



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, Dunder and Blitzen!
 To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
 Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

