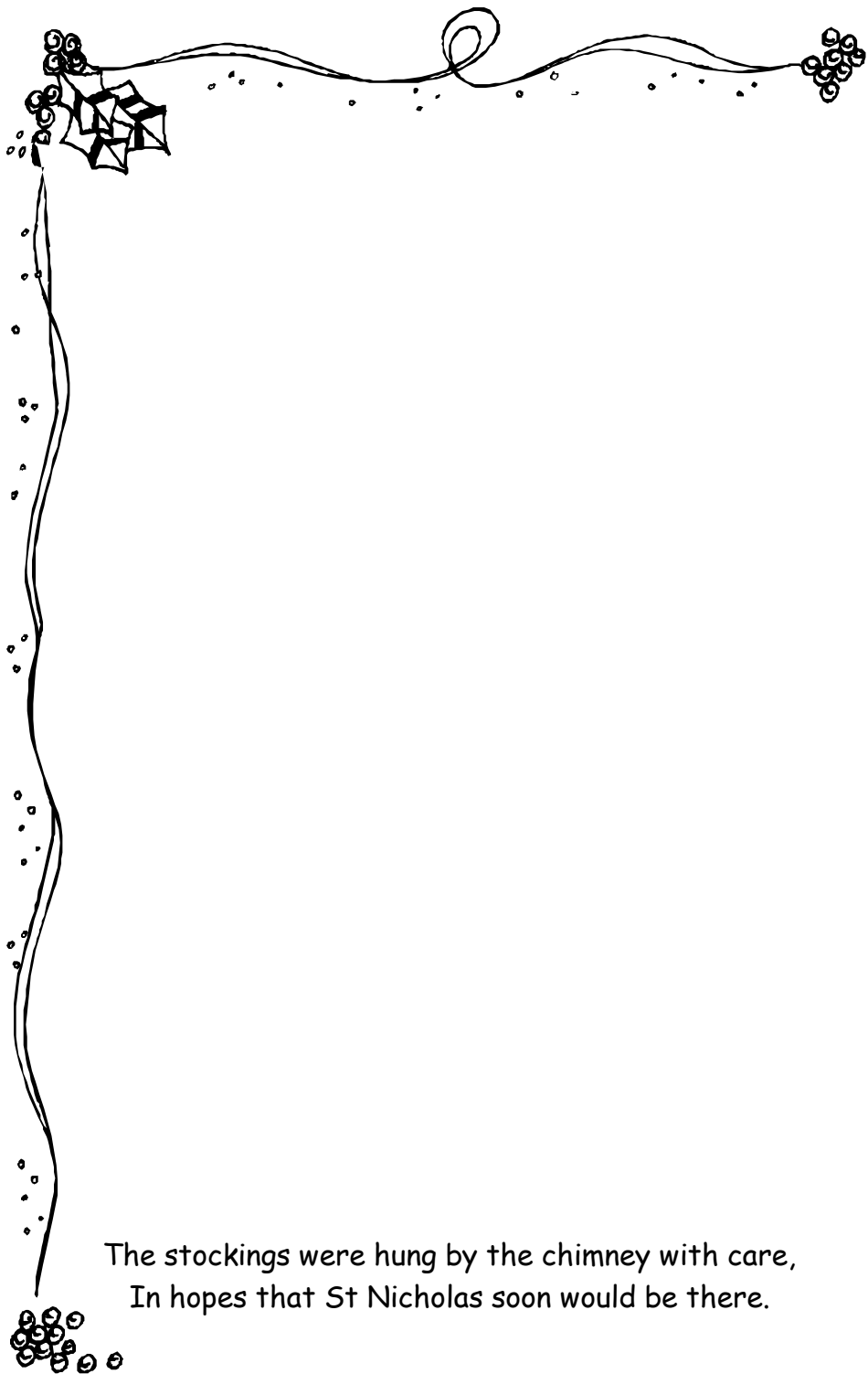


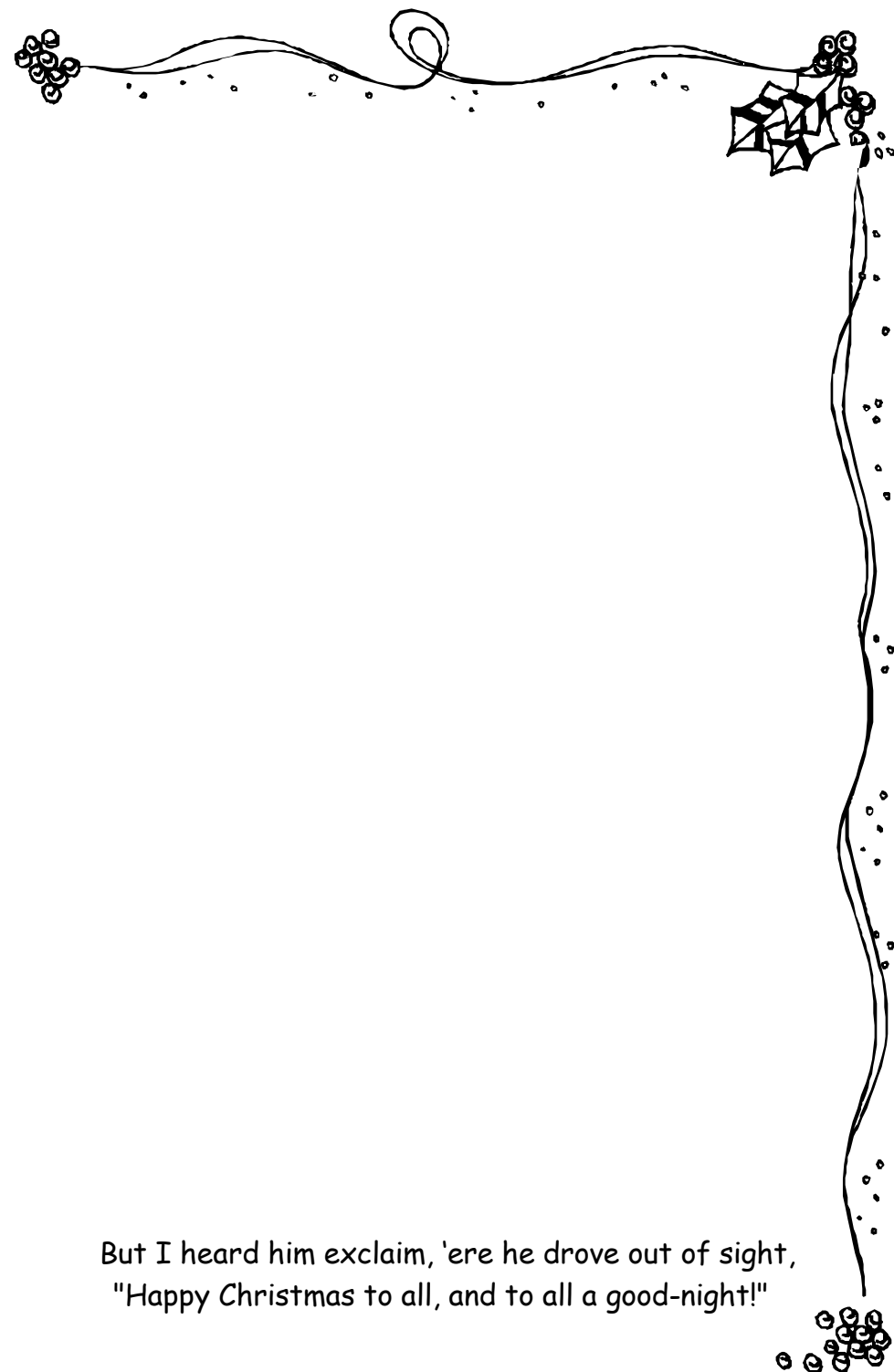


The End

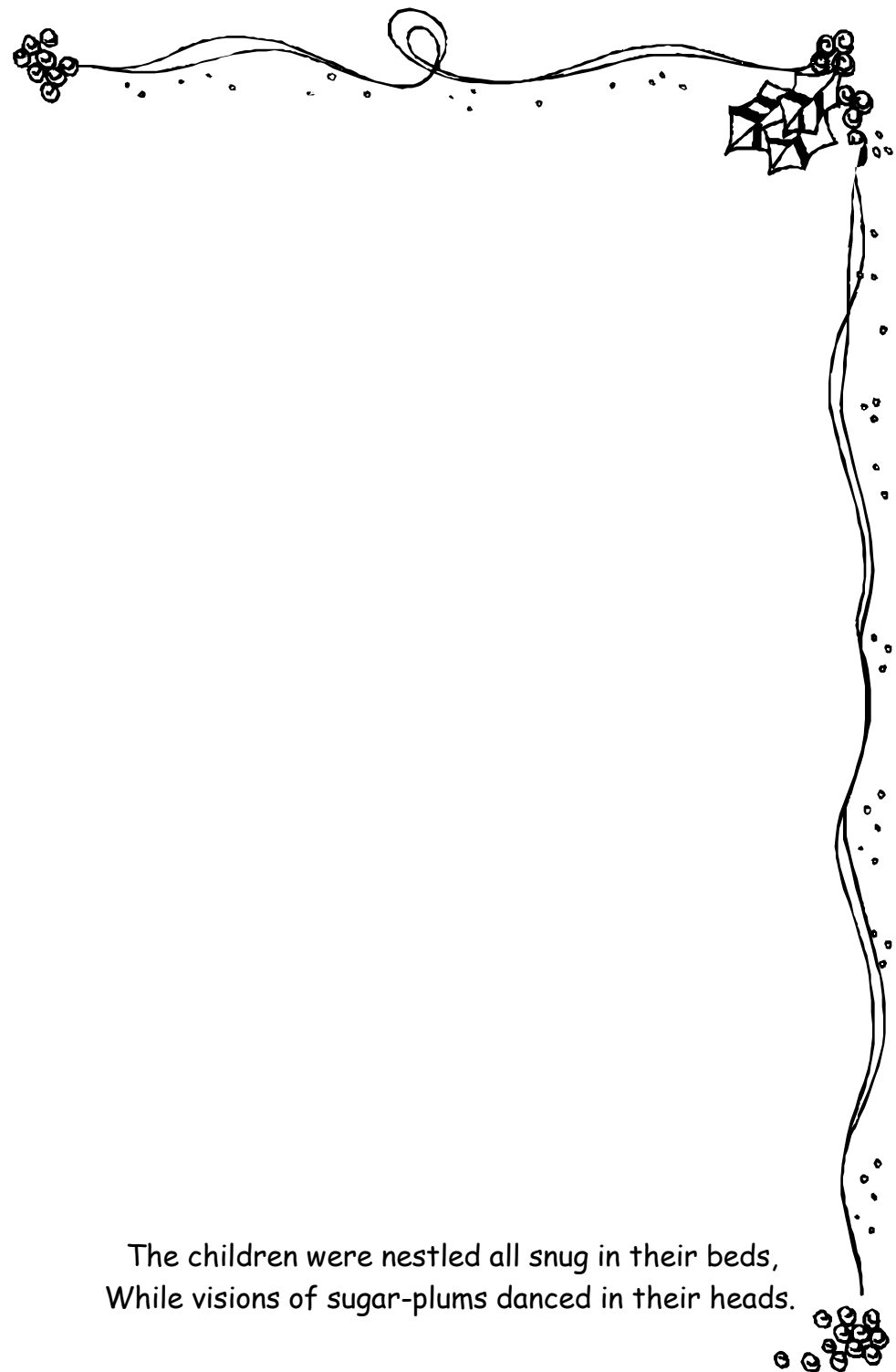
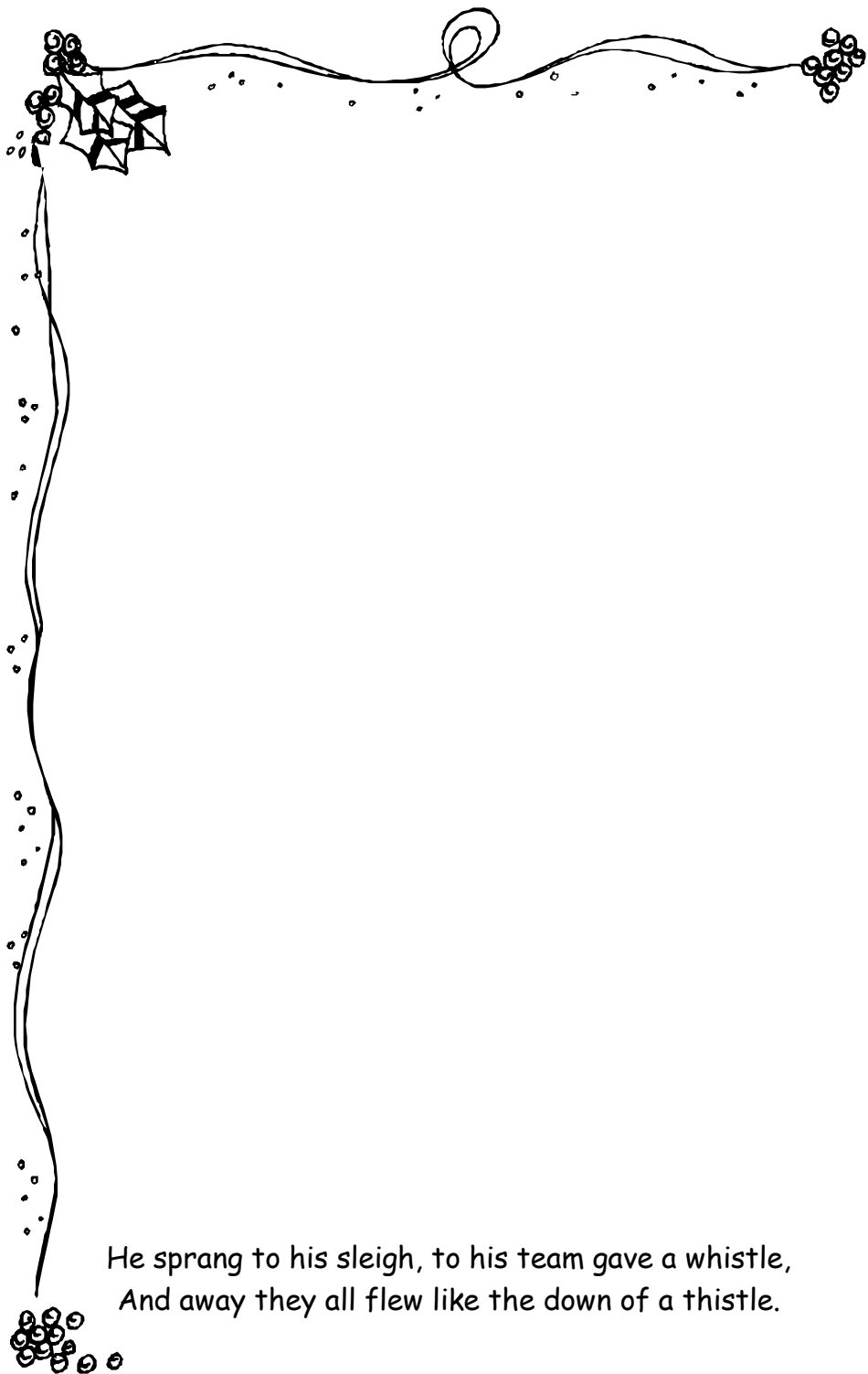
