

*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.*

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