,"

He told that small boy with the light in his eyes,
"My secret will make you sadder and wise.
"The truth is that my sack is magic inside
It holds millions of toys for my Christmas Eve ride."

But although I do visit each girl and each boy
I don't always leave them a gaily wrapped toy.
Some homes are hungry, some homes are sad,
Some homes are desperate, some homes are bad.

Some homes are broken, and the children there grieve.
Those homes I visit, but what should I leave?
"My sleigh is filled with the happiest stuff,
But for homes where despair lives toys aren't enough."

So I tiptoe in, kiss each girl and boy,
And I pray with them that they'll be given the joy
Of the spirit of Christmas, the spirit that lives
In the heart of the dear child who gets not, but gives.

If only God hears me and answers my prayer,
When I visit next year, what I will find there
Are homes filled with peace, and with giving, and love
And boys and girls gifted with light from above.

It's a very hard task, my smart little brother,
To give toys to some, and to give prayers to others.
But the prayers are the best gifts, the best gifts indeed,
For God has a way of meeting each person's need.

"That's part of the answer. The rest, my dear youth,
Is that my sack is magic. And that is the truth.
In my sack I carry on Christmas Eve day
More love than a Santa could ever give away."

The sack never empties of love, or of joys
'Cause inside it are prayers, and hope. Not just toys.
The more that I give, the fuller it seems,
Because giving is my way of fulfilling dreams.

"And do you know something? You've got a sack, too.
It's as magic as mine, and it's inside of you.
It never gets empty, it's full from the start.
It's the center of light, and love. It's your heart."

And if on this Christmas you want to help me,
Don't be so concerned with the gifts 'neath your tree.
Open that sack called your heart, and share
Your joy, your friendship, your wealth, your care."

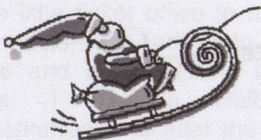
The light in the small boy's eyes was glowing.
"Thanks for your secret. I've got to be going."
"Wait, little boy," said Santa, "don't go.
Will you share? Will you help? Will you use what you know?"

And just for a moment the small boy stood still,
Touched his heart with his small hand and whispered, "I
will."

By Betty Werth

<http://www.appleseeds.org/christmas-quotes.htm>

Samichlaus poems



Sami Niggi Näggi

Sami Niggi Näggi

hinderem Ofe stäggi

Gib mer Nuss und Bire

dä Chummi hindere füre!

Dä Samichlaus

Vom Himmel falled d'Flöckli
wie Fäderli listig-lis
em Samichlaus sis Hüüsi
und d'Tännli sind scho wiiss.
Vo jedem Chind im Dörfli
weiss er alles ganz genau
und mängisch mues er süüfzge -
dänn süffzged s'Eseli au.

Samichlaus

Samichlaus du guete Maa
ändlich bisch du wieder da.
Chonsch cho luege was ich mache
wie n ich spiele, singe und lache.
Tuesch mich lehre s' Härz
verschänke
au e chli a di andere dänke.
Nur so bin ich sälber froh
s' Christchind cha zue mer cho.

Contributed by Adrian Blaser