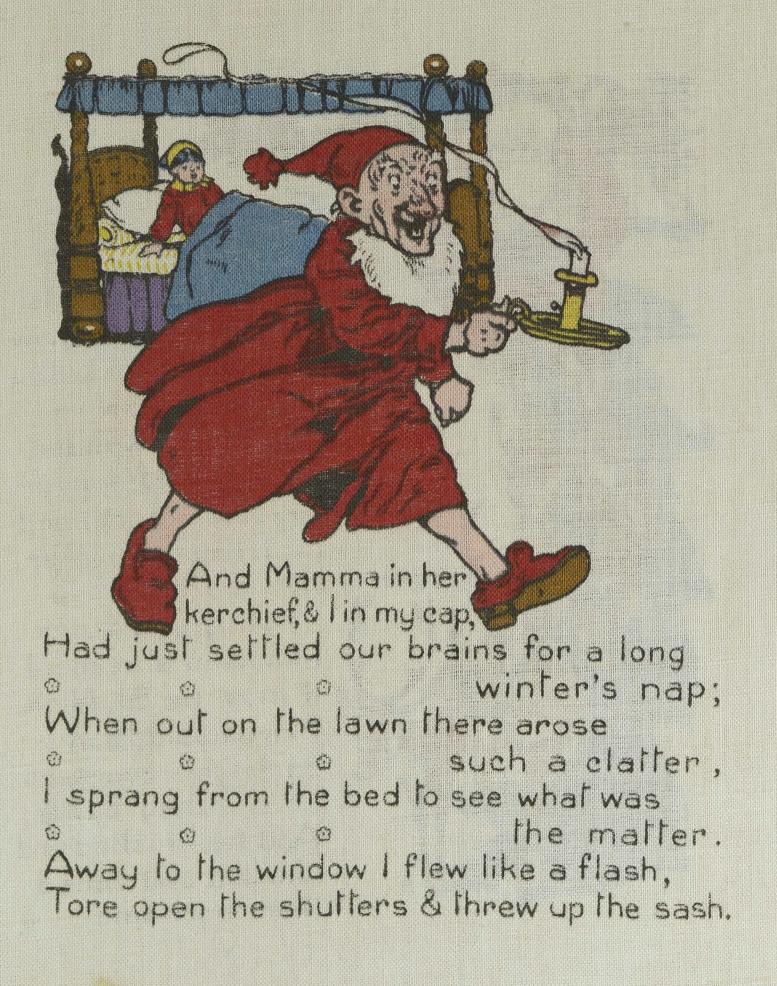
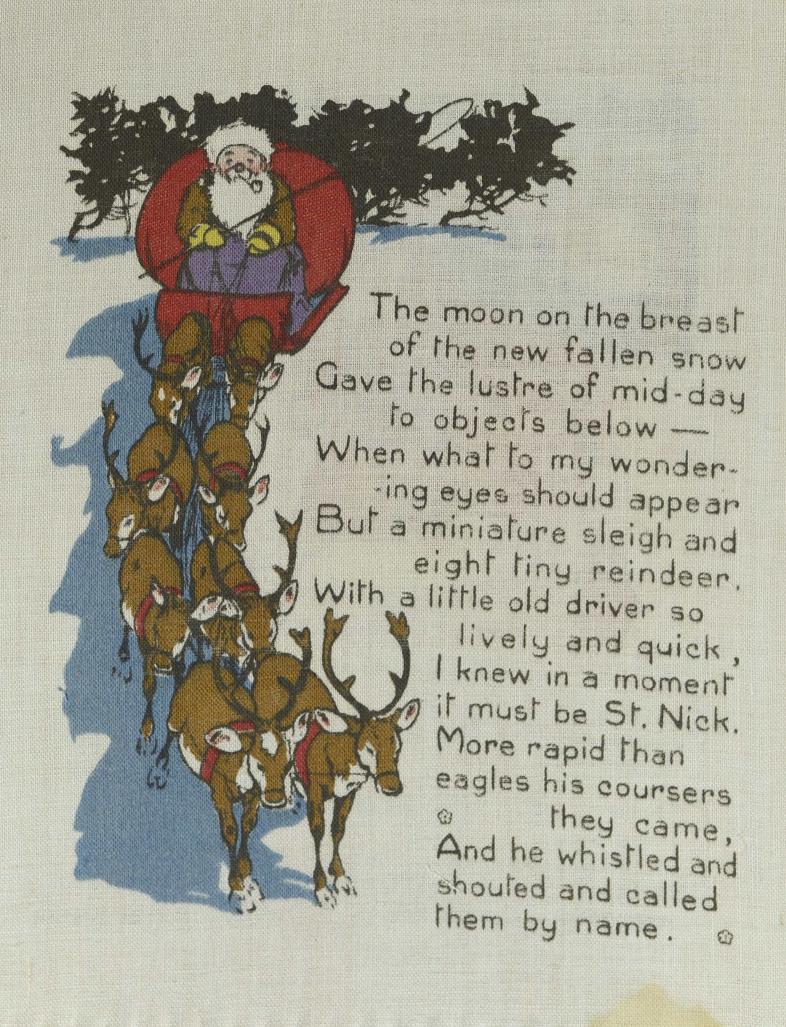


