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Rudolph The Red-nosed Reindeer

By Romeo Muller

If I live to be a hundred,
I'll never be able to forget
that big snowstorm...
a couple of years ago.
The weather closed in, and,
well, you might not believe it,
but the world
almost missed Christmas.
Oh, excuse me. Call me Sam.
What's the matter?
Haven't you ever seen
a talking snowman before?
Nice around here, isn't it?
I call it Christmas Town,
better known as the North Pole.
The Christmas Tree Forest.
Yep, here's where we grow them.
Nice place to live, you know.
Christmas seals.
The number-one citizens
up here...

are the Clauses:

Santa and the missis.
They live right over there,
first castle on the left.
Matter of fact, the only castle
on the left.
Papa, you haven't touched
a morsel!
I'll have to take
this suit in! Eat!
I'm busy, Mama!
It's almost Christmas!
Whoever heard of a skinny Santa?
Eat! Eat!
Don't any of you
worry your heads about Santa.
Mrs. Claus will have him plenty
fattened up by Christmas Eve.
It's always the same story.
Ahh! I love this Christmasy
time of year,
especially when everything is

running happy and smooth...
Like it is this season.
Nothing like that year
of the big snowstorms.
I don't know
what we would have done...
without Rudolph
to pull us through.
Anyway...hmm, Rudolph?
Could it be some of you
are not acquainted...
with the story of Rudolph?
Well, pull up an ice block
and lend an ear.
Now, you know how Santa uses
these flying reindeer...
to pull his sleigh.
You know Dasher and Dancer...
and Prancer and Vixen...
Comet and Cupid...
and Donner and Blitzen...
But do you recall
The most famous reindeer of all?
Well, now, let me tell you
about Rudolph.
It all started a couple of years
before the big snow.
It was springtime, and Santa's
lead reindeer Donner...
had just become a proud papa.
Nah, we'll call him Rudolph.
Rudolph is a lovely name.
Rudolph.
Hey, hey!
He knows his name already!
Papa. Mama.
He's got a shiny nose!
Shiny? I'd even say it glows!
Well, we'll simply
have to overlook it.
How can you overlook that?
His beak blinks
like a blinking beacon!
Well, Donner, where's

the new member of the family?
After all, if he's going to be
on my team someday,
he'd better get to know me.
Well, hi there. Aren't you
the sturdy little fellow?
Santa?
And smart, too!
Great bouncing iceberg!
I'm sure it'll stop
when he grows up, Santa.
Well, let's hope so if he wants
to make the sleigh team someday.
You see, little fellow,
every year I shine up
my jingle bells...
for eight lucky reindeer.
Jingle, jingle, jingle
You will hear
my sleigh bells ring
I am old Kris Kringle
I'm the king of jing-a-ling
Jingle, jingle, reindeer
Through the frosty air
they'll go
They are not just plain deer
They're the fastest deer
I know, ho ho
You must believe
that on Christmas Eve
I won't pass you by
I'll dash away
in my magic sleigh
Flying through the sky
Jingle, jingle, jingle
You will hear
my sleigh bells ring
I am old Kris Kringle
I'm the king of jing-a-ling
I am old Kris Kringle
I'm the king of jing-a-ling
Ho ho!
Bye-bye.
Oh, Santa's right.

He'll never make
the sleigh team.
Wait a minute! I've got it!
We'll hide Rudolph's nose.
-Hide it?
-Yeah.
Come here, boy.
You'll be a normal little buck
just like everybody else, right?
A chip off the old antlers.
Now, now. You'll get used to it.
Put it there, son.
Aw, gee.
For the first year, the Donners
did a pretty fair job...
of hiding Rudolph's, uh,
nonconformity.
Donner taught Rudolph
all the ins and outs...
of being a reindeer:
how to get food, how to fight
off enemies, things like that.
But most important...
Most important of all,
he taught his son to beware...
of the Abominable Snow Monster
of the North.
He's mean, he's nasty,
and he hates everything
to do with Christmas.
Now, aside from the Abominable,
business goes on as usual.
And soon it is
right before Christmas,
and everybody is getting ready
for that big, big sleigh ride...
on the night of the 24th--
Christmas Eve!
See, all the toys Santa brings
are made by these elves.
Seems elves have that certain
knack for toy-making.
All except for this one misfit.
Hermey!

