

'Twas the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
not even a *mouse*.

Away from the window I flew
like a *Flash*,
Tore open the shutters and
threw up the sash.

The *stockings* were hung
by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas
soon would be there.

The moon on the breast
of the new fallen *snow*,
Gave the lustre of mid-day
to objects below.

The children were nestled
all snug in their beds
while visions of *sugar plums*
danced in their heads.

When, what to my wondering
eyes should appear,
But a miniature *sleigh*
and eight tiny *Reindeer*;

And Mama in her 'kerchief,
and I