Twas the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
not even a mouse.

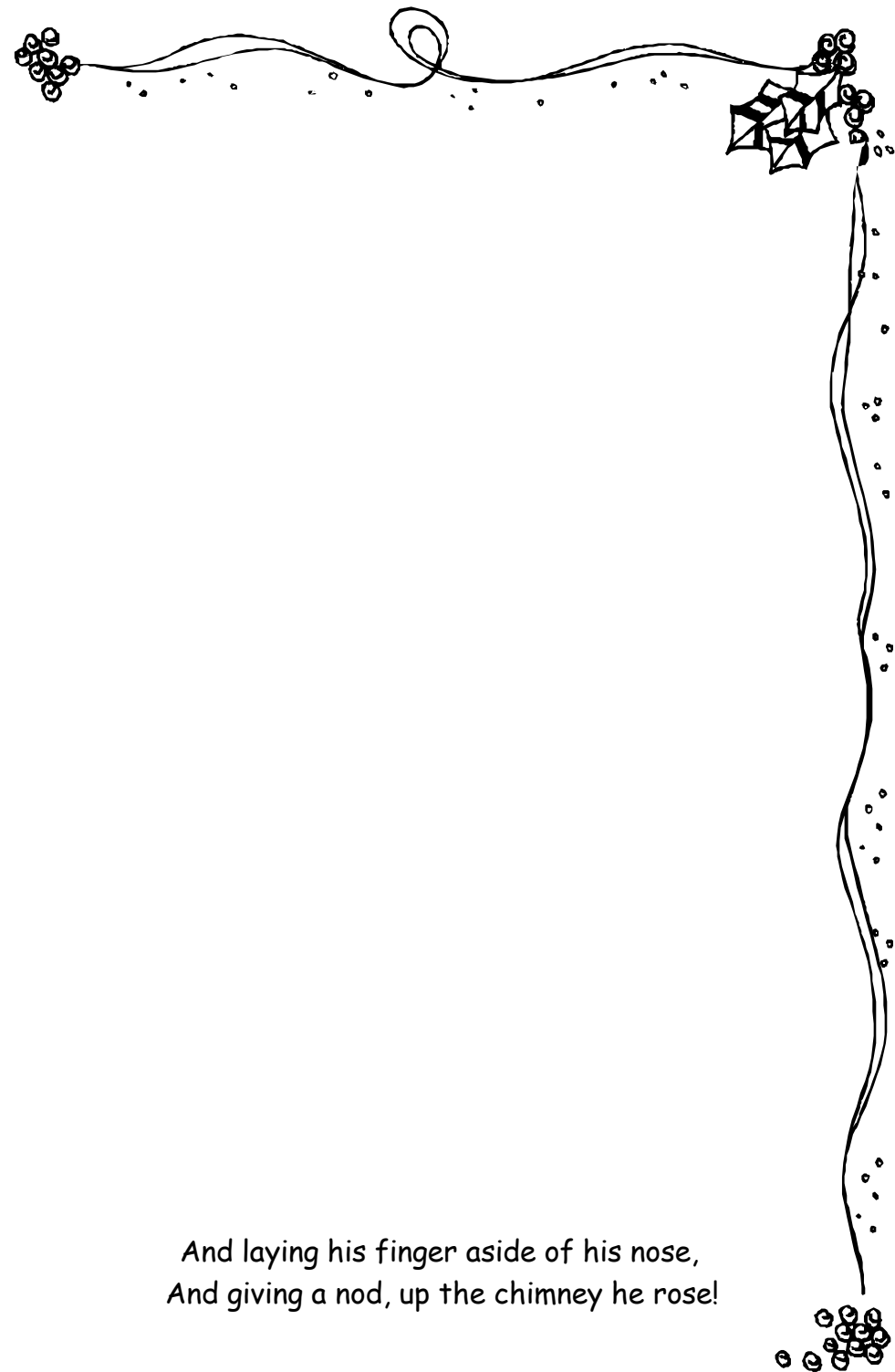
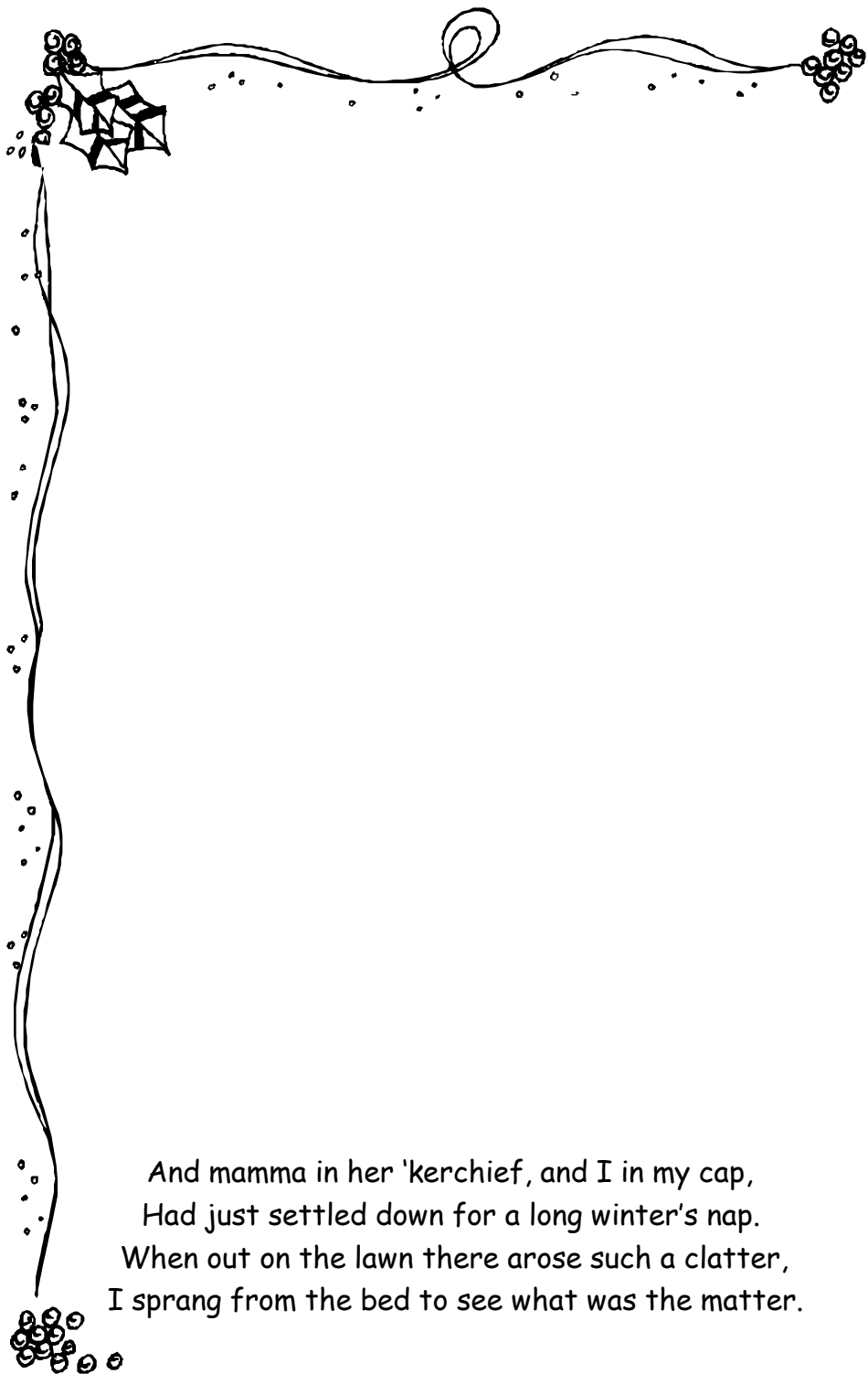