Aren't you finished
painting that yet?
There's a pileup a mile wide
behind you.
What's eating you, boy?
Not happy in my work, I guess.
What?!

I just don't like to make toys.
Oh, well, if that's all.
What?! You don't like
to make toys?
No.
Hermey doesn't like
to make toys.
Oh, shame on you!
Mind telling me
what you do want to do?
Well, sir, someday I'd like
to be a dentist.
A dentist?!

Well, we need one up here.
I've been studying. It's
fascinating. You've no idea.
Molars and bicuspid
and incisors.
Now, listen, you. You're
an elf, and elves make toys.
Now get to work!
Not for you!
Finish the job, or you're fired!
Why am I such a misfit?
I am not just a nitwit
You can't fire me
I quit
Seems I don't fit in
Ah, well.
Such is the life of an elf.
Meanwhile, Rudolph is having
his growing pains, too.
Old Donner is determined
to keep Rudolph's nose a secret.
All right, son. Try it on.
I don't wanna.
Daddy, I don't like it.

You'll like it and wear it.
Oh, but, Daddy!
It's not very comfortable!
There are more important things

than comfort:

Santa can't object to you now.
Why am I such a misfit?
I am just not a nitwit
Just because my nose glows
Why don't I fit in?
And so time passes.
Christmas comes and goes on
schedule, and soon it is April,
when all the new fawns
come out with their folks...
to meet the other new fawns
and to be inspected by Santa.
Now, don't worry
about your nose, son.
Just get out there
and do your stuff.
Remember, you're my little buck.
Hi. My name's Fireball.
What's yours?
-Rudolph.
-You can be my buddy.
-Where are we going?
-The reindeer games.
Makes antlers grow.
Besides, it's a great way to
show off in front of the does.
Ah, youth.
Meanwhile, the elves
are bustling with activity.
Christmas is over, but they
still keep busy with lessons...
in elf improvement.
All out for elf practice!
Let's get this over with.
I have to look over
the new deer.
OK, Santa. Let's try out
the new elf song I wrote.

And remember, it's for Santa.
And a-1 and a-2 and a-3...
Ho ho ho, ho ho ho
We are Santa's eIves
We are Santa's eIves
FiIIIing Santa's sheIves
With a toy
for each girI and boy
Oh, we are Santa's eIves
We work hard aII day
But our work is pIay
DoIIIs we try out,
see if they cry out
We are Santa's eIves
We've a speciaI job each year
We don't Iike to brag
Christmas Eve
we aIways fiII Santa's bag
Santa knows who's good
Do the things you shouId
And we bet you
he won't forget you
We are Santa's eIves
We've a speciaI job each year
We don't Iike to brag
Christmas Eve
we aIways fiII Santa's bag
Santa knows who's good
Do the things you shouId
And we bet you
he won't forget you
We are Santa's eIves
Ho ho ho, ho ho ho
We are Santa's eIves, ho ho
Hmm. WeII, it needs work.
I have to go.
What does Papa know?
It's beautifuI.
You keep it just the way it was.
Papa? Papa!
That sounded terrIBle!
The tenor section was weak.
Wasn't our fauIt, boss.
Hermey didn't show up.

What?

Now, this won't hurt a bit.

Why weren't you at eIf practice?

Just fixing these doIIs' teeth.

Just fixing--

Now, Iisten! We have doIIs
that cry, taIk, waIk, bIink,
and run a temperature.

We don't need any chewing doIIs.

I just thought I found a way
to fit in.

You'II never fit in!

You come to practice and Iearn
how to wiggIe your ears...

and chuckIe warmIy

and go ''hee hee'' and ''ho ho''

and important stuff Iike that.

A dentist! Good grief!

No. I just can't.

It's Iike he said:

I'II never fit in.

I guess I'm on my own now.

Hey, Iook! Does!

What do you know?

One of them Iikes you.

Yeah, FirebaII?

You reaIIy think so?

Here comes the coach.

AII right.

AII right, yearIings.

AII right, now!

That's better.

My name is Comet.

Even though I'm your instructor,

I want to be your paI.

Right? Right.

My job is to make bucks

out of you. Let's go.

Now then, our first game
is caIIed Takeoff.

We aII want to puII

Santa's sIeigh someday,

so we must Iearn to fIy.

Now, who's first to try?

