

the shutter and threw up the that shook,
dash. The moon on the breast like a bowl
of the new-fallen snow Gave chubby and
the luster of mid-day to jolly old e
objects below. When, what to my when I saw
wondering eyes should appear, myself; A w
ut a miniature sleigh, and a twist of
eight tiny reindeer, With a me to know
little old driver, so lively dread; He s
and quick, I knew in a moment but went str
it must be St. Nick. More rapid And filled
than eagles his coursers they then turned
came, And he whistled, and laying his
shouted, and called them by nose, And it

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Slowly
Rising

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