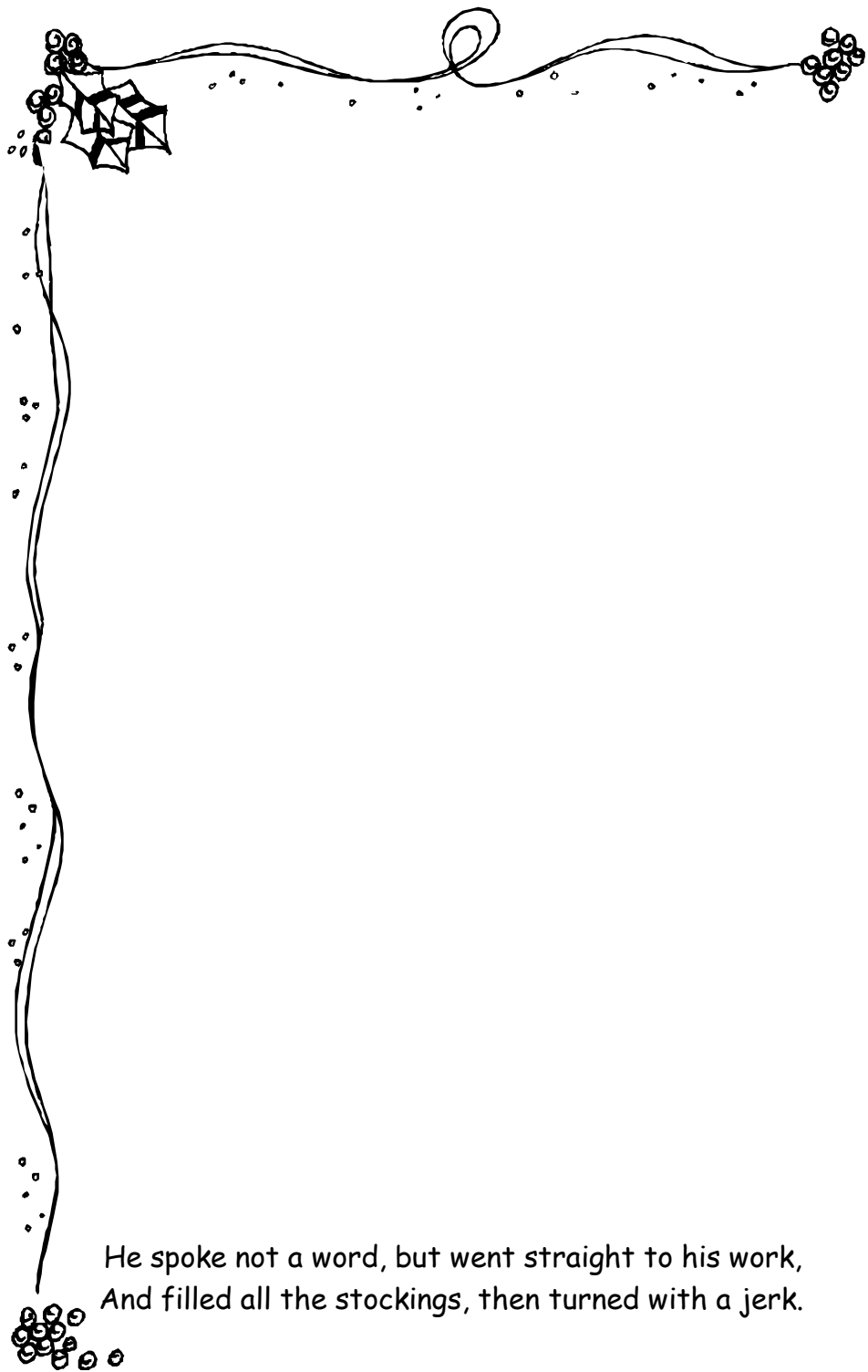
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there.



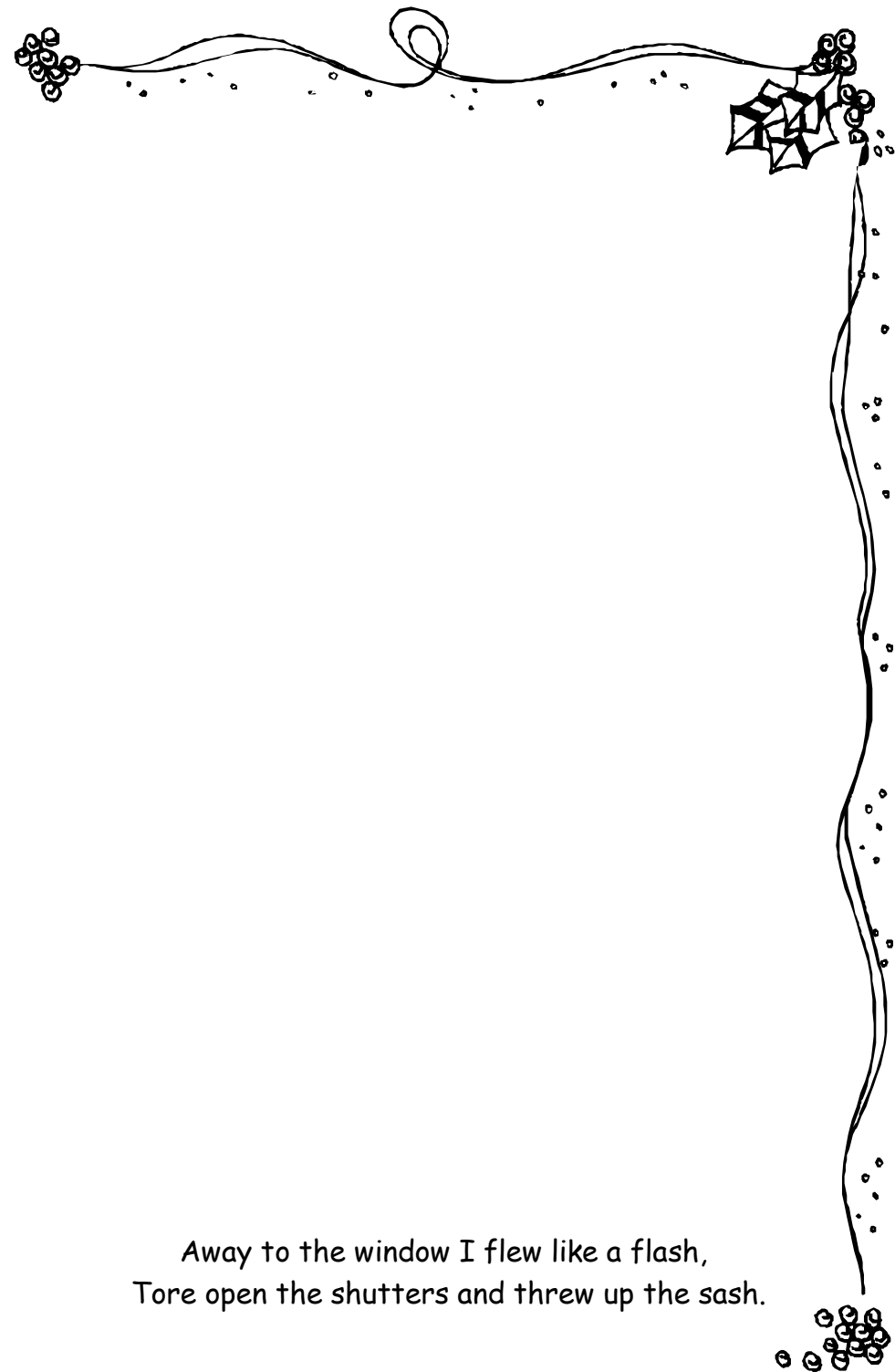
But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"



