

Jean Abernethy Presents

Fergus

and

The Night Before Christmas





I was snuggled in bed
with my heart all a-tingle,
when somewhere outside
came a ring and a jingle!

I jumped up to look for
eight tiny reindeer,
with my face on the window
(my nose made a smear).



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The harness, it sparkled,
and jingled and jangled
with buckles and bells,
all nicely fandangled.

I counted them out
as they soared through the heavens.
Instead of eight horses,
they numbered eleven!



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