

*The little red stockings he silently fills,  
Till the stockings will hold no more;  
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills  
Are quickly set down on the floor.  
Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,  
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;  
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard  
As he noiselessly gallops away.*