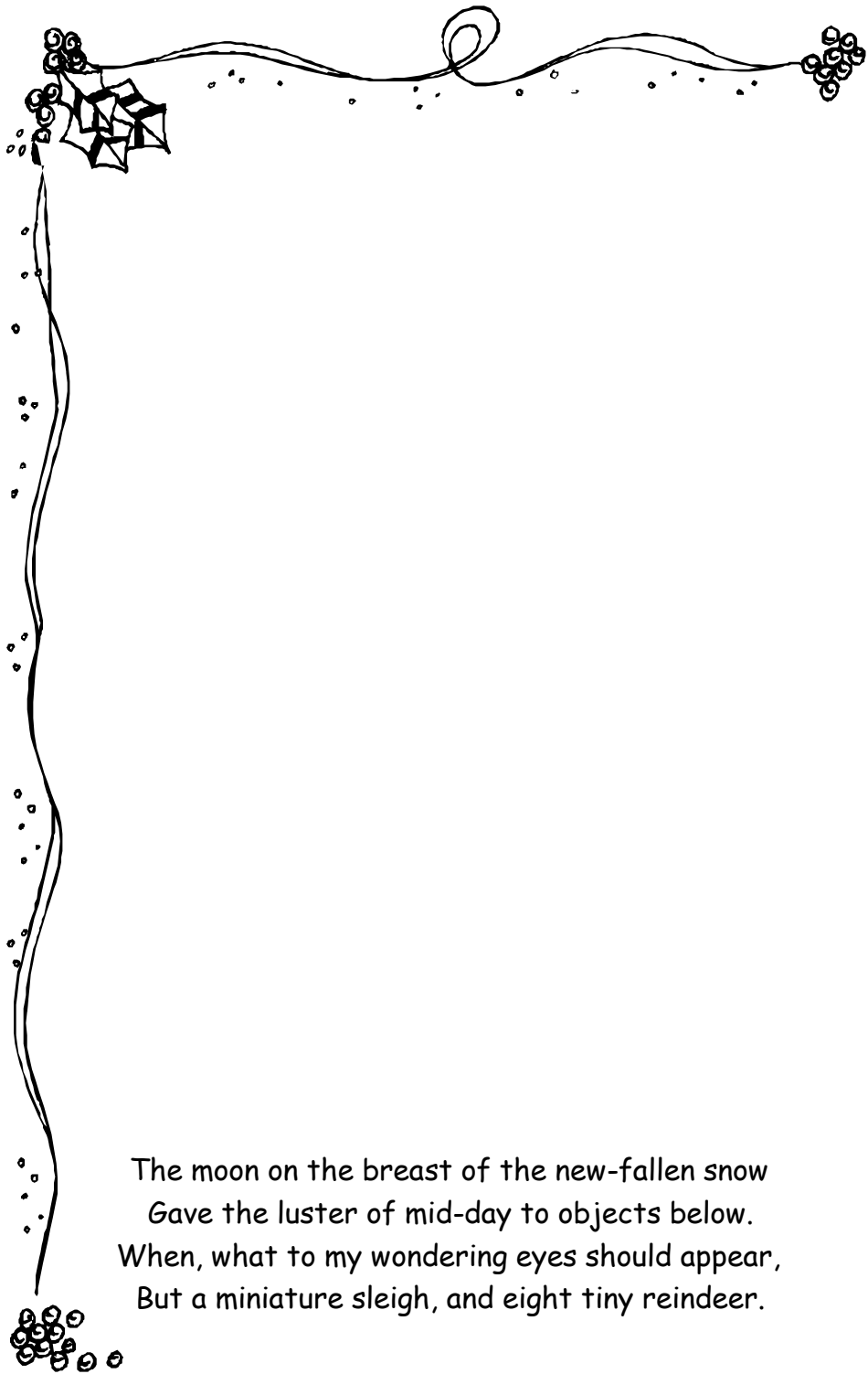




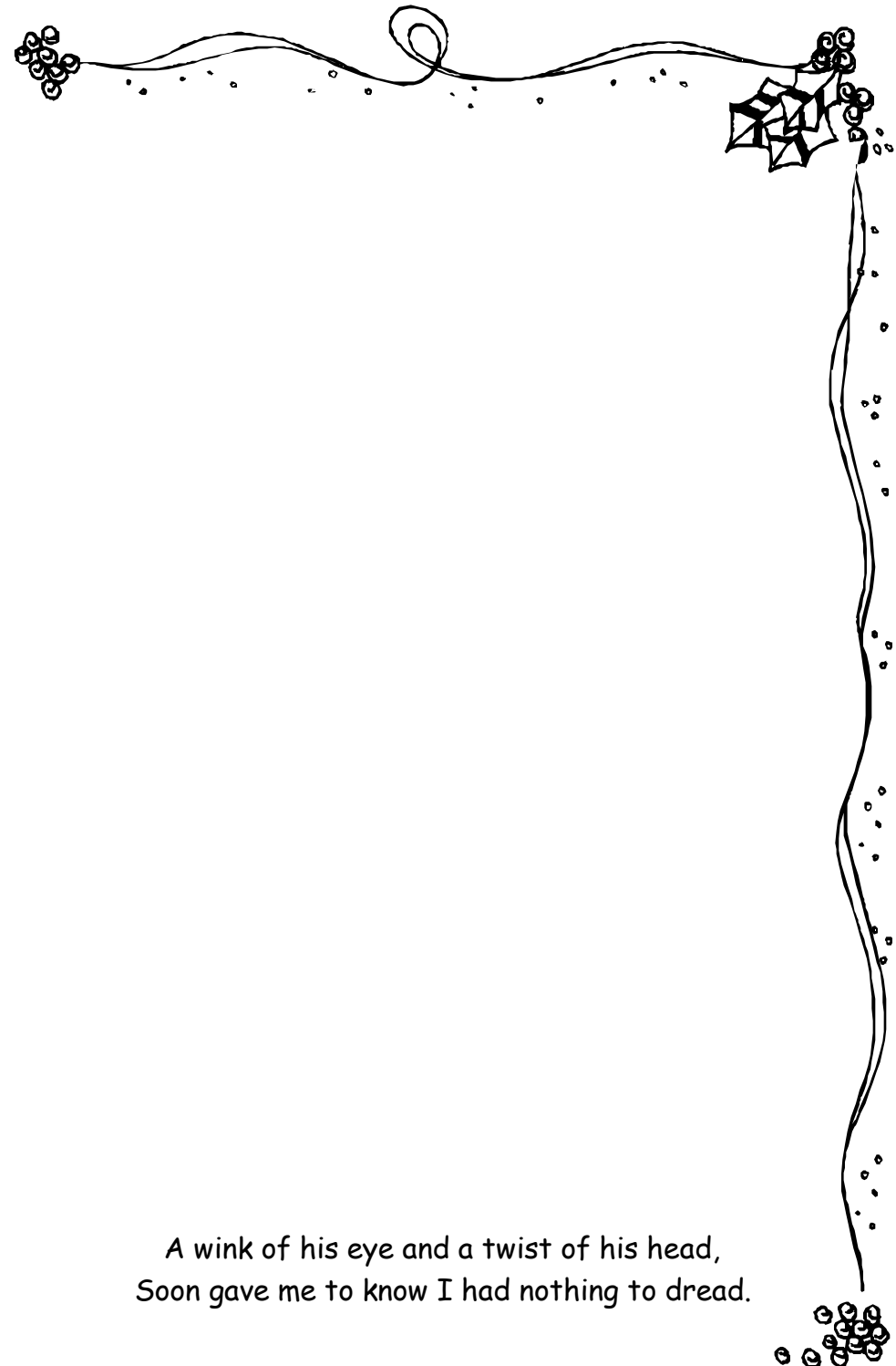
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk.



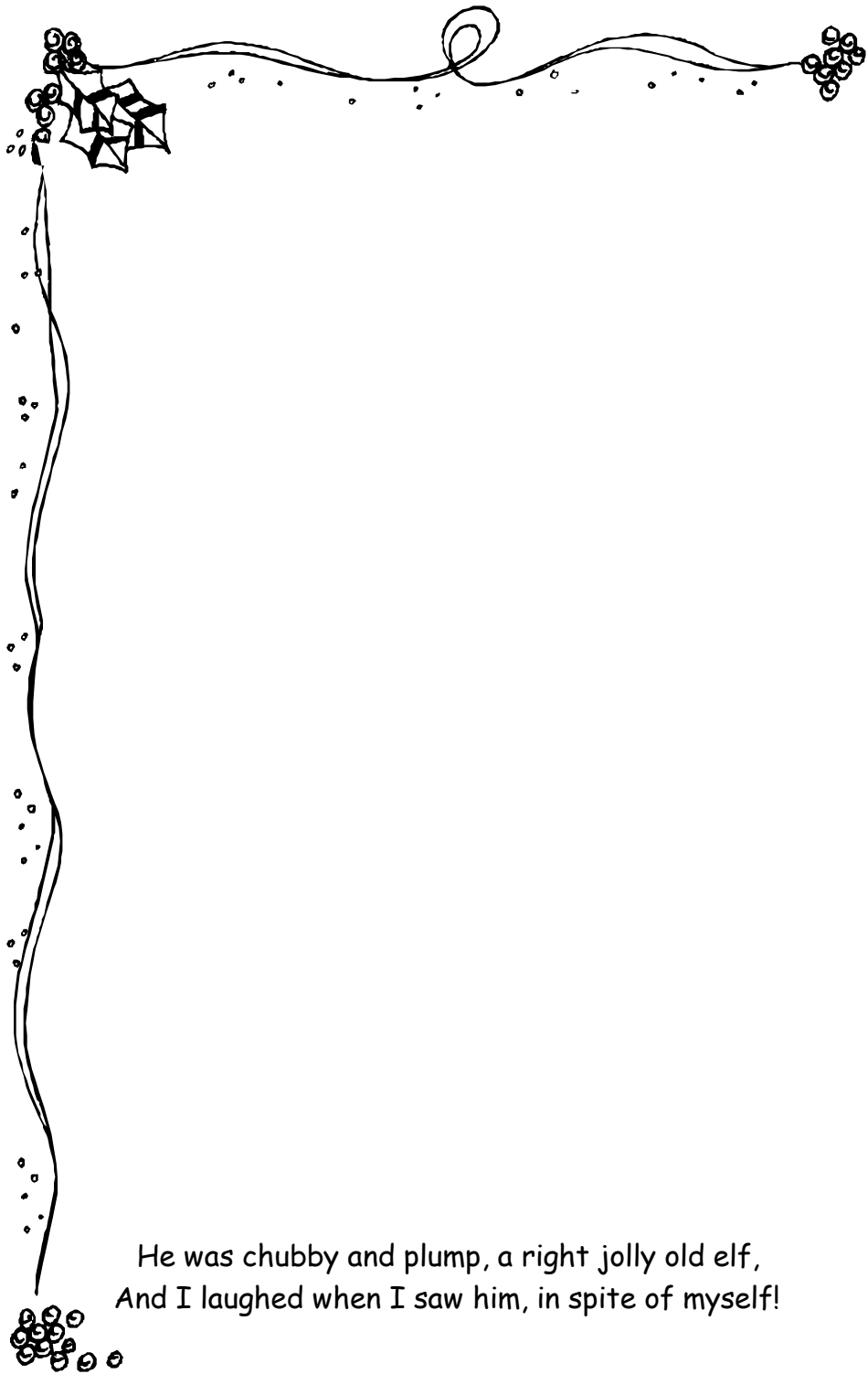
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.



