

*He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
He softly, silently comes;
While the little brown heads
on the pillows so white
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.
He cuts through the snow like a ship
through the foam,
While the white flakes around him whirl;
Who tells him I know not,
but he findeth the home
Of each good little boy and girl.*

PrintingChristmasCards.com