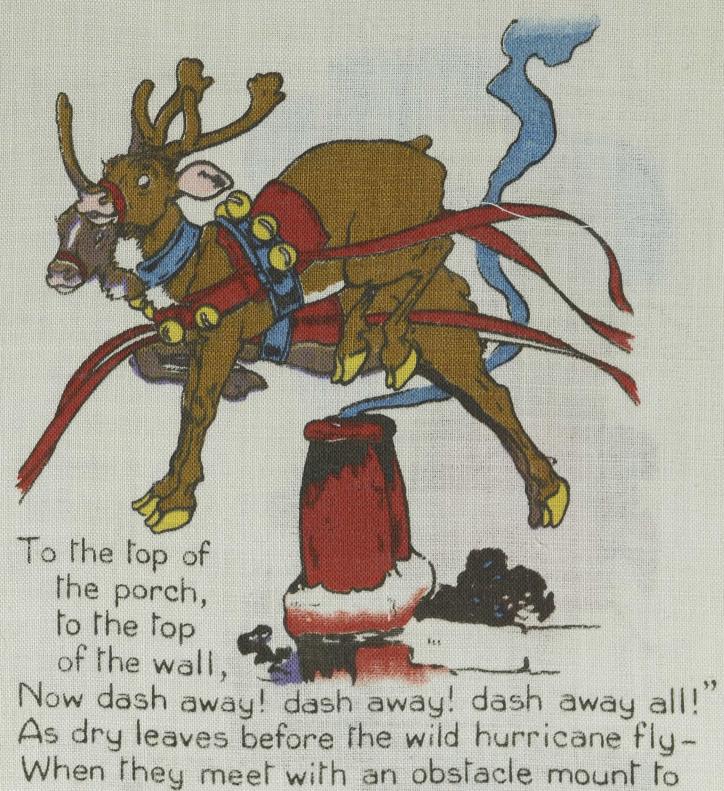


Twas the night before Christmas,
and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung on the bed with
and such care,
In hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads.