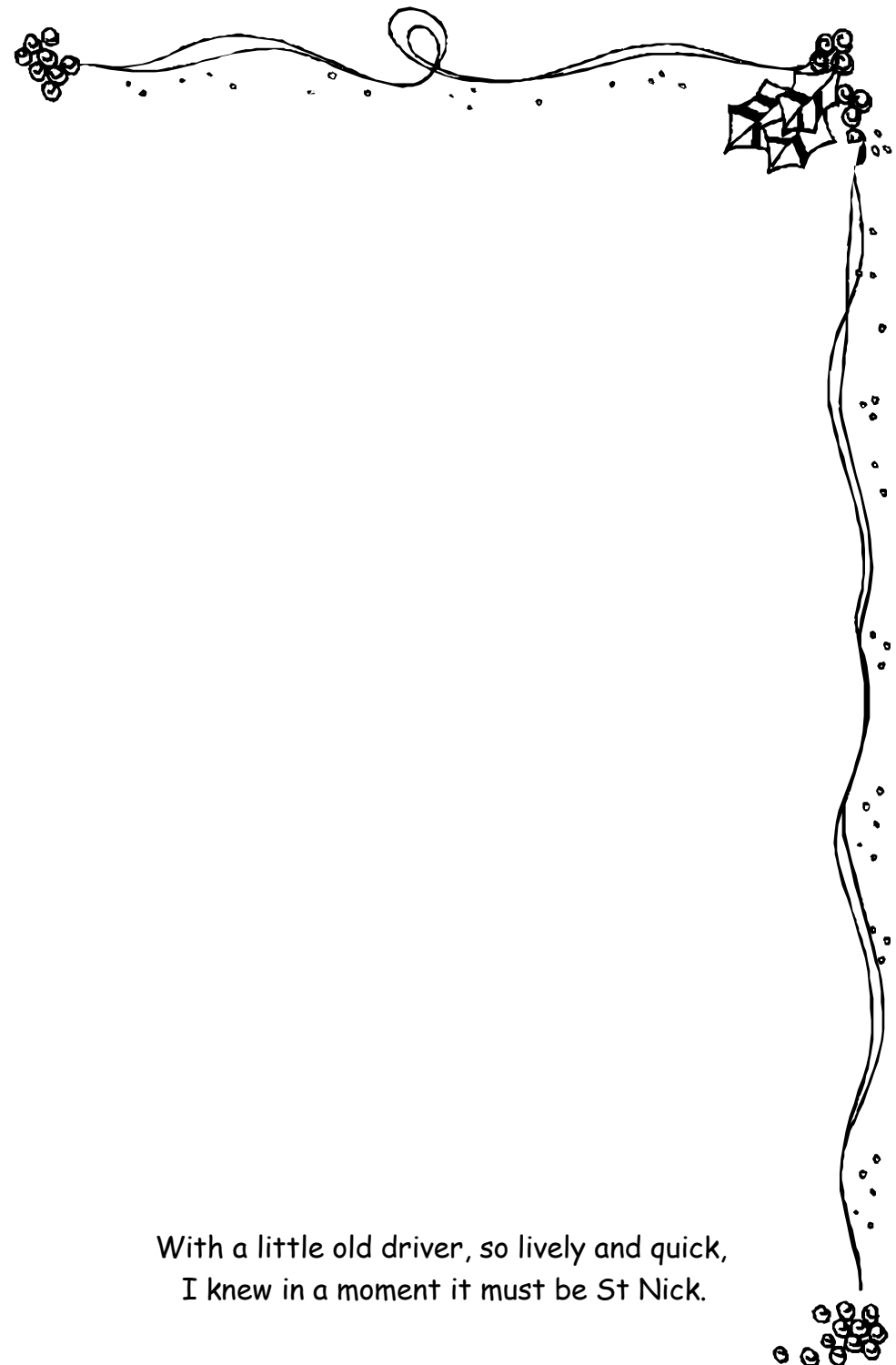
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of mid-day to objects below.
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer.



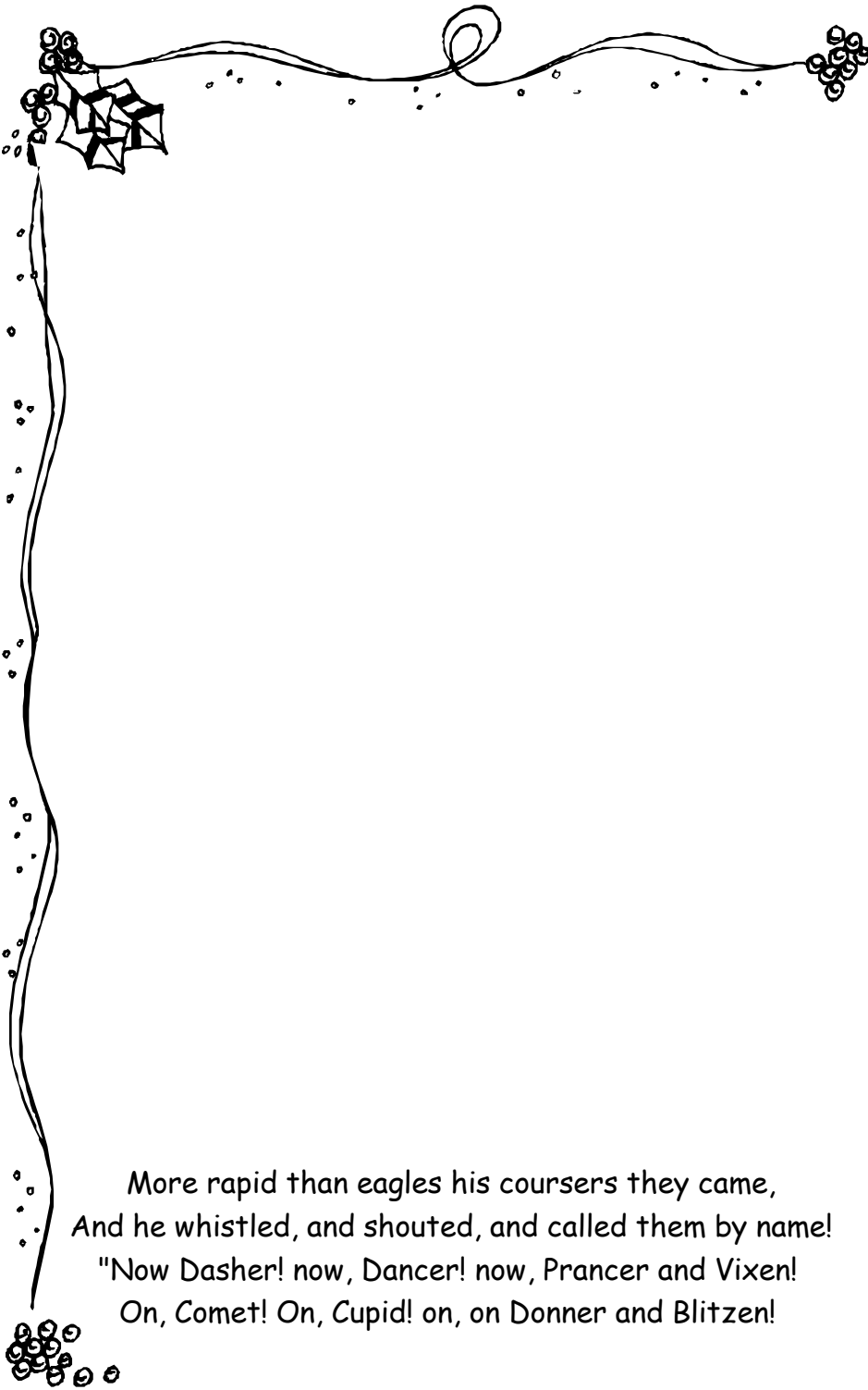
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.



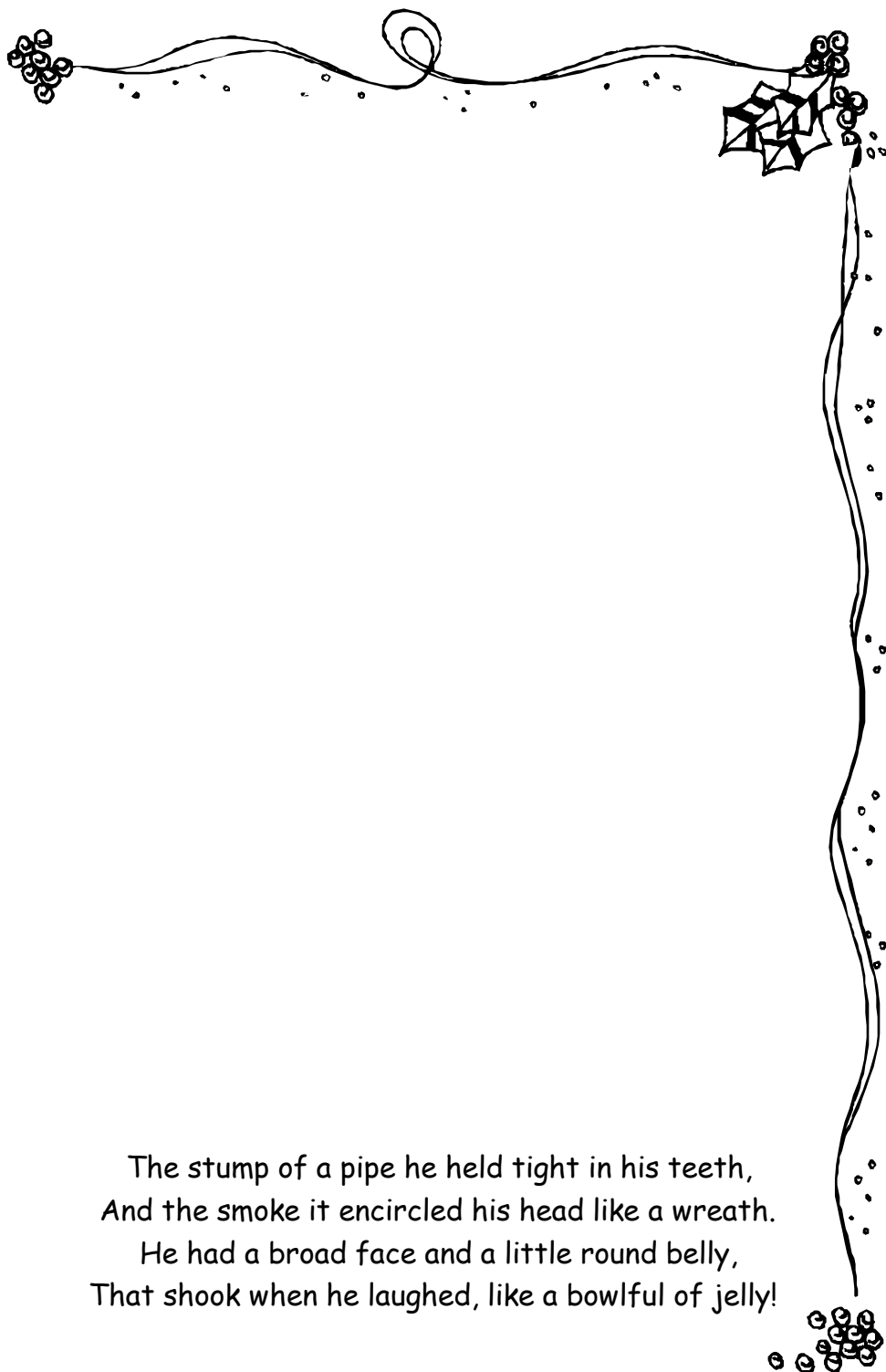
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself!



