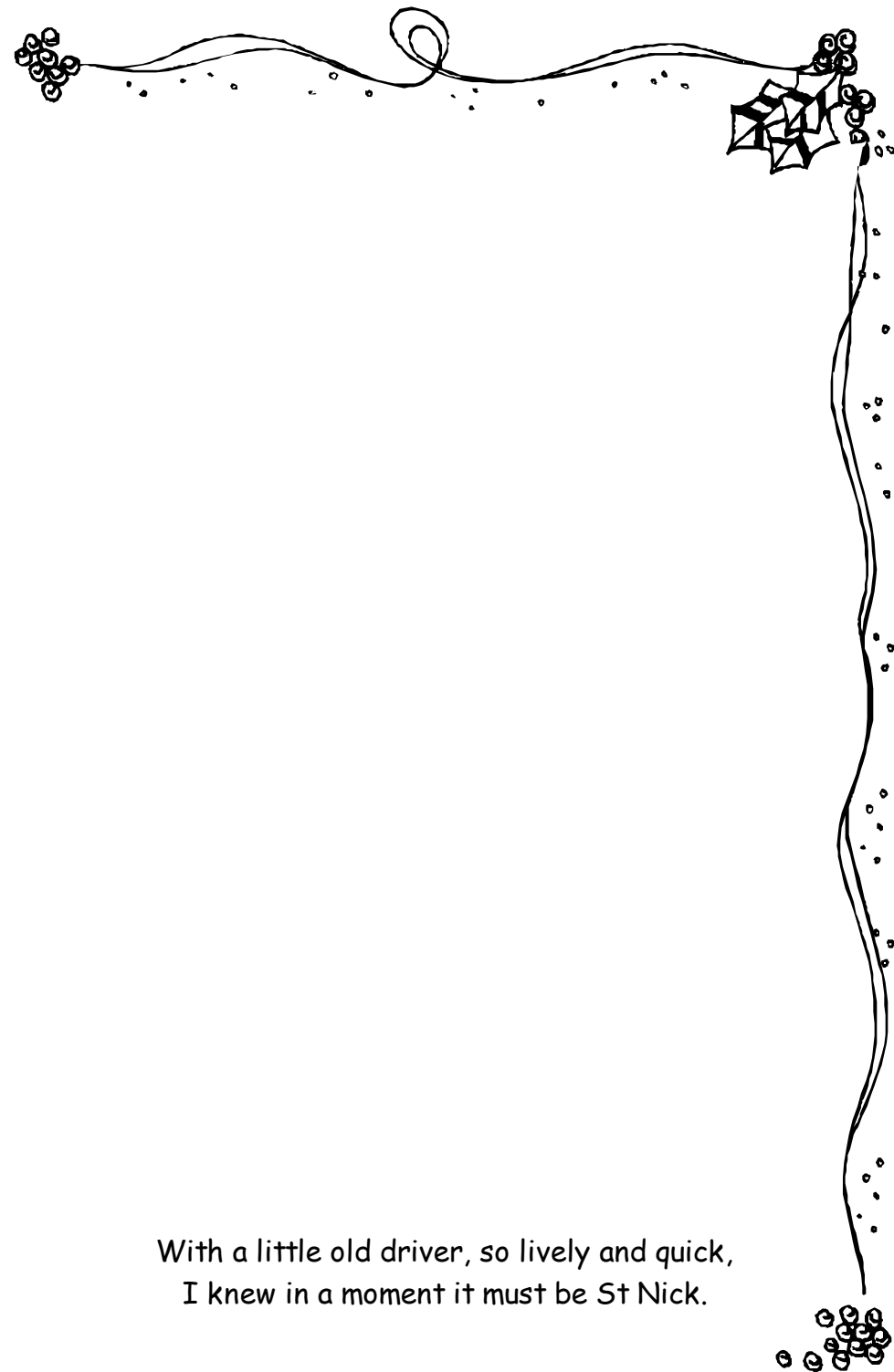
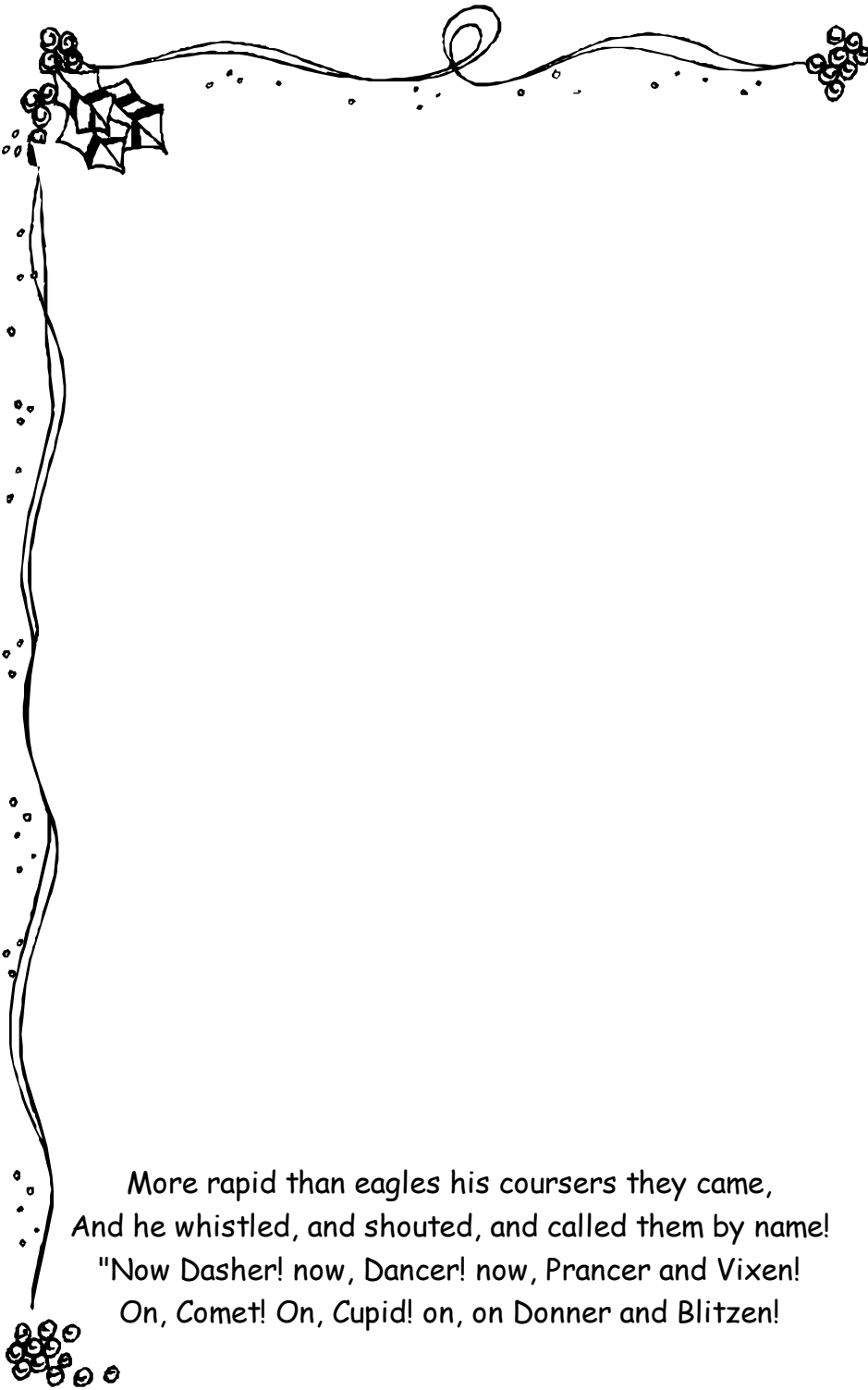


