

# The Night Before Christmas



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

Not a creature was stirring, not even a  
mouse.

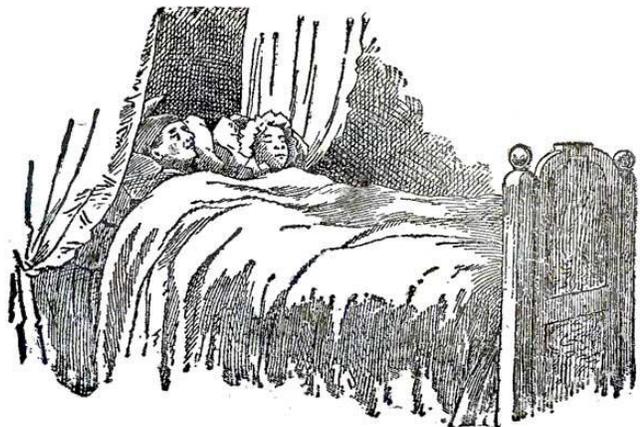
The stockings were hung by the chimney  
with care,

In the hope 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 mamma in her kerchief, and I in my  
cap, Had just settled down for a long winter's nap;





When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,

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

Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters 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 appear,

But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.

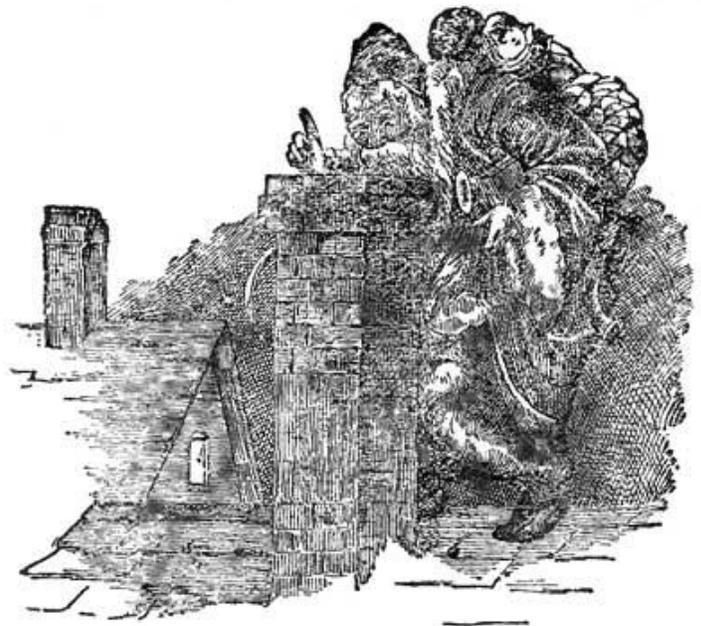
With a little old driver so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

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

"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer!  
Now, Vixen! On, Comet! On, Cupid!  
On, Dunder and Blixen!

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!

Now, dash away! Dash away! Dash away!  
All!"





As dry leaves 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 tiny 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 ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his  
back,

And he looked like a pedlar 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  
in 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 was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.

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,  
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a goodnight!"

**THE END**

# Merry Christmas

From all of us at

[www.nursery-rhymes-fun.com](http://www.nursery-rhymes-fun.com)

# The Night After Christmas





'Twas the night after Christmas, and all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring—excepting a mouse.

The stockings were flung in haste on a chair,  
For hopes of St. Nicholas were no longer there.

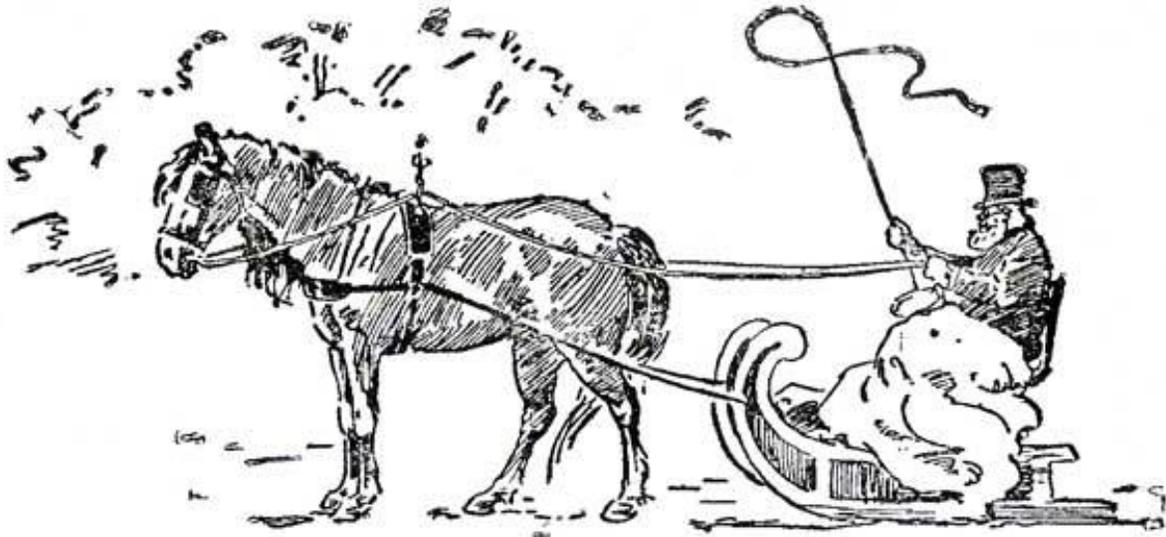
The children were restlessly tossing in bed,  
For the pie and the candy were heavy as lead;

While mamma in her kerchief, and I in my gown,  
Had made up our minds that we might lie down,

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my chair to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I went with a dash,  
Flung open the shutter, and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,  
Gave the luster of noon day to objects below.



When what to my long anxious eyes should appear  
But a horse and a sleigh, both old-fashioned and queer;

With a little old driver, so solemn and slow,  
I knew at a glance it must be Doc Lowe.

I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
When upstairs came the Doctor, with scarcely a sound,

He wore a thick overcoat, made long ago,  
And the beard on his chin was white with the snow.

He spoke a few words, and went straight to his work;  
He felt all the pulses,—then turned with a jerk,



And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
With a nod of his head to the chimney he goes:—

"A spoonful of oil, ma'am, if you have it handy;  
No nuts and no raisins, no pies and no candy.

These tender young stomachs cannot digest  
All the sweets that they get; toys and books are the best.

But I know my advice will find very few friends,  
For the custom of Christmas the other way tends.

Fathers and Mothers, and Grandparents, too,  
All happily ignore the sweet treats handed to you!"

And I heard him exclaim, as he drove out of sight:  
These feastings and candies make Doctors' bills right!"