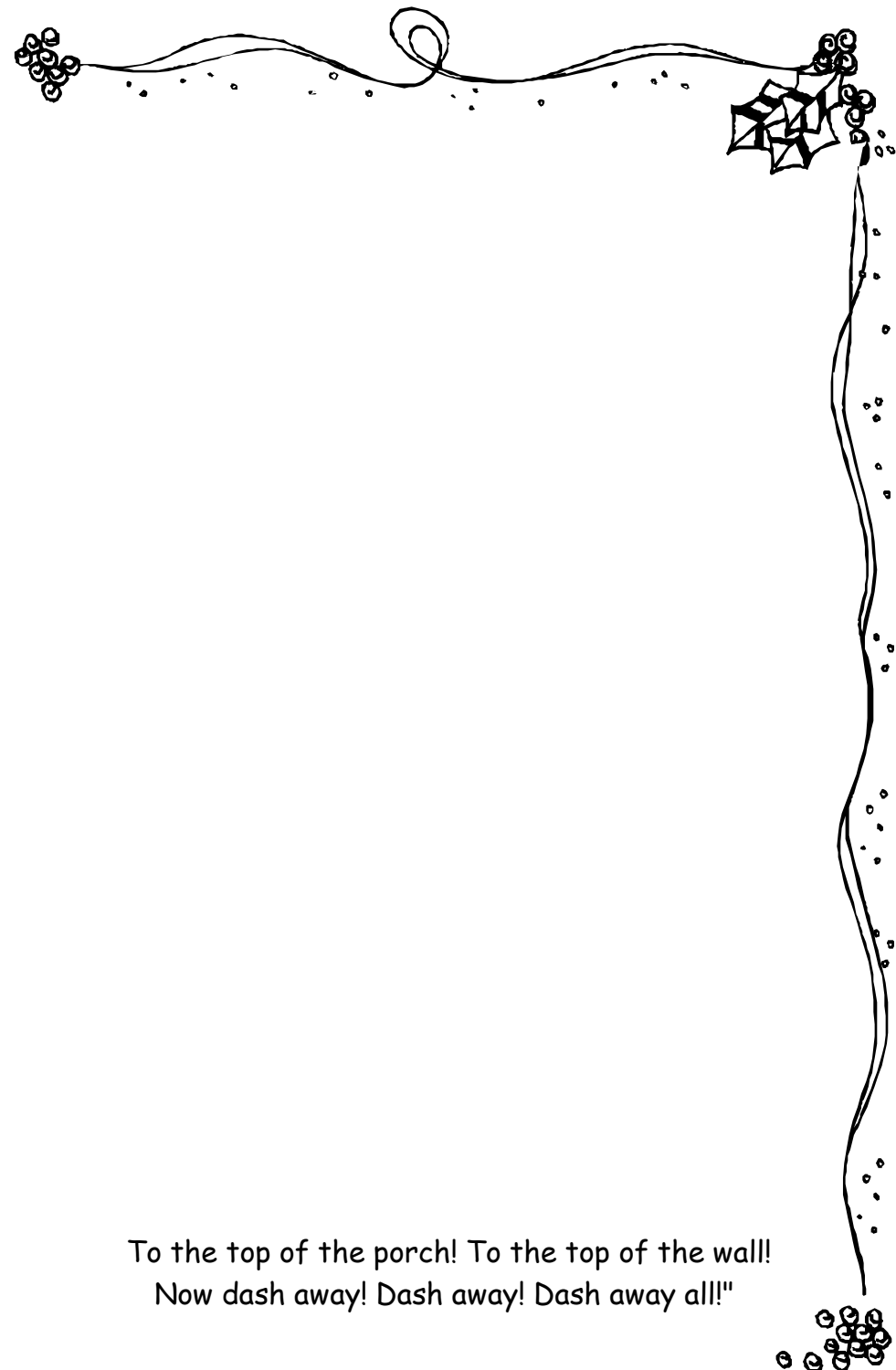
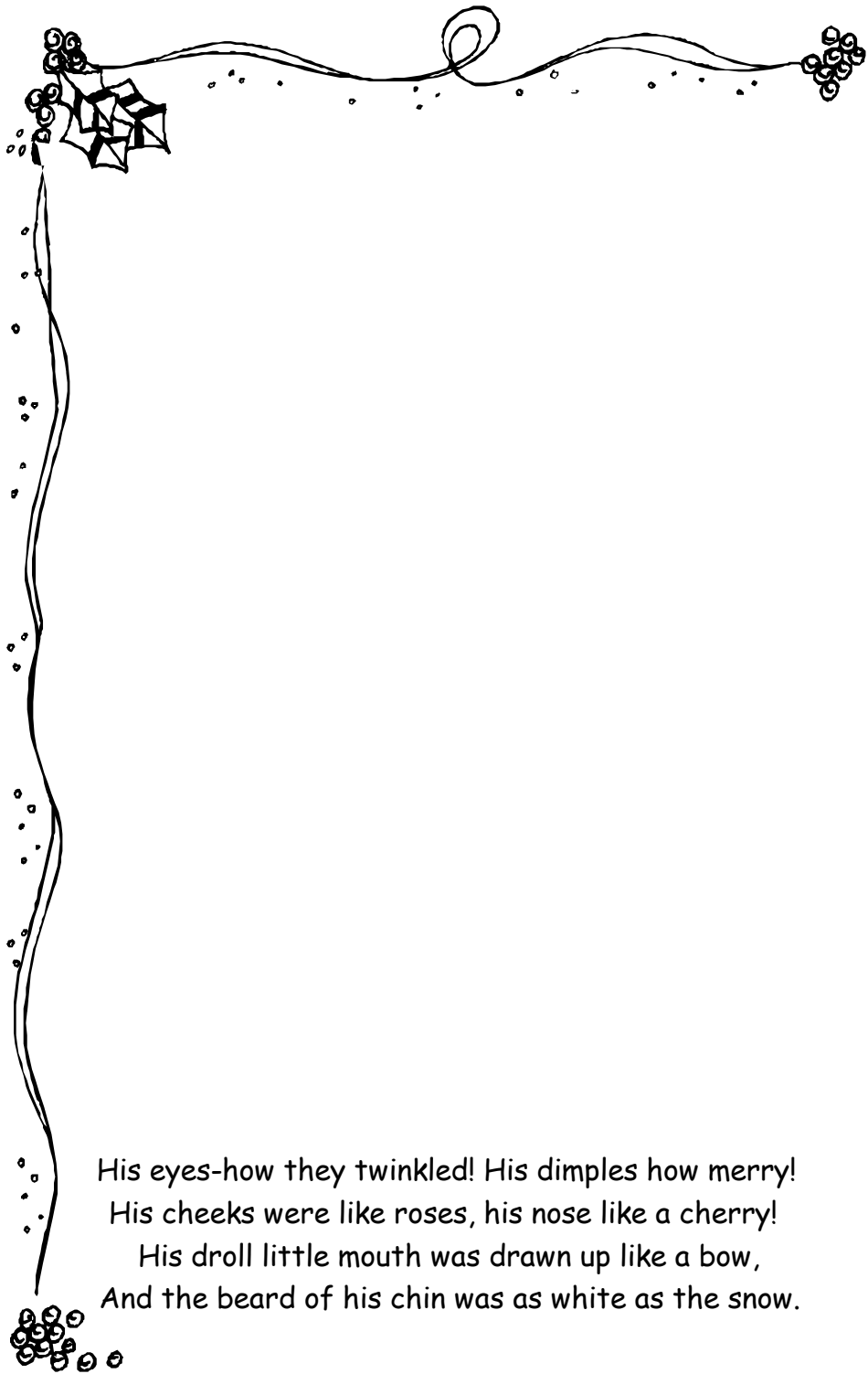
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St Nick.