Me! Me!
One at a time!
You're Dasher's little boy,
aren't you?
You go first. The whole trick
is getting up enough speed...
and jumping into the wind.
You got it? Go ahead.
Very good...for a first try.
Next!
He won't get to us for a while.
Go get acquainted with that doe.
Nice day.
Yup.
For takeoff practice, I mean.
Yup.
I bet you'll be the best.
Well, I don't know.
Something wrong with your nose?
I mean, you talk kind of funny.
What's so funny
about the way I talk?
Don't get angry. I don't mind.
You don't?
My name's Clarice. Hi.
My name's Rudolph. Hi.
Hi.
Hey, Clarice...
after practice, would you--
would you--
Rudolph, you get back here!
It's your turn.
Gee, I got to go back.
Would you walk home with me?
Uh-huh...Rudolph.
I think you're cute.
I'm cute!
I'm cute!
Magnificent!
I'm cute! I'm cute!
She said I'm cute!
Not bad. Not bad at all.
Hey, you're OK.
She said I'm cute!

For crying out loud!
Fireball, what's the matter?
Get away from me!
What's this nonsense here,
bucks?
After all--Aah!
Hey, look at the beak.
Hey, Fire Snout!
Rainbow puss!
Red schnoz!
Stop calling me names!
Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer.
Donner, you should be ashamed
of yourself.
What a pity.
He had a nice takeoff, too.
All right now, yearlings.
Back to practice.
Oh, no. Not you.
You better go home.
From now on,
we won't let Rudolph join
in any reindeer games.
Right! Right!
Well, what do you want?
You promised to walk me home.
Aren't you going to
laugh at my nose?
It's a handsome nose,
much better than that false one
you were wearing.
It's terrible.
It's different
from everybody else's.
But that's
what makes it so grand.
Any doe would consider
herself lucky to be with you.
Yeah?
But I wasn't very lucky
today, was I?
I wish...
I--I wish...
There's always tomorrow

for dreams to come true
BeLieve in your dreams,
come what may
There's aIways tomorrow
with so much to do
And so IittIe time in a day
We aII pretend
the rainbow has an end
And you'II be there,
my friend, someday
There's aIways tomorrow
for dreams to come true
Tomorrow is not far away
We aII pretend
the rainbow has an end
And you'II be there,
my friend, someday
There's aIways tomorrow
for dreams to come true
Tomorrow is not far away
CIarice!
Get back to your cave!
-But I--
-This instant, young Iady!
Yes, sir.
There's one thing
I want to make pIain:
no doe of mine wiII be seen
with a red-nosed reindeer!
Oh, is this your snowbank?
No. Who are you?
WeII, actuaIIy, I am a dentist.
A dentist?
WeII, I want to be someday.
Right now, I'm just an eIf.
But I don't need anybody.
I'm...
I'm independent.
Yeah? Me, too.
I'm...whatever you said.
Independent.
Hey, what do you say we both
be independent together, huh?
You wouIdn't mind my red nose?

Not if you don't mind me
being a dentist.
It's a deal.
We're a couple of misfits
We're a couple of misfits
What's the matter with misfits?
That's where we fit in
We're not daffy and dilly
Don't go round willy-nilly
Seems to us kind of silly
That we don't fit in
We may be different
from the rest
Who decides the test
of what is really best?
We're a couple of misfits
We're a couple of misfits
What's the matter with misfits?
That's where we fit in
Why am I such a misfit?
I am not just a nitwit
I'm a dear of a reindeer
Why don't I fit in?
Why am I such a misfit?
I am not just a nitwit
They can't fire me
I quit
Seems I don't fit in
We may be different
from the rest
Who decides the test
of what is really best?
We're a couple of misfits
We're a couple of misfits
What's the matter with misfits?
That's where we fit in
These two had no idea
about what they were
letting themselves in for.
The world looked a lot more
complicated and dangerous...
than it seemed when they were
snug and warm at home.
The Abominable!

