

'Twas the Night Before Christmas

by Clement Clarke Moore

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all
through the house

not a creature was stirring, not even a
mouse.

The stockings were hung by the chimney with
care,

in hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be
there.

The children were nestled all snug in their
beds,

while visions of sugar plums danced in their
heads.

And Mama in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
had just settled our brains for a long win-
ter's nap.

When out on the roof there arose such a
clatter,

I sprang from my bed to see what was the
matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
tore open the shutter, and threw up the
sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen
snow

gave the lustre of midday to objects below,
when, what to my wondering eyes should ap-
pear,

but a miniature sleigh and eight tiny rein-
deer.

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles,
his coursers they came,
and he whistled and
shouted and called them
by name:

"Now Dasher! Now
Dancer!

Now, Prancer and Vixen!

On, Comet! On, Cupid!

On, Donner and Blitzen!

To the top of the porch!

To the top of the wall!

Now dash away! Dash

away!

Dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before
the wild hurricane fly,
when they meet with an

obstacle, mount to the sky
so up to the house-top the coursers they
flew,
with the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas
too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
the prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head and was turning
around,

down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a
bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to
his foot,

and his clothes were all tarnished with ash-
es and soot.

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
and he looked like a peddler just opening his
pack.

His eyes – how they twinkled! His dimples,
how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a
cherry!

His droll little mouth was drawn up
like a bow,

and the beard on his chin was as
white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight
in his teeth,

and the smoke it encircled his
head like a wreath.

He had a broad face and a little
round belly,

that shook when he laughed, like a
bowl full of jelly.



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Holiday Season!*

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He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old
elf,

and I laughed when I saw him, in spite of my-
self.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
soon gave me to know I had nothing to
dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to
his work,

and filled all the stockings, then turned with
a jerk.

And laying his finger aside of his nose,
and giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a
whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of a
thistle.

But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he drove out of
sight,

"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good
night!"



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