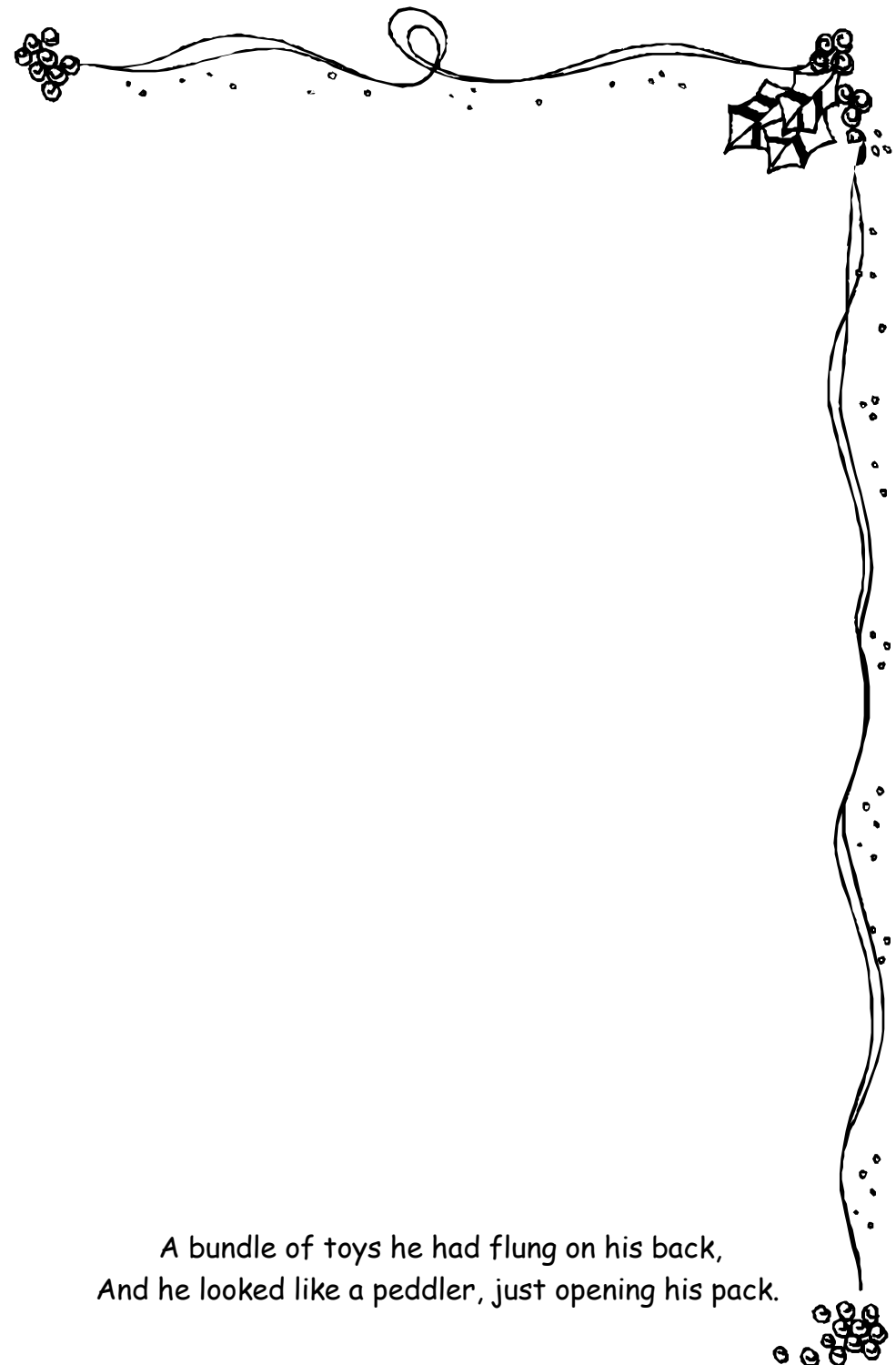
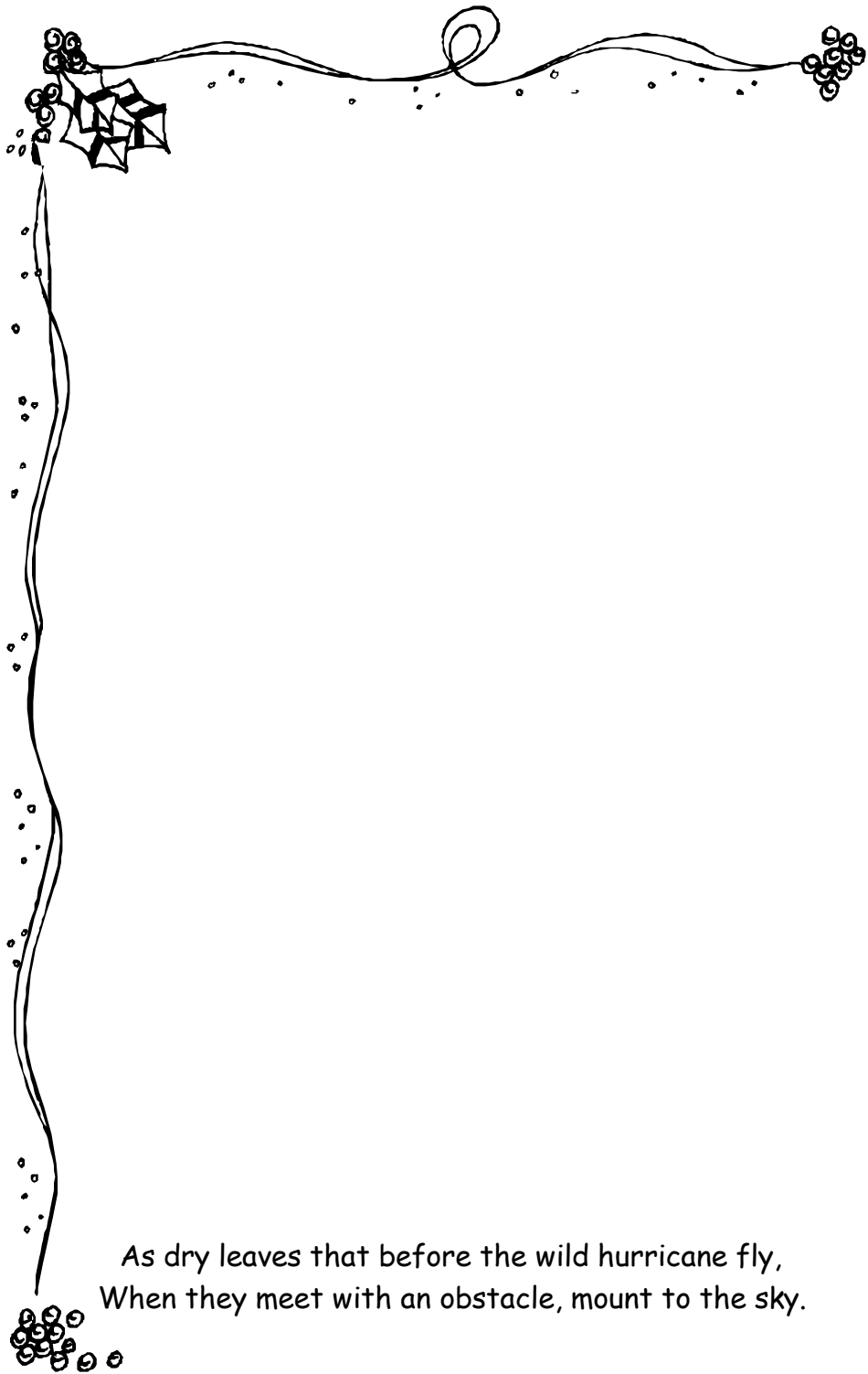


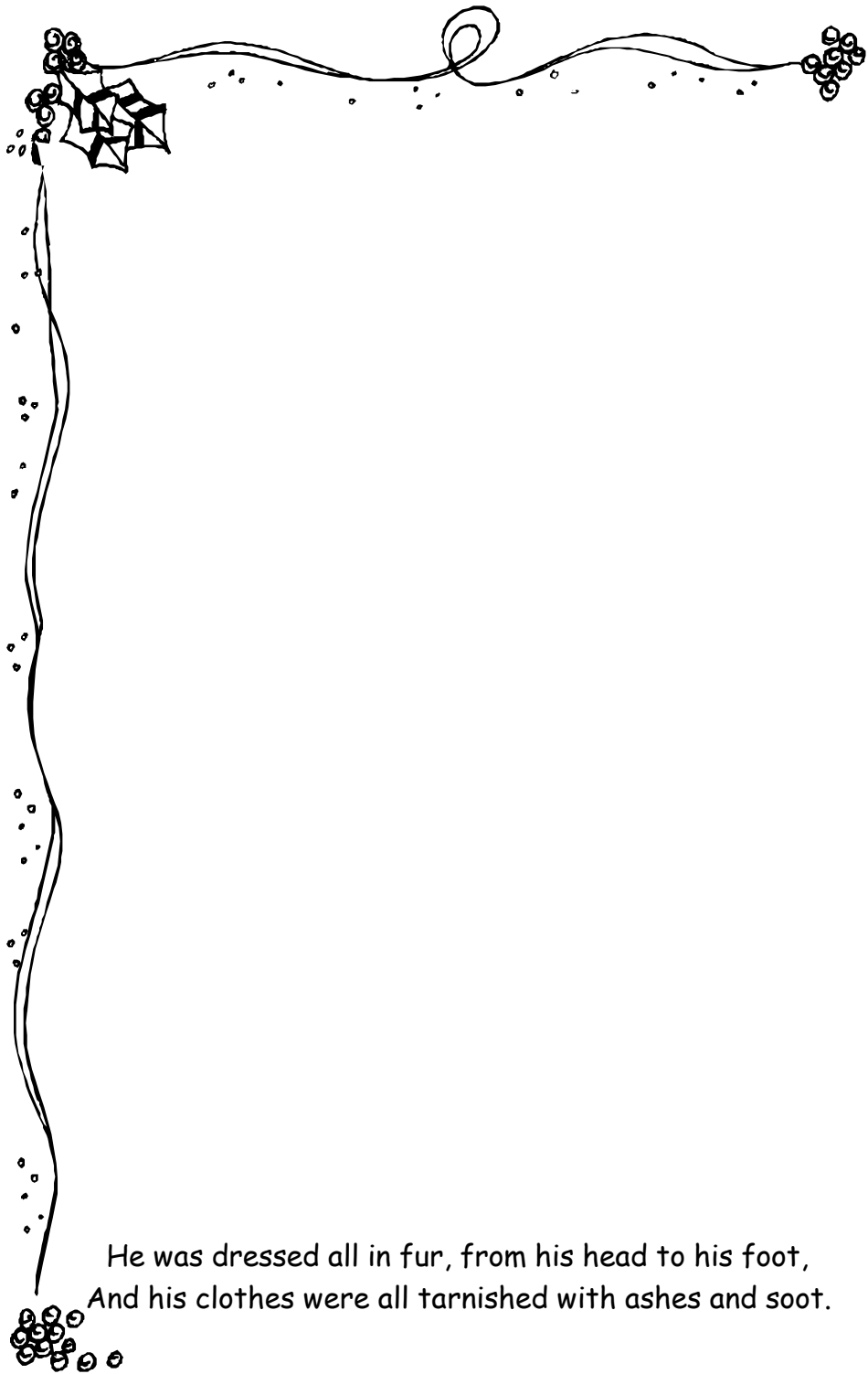
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name!
"Now Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! On, Cupid! on, on Donner and Blitzen!



