



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



The stockings were hung from the chimney with care in hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there



The children were nestled all snug in their beds



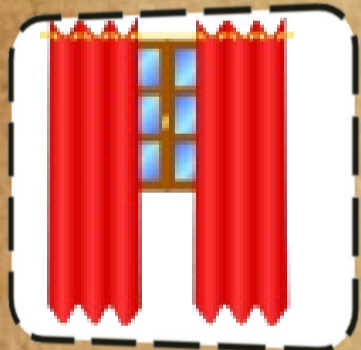
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads.



And Mamma in her "kerchief, and I in my cap, had just settled down for a long winter's nap.



When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter



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 a lustre of mid-day to objects below



when what to my wondering eyes should appear, but a miniature sleight and 8 tiny reindeer



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

