



MERRY CHRISTMAS

It's the most wonderful time of the year!



Let it snow  

Let it snow

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IT WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, WHEN ALL THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE
A CREATURE WAS STIRRING, NOT EVEN A MOUSE; THE STOCKING WAS
HUNG BY THE CHIMNEY WITH CARE IN HOPES THAT ST. NICK
WOULD BE THERE; THE CHILDREN WERE NESTLED ALL SNUG IN BED,
WHILE VISIONS OF SUGAR-PLUMS DANCED IN THEIR HEADS; MARY, IN
HER KERCHIEF, AND I IN MY CAP, HAD JUST SETTLED OURSELVES
FOR A LONG WINTERS NAP, WHEN OUT ON THE LAWN THERE AROUND
MIDNIGHT SPRANG FROM THE BED TO SEE WHAT WAS THE MATTER.
BY THE WINDOW I FLEW LIKE A FLASH, TORE OPEN THE SHUTTERS AND
PULLED UP THE SASH. THE MOON ON THE BREAST OF THE NEW-FALLEN
LEAVES CAST A GLEAM OF MID-DAY TO OBJECTS BELOW, WHEN, WHAT TO
MY EYES SHOULD APPEAR, BUT A MINIATURE SLEIGH, AND EIGHT
REINDEER WITH A LITTLE OLD DRIVER, SO LIVELY AND QUICK, I KNEW
IT MUST BE ST. NICK. MORE RAPID THAN EAGLES HIS COURSE

HAVE A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!