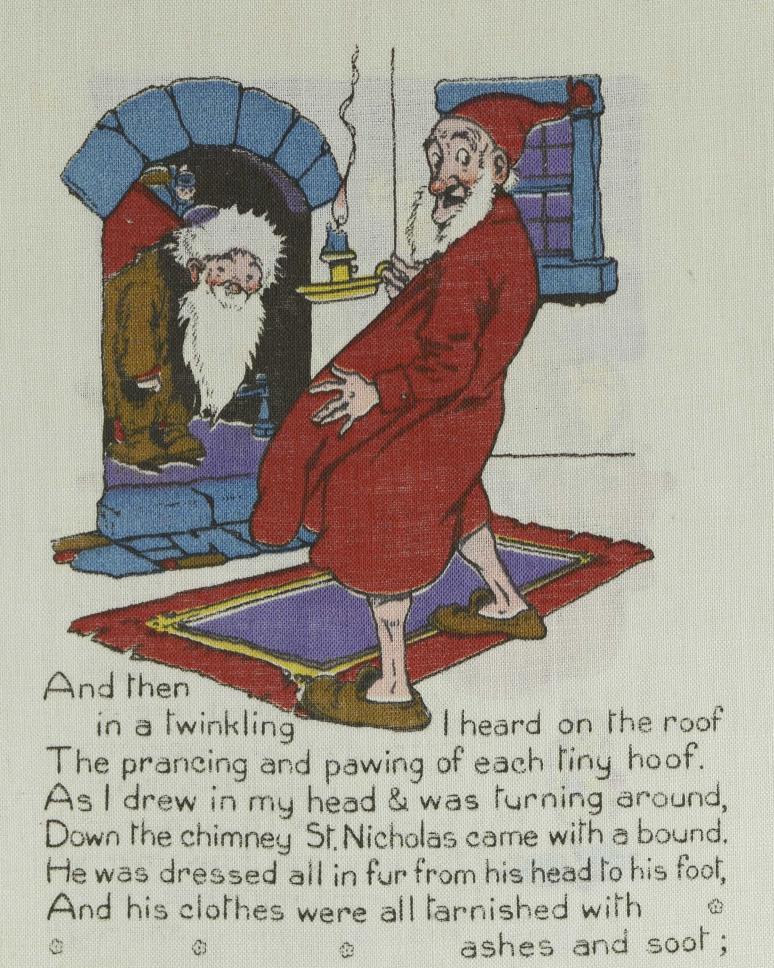


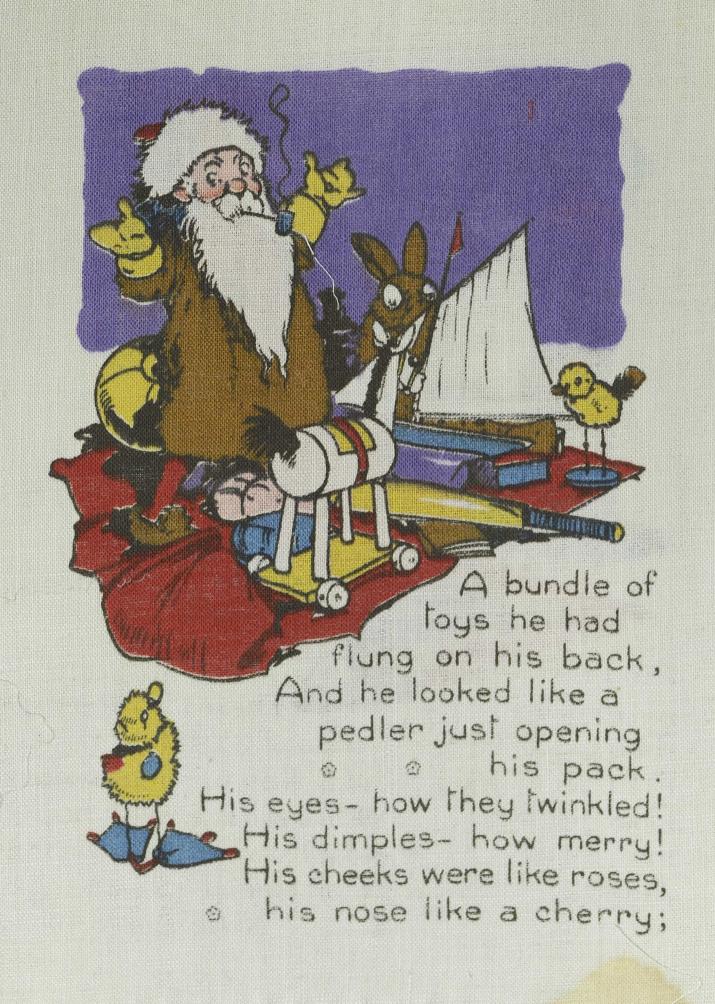


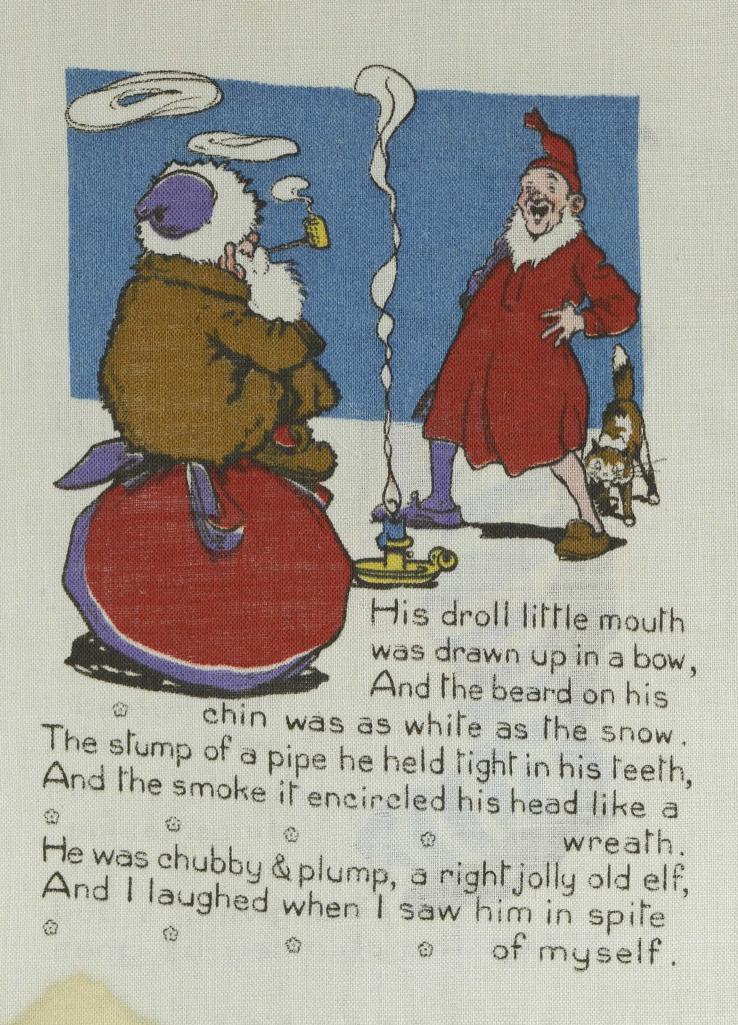


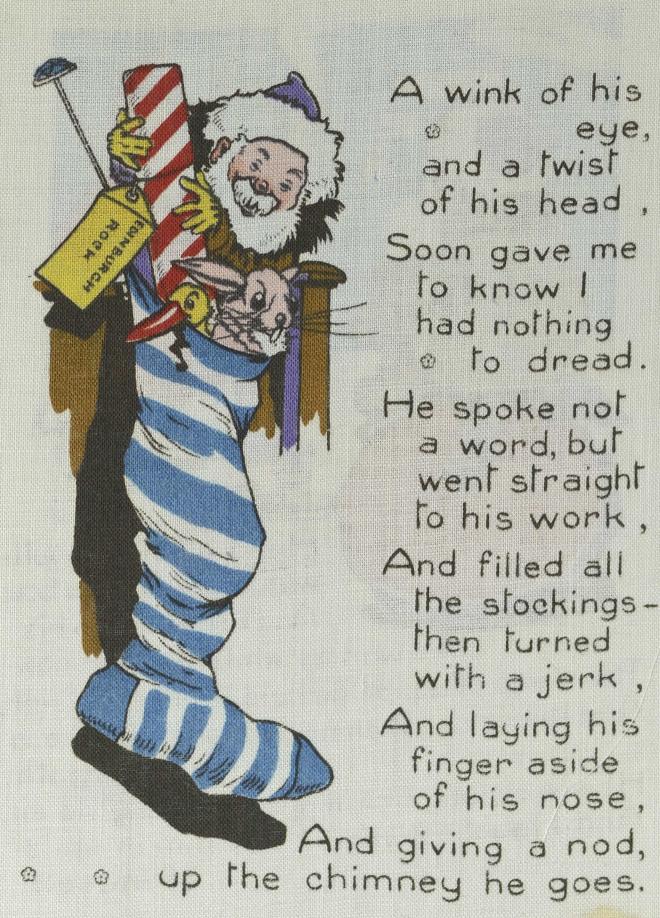


So up to the house-top the coursers they flew, With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too,











He sprang to his sleigh, "

to his learn gave a whistle, 

And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,

"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!" 

and to all a good night!"

