

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 wee little beds  
While visions of sugarplums danced in their wee little heads

Mama in her kerchief, Papa in his cap,  
Had just settled down for a long winters nap

When out on the lawn 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 shutters threw open the sash

Then, what to my wondering eyes should appear  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer

With a little old driver so lively and quick  
that I knew right away that it must be St. Nick

More rapid than eagles his courses they came  
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name

Now dasher Now dancer Now prance Now vixen  
On comet On cupid On donner And blitzen

To the top of the porch  
To the top of the wall  
Dash-away Dash-away Dash-awayDash-away all

So up to the housetop the courses they flew  
With a sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas too

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof  
All the clattering noise of each galloping hoof

All bundled in fur from his head to his foot  
His clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot

I drew in my head and was turning around  
When down the chimney he came with a bound

A bag full of toys he had flung on his back  
And he looked like a little old peddler just opening his pack

His eyes, how they twinkled  
His dimples how merry  
His cheeks were like roses, when kissed by the sun  
His nose like a cherry, all wrinkled with fun  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow  
And the beard of his chin was a white as the snow

The stump of a little old pipe he held tight in his teeth  
And the smoke went around and around and around his head like a wreath

Oh he was so jolly and plump a right jolly old jolly old elf  
And I laughed, And I laughed, And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself

He had a broad face, And a round little belly  
That shook when he laughed, Like a bowl full of jelly

He gave me a wink of his eye, And a twist of his head  
A chuckle and a smile, I knew all the while I had nothing to dread

He spoke not a word but went straight to his work  
He filled all the stockings then turned with a jerk

And laying a finger a-side 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 as he drove out of sight  
Merry Christmas to all and to all a goodnight

'Twas the night after Christmas and all through the house  
Not a creature is stirring not even a mouse

The presents are scattered and broken I fear  
And St. Nicholas won't come again for a year

The children are nestled all snug in their wee little beds  
While mem'ries of sugarplums dance in their wee little heads

Mama in her kerchief, Papa in his cap,  
Are settled at last, for a long winters nap