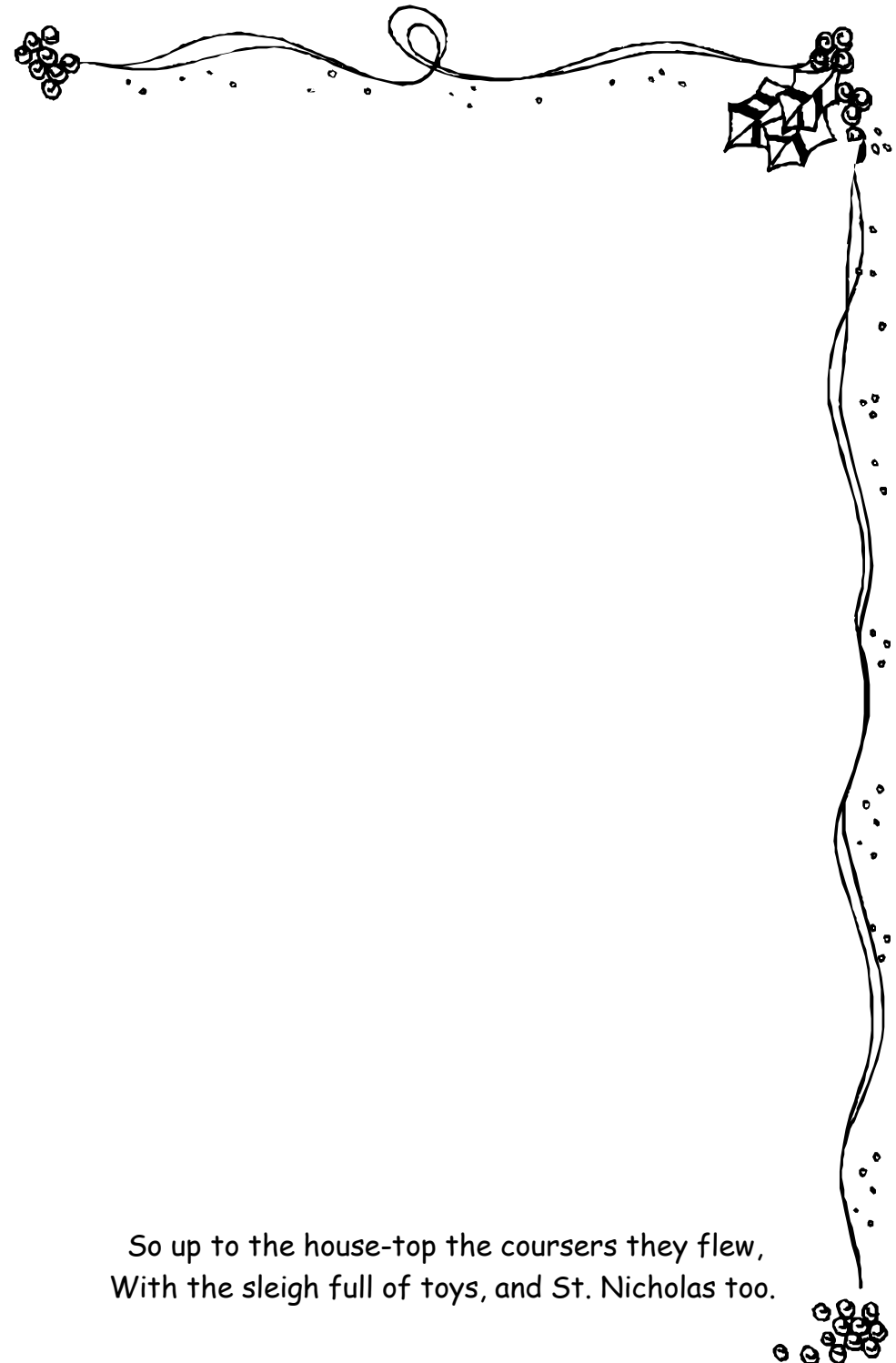
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly!



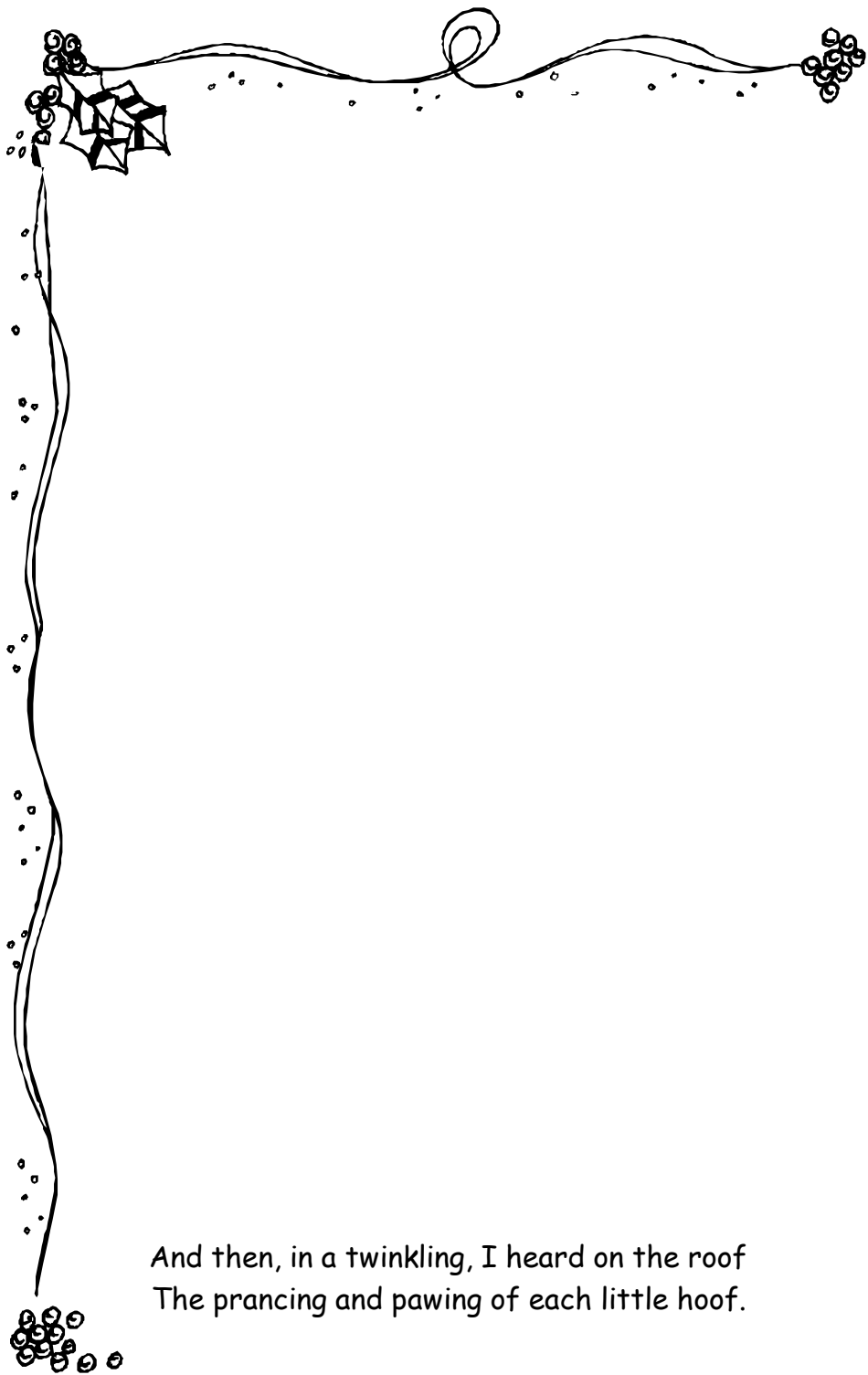




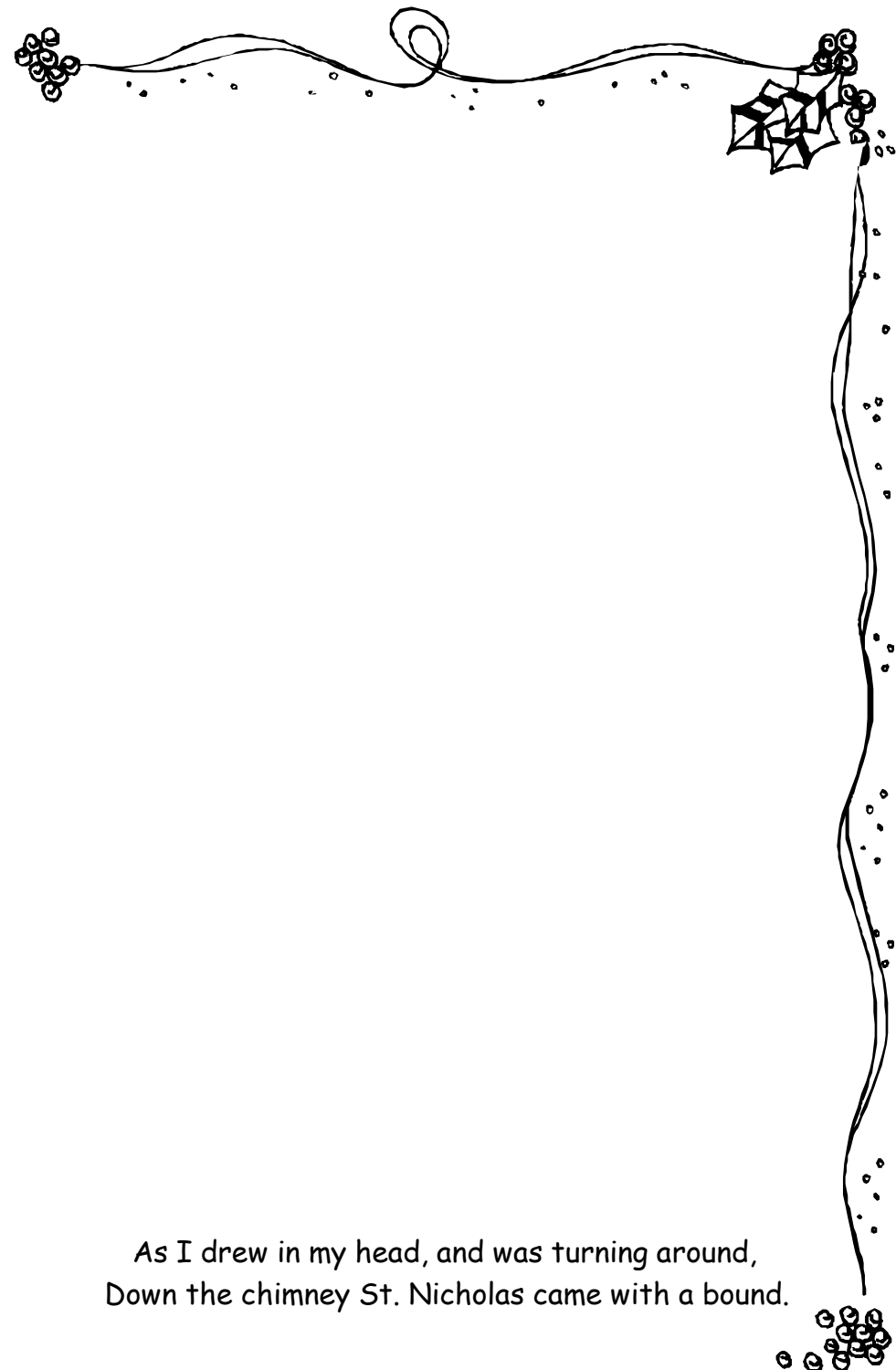
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.



So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.



And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.



As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.