He must see your nose.
Quick, douse the light.
Like I said, the outside world
is up to its ears in danger.
Well, somehow Rudolph and Hermey
managed to get through
the first night.
Mush!
Mush. Don't you understand
North Pole talk?
What's this?
Hey, you get frostbit that way.
Who are you?
Who am I?
The name's Yukon Cornelius,
the greatest prospector
in the North!
This is my land,
and it's rich with gold.
Gold!
Gold and silver.
Silver and gold.
Wahoo!
Nothing.
Silver and gold.
What do you think
of our friend Cornelius?
Seems all he thinks about
is silver and gold.
Silver and gold
Silver and gold
Everyone wishes
for silver and gold
How do you measure its worth?
Just by the pleasure
It gives here on earth
Silver and gold
Silver and gold
Means so much more when I see
Silver and gold decorations
On every Christmas tree
What's a Christmas tree...
without pretty silver
and gold decorations?

Can't really call it
a Christmas tree, right?
Think of all the joy that would
be lost on Christmas morning...
if the young folks didn't
see that sparkling, happy tree.
Silver and gold
Silver and gold
Means so much more when I see
Silver and gold decorations
On every Christmas tree
I'm off to get my supplies:
cornmeal, gunpowder, hammocks,
and guitar strings.
I'll give you a lift.
Hop aboard, mateys.
Now, mush!
Like this. Watch.
Gadzooks!
The Bumble Snow Monster
of the North strikes again.
It's my nose!
It keeps giving us away.
I hate noisy
bumble snow monsters.
We'll outwit the fiend
with our superior intelligence.
-How?
-Douse your nose...
and run like crazy!
Come on! Wahoo!
We're trapped.
There's no way out!
It's my nose again.
It's ruined us.
The bumble has one weakness,
and I know it.
Do-it-yourself icebergs.

Observe:

the bumble's one weakness.
The bumble sinks.
Yukon Cornelius scores again!
Whoopee!

Nothing.

Mister, where are we going?

You'll stay with me.

We'll all be rich with
the biggest silver strike...
this side of Hudson Bay.

Silver!

I thought you wanted gold.

I changed my mind.

Our friends were really
on their way,
but not one of them knew
where they were going.

You can bet old Donner
felt bad about the way
he had treated Rudolph.

He knew the only thing to do...
was to go out and look
for his little buck.

Mrs. Donner wanted to go along,
naturally,

but Donner said, 'No,
this is man's work.'

No sooner did
the man of the house leave...
when Mrs. Donner and Clarice
decided to set out on their own.

Now, they were really
taking their chances
because, you see,
that little ice boat...

had run into a pack
of mighty wicked fog.

Hello!

The fog is thick
as peanut butter.

-You mean pea soup.

-You eat what you like.

Land ho!

No kidding.

Well, where are we?

Hey! Looky up there!

Oh!

Ha! Who goes there?

Us, of course.
Well, then that's OK.
OK? Who, may I ask, are you?
We're Rudolph, Hermey, and
Yukon Cornelius. Who are you?
I'm the official sentry
of the Island of Misfit Toys.
A jack-in-the-box for a sentry?
Yes. My name is--
Don't tell me. Jack.
No. Charlie.
That's why I'm a misfit toy.
My name is all wrong.
No child wants to play
with a Charlie-in-the-box,
so I had to come here.
Where's here?
We're on the island
of misfit toys
Here we don't want to stay
We want to travel
with Santa Claus
In his magic sleigh
A pack full of toys
Means a sack full of joys
For millions of girls
And for millions of boys
When Christmas day is here
The most wonderful day
of the year
A jack-in-the-box
Waits for children to shout
Wake up! Don't you know
it's time to come out?
When Christmas day is here
The most wonderful day
of the year
Toys galore
Scattered on the floor
There's no room for more
And it's all because
of Santa Claus
A scooter for Jimmy
A doll for Sue

The kind that will even say
' 'How do you do?''
When Christmas day is here
The most wonderful day
of the year
How would you like to be
a spotted elephant?
Or a choo-choo with
square wheels on your caboose?
Or a water pistol
that shoots jelly?
We're all misfits!
Would you like to be
a bird that doesn't fly?
I swim!
Or a cowboy
who rides an ostrich?
Or a boat
that can't stay afloat.
We're all misfits!
If we're on the Island
of Unwanted Toys
We'll miss all the fun
With the girls and the boys
When Christmas day is here
The most wonderful, wonderful
Wonderful, wonderful
Wonderful day of the year
Hey, we're all misfits, too.
Maybe we could stay for a while.
You'd have to get permission
from King Moonraiser.
Who's he?
He rules here.
Every night,
he searches the entire earth.
When he finds a misfit toy,
one that no girl or boy loves,
he brings it to live here
till someone wants it.
He's holding court in his castle
right now.
Come closer.
What do you desire?

