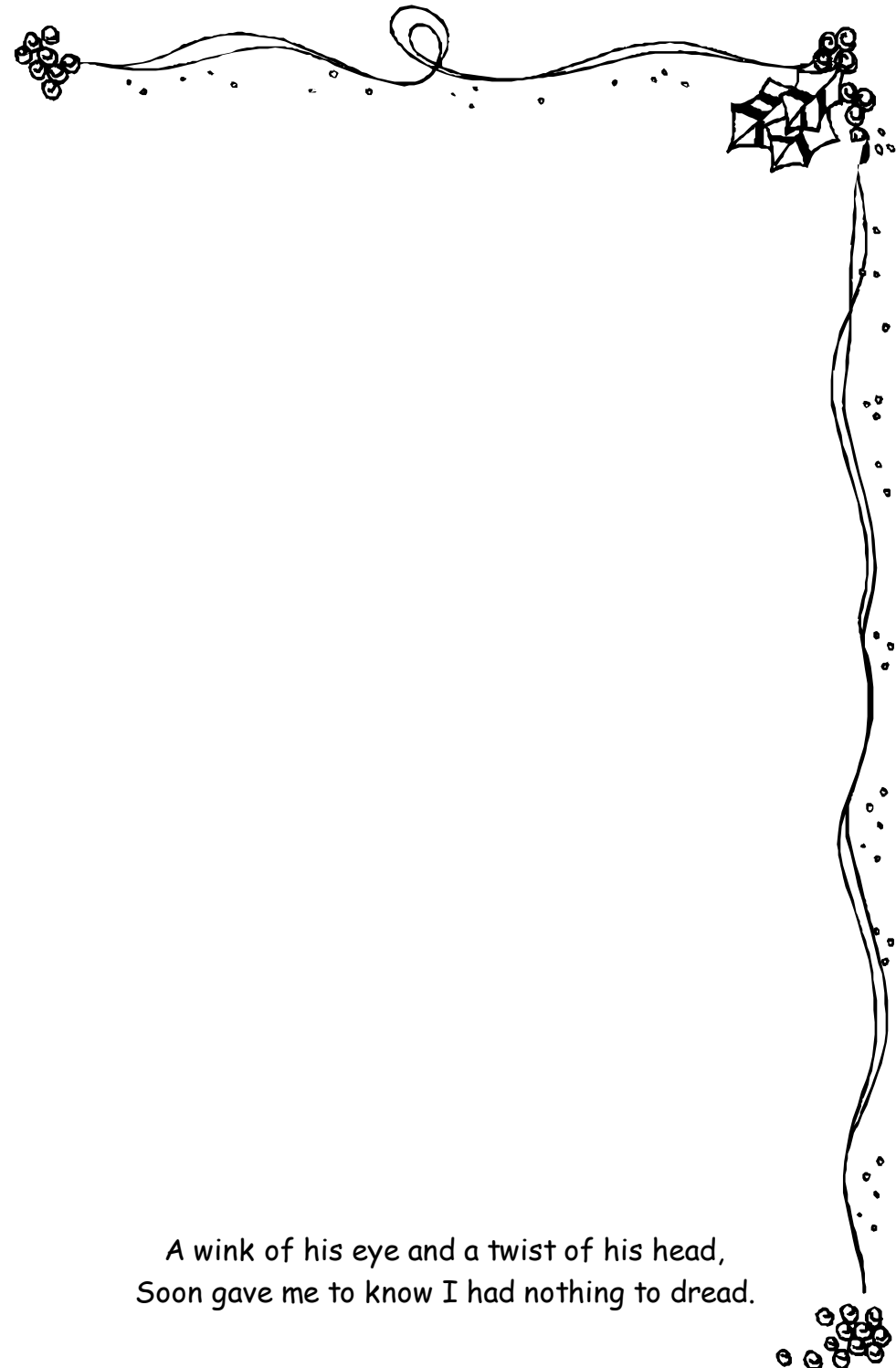


The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
Gave the luster of mid-day to objects below.  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer.



A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.