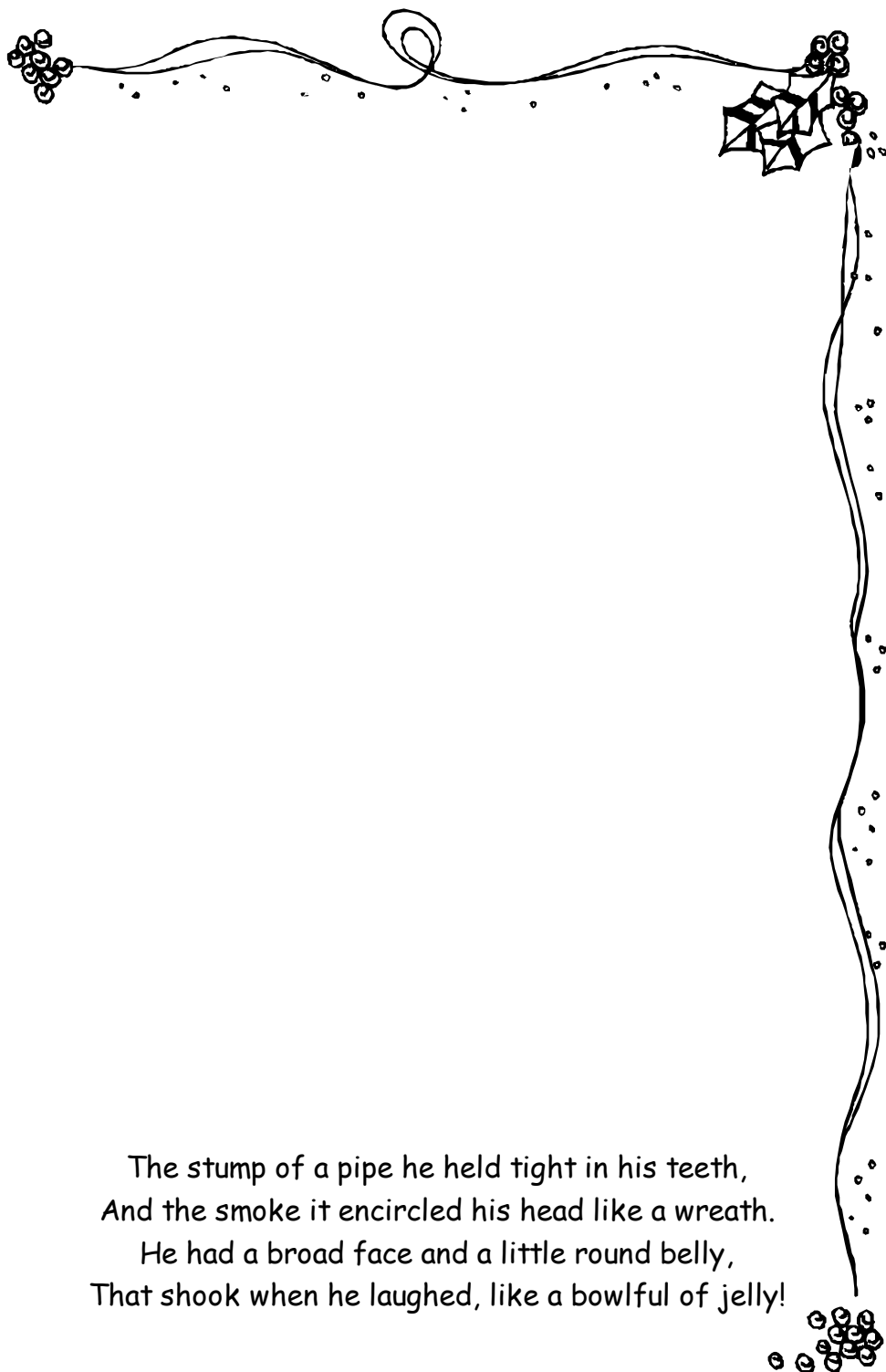
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself!



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!