We're a couple of misfits
from Christmas Town,
and now we'd like to live here.
No. That would not be possible.
This island is for toys alone.
How do you like that? Even
among misfits, you're misfits.
Unlike playthings,
a living creature cannot hide
himself on an island.
But, perhaps,
being misfits yourselves,
you might help the toys here.
Help them?
Yes. When someday
you return to Christmas Town,
would you tell Santa
about our homeless toys?
I'm sure he could find children
who would be happy with them.
A toy is never truly happy
until it is loved by a child.
When and if we ever get back,
we'll tell Santa, sir.
Good. You are free
to spend the night.
Footman!
Show our friends
to their chambers.
No. It's all settled.
We leave tomorrow together.
But the Abominable
will see my nose and get us all.
I've got to go alone.
Nonsense. It's all for all...
I mean, one...
Ah, let's get some shut-eye.
-But--
-It's all settled.
Well, poor Rudolph realizes...
that he can't endanger
his friends' lives anymore.
And so, that night,
he decides to strike out

on his own.
Good-bye, Cornelius.
I hope you find lots of tinsel.
Good-bye, Hermey.
Whatever a dentist is,
I hope, someday,
that you're the greatest.
Well, time passed slowly.
Rudolph existed
as best he could.
The snow monster
kept him on the run...
but once in a while, he would
stop and make a friend or two.
But it wouldn't last long,
and Rudolph would be on his own.
But during all that time,
a strange and wonderful thing
was happening.
Rudolph was growing up,
and growing up made Rudolph
realize you can't run away...
from your troubles.
And pretty soon he knew
where he had to go: home.
You! I thought
you were gone for good.
Hey, look who's back:
old Neon Nose!
Mom? Pa?
I'm home!
They're gone, Rudolph.
They've been gone for months
looking for you.
Clarice?
She's gone, too.
I'm very worried.
Christmas Eve
is only two days off,
and without your father,
I'll never be able to get
my sleigh off the ground.
Gone?
I'll find him, sir.

I'll find them all.
Well, he was just about
to leave when suddenly...
It hit!
The storm of storms,
and only two days
before Christmas Eve.
Rudolph knew that he had to
find his folks right away,
and he knew
where he had to look:
the cave
of the Abominable Snow Monster.
Put her down!
Tell me when it's over.
Oh, where was I?
Their last chance.
Not quite. You see,
ever since Rudolph left them,
Hermey and Yukon Cornelius
had tried to find their friend.
They arrived in Christmas Town
just as the storm hit.
It was a good thing that I sent
them right out after Rudolph.
Hey, look!
Whoa!
Unmush, will you?
What do we do? We can't let
that monster get hold of them.
I got an idea. Listen.
-Yes.
-And then...
Not bad.
It might work.
Why doesn't he get it over with?
Pa? Ma?
Clarice!
Are you sure we can get him out?
Never knew the bumble
snow monster yet...
who'd turn down a pork dinner
for deer meat.
Do your stuff!

Oink oink.
Put some heart in it!
That bumbIe's hungry!
Wahoo!
TerribIe weather
we've been having.
Snow and ice.
AII right, dentist,
you take it from here.
It's Yukon CorneIius!
Ta-da! In person.
We're saved!
Let's get outta here.
I'II Iight the way.
Why, bIast your hairy
bumbIe hide.
Don't Iet this big bIowhard
scare you anymore.
Just waIk right past him.
I teII you, you're Iooking
at a mighty humbIe bumbIe.
He's nothing
without his choppers.
Let me at him.
Wahoo!
Yukon!
He's gone!
Oh, he's gone!
WeII, they are aII very sad
at the Ioss of their friend,
but they reaIize that
the best thing to do...
is get the women back
to Christmas Town.
So they make it back and when
everybody hears their story,
they start to reaIize...
maybe they were a IittIe hard
on the misfits.
Maybe misfits have a pIace, too.
Even Santa reaIizes
that maybe he was wrong.
RudoIph, I promise, as soon
as this storm Iets up,

I'll find homes
for all those misfit toys.
All right. You can open up
a dentist office.
Next week, after Christmas.
Come here. Open your mouth.
Oh, dear.
I'll set up an appointment

for you:

I'm sorry, too, Rudolph,
for the way I acted.
Open up!
It isn't a fit night out
for man nor beast!
Here's the man...
and here's the beast!
Now, calm down.
I reformed this bumble.
He wants a job.
Looky what he can do.
And he doesn't even need
a step ladder.
But...but...you went over
the side of the cliff.
Didn't I ever tell you
about bumbles?
Bumbles bounce!
Well, as good as everyone feels,
this is no time
for celebrating...
because the next day
is Christmas Eve--
the biggest day of the year.
Eat, Papa, eat.
How can I eat? That silly
elf song is driving me crazy.
You're going to disappoint
the children.
They expect a fat Santa.
Latest weather report, sir.
Well, this is it.
The storm won't subside
by tonight.

We'll have to cancel Christmas.
Papa, are you sure?
Everything's grounded!
Oh, the poor kids.
They've been so good
this year, too.
But I couldn't chance it.
I'll have to tell everybody
that it's all off this year.
Quiet! Quiet!
Please, everybody quiet!
I've got some bad news, folks.
Christmas is
going to be canceled.
There's nothing I can do.
This weather--
Rudolph, Rudolph, please!
Could you tone it down a bit?
I mean, that nose of yours.
That nose!
That beautiful, wonderful nose!
-Huh?
-Rudolph, Christmas is not off,
and you're
going to lead my team.
I am?
Yes, sir. You and that
wonderful nose of yours.
My nose, sir?
From what I see now,
that'll cut through the murkiest
storm they can dish up.
What I'm trying to say is...
Rudolph,
with your nose so bright,
won't you guide
my sleigh tonight?
It will be an honor, sir.
I knew that nose
would be useful someday.
Have a happy, joyful Christmas
It's the best time of the year
I don't know if there'll be snow
But have a cup of cheer

Have a hoIIy, joIIy Christmas
And when you walk
down the street
Say heIIo to friends you know
And everyone you meet
Ho, ho, the mistIetoe
Hung where you can see
Somebody waits for you
Kiss her once for me
Have a hoIIy, joIIy Christmas
And in case you didn't hear
Oh, by goIIy
Have a hoIIy, joIIy
Christmas this year
HoIIy, joIIy
HoIIy, joIIy
Oooohhhhhh
Have a hoIIy, joIIy Christmas
And in case you didn't hear
Oh, by goIIy,
have a hoIIy, joIIy Christmas
This year
Eat now. ''Ho ho ho'' Iater.
Let me check. Turn.
Oh, Mama!
Now, shake when you Iaugh.
Now, that's my Santa.
Oh, thanks, Mama. My coat!
Ready, RudoIph?
Ready, Santa!
WeII, Iet's be on our way.
OK, RudoIph. FuII power!
First stop,
the IsIand of Misfit Toys.
Up, up, up, and away!
He'II be a hero after this.
Yes, a hero.
That's my buck!
Now, you see how it's done?
Wahoo!
Peppermint! What I've
been searching for aII my Iife!
I've struck it rich!
I've got me a peppermint mine!

Wahoo!
WeII, it's Christmas Eve, but...
Looks Iike
we're forgotten again.
But RudoIph promised
we'd go this time.
Guess the storm
was too much for them.
Might just as weII go to bed and
start dreaming about next year.
I haven't any dreams Ieft
to dream.
We'II never get off this isIand.
Wait a minute.
What's that?
Is it...is it...
It sure is! It's Santa!
And Iook!
RudoIph is Ieading the way!
You can see his nose from here.
WeII, Iet's be on our way.
Ready, RudoIph?
Ready, Santa!
OK, RudoIph. FuII power!
Up, up, up, and away!
WeII, foIks, as for
the rest of the story...
He went down in history
RudoIph the red-nosed reindeer
Had a very shiny nose
And if you ever saw it
You would even say it gIows
AII of the other reindeer
Used to Iaugh and caII him names
They never Iet poor RudoIph
Join in any reindeer games
Then one foggy Christmas Eve
Santa came to say
'RudoIph with your nose
so bright'
'Won't you guide
my sIeigh tonight?'
Then how the reindeer Ioved him
As they shouted out with gIee

Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer
You'll go down in history
Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer
You'll go down in history
Merry Christmas!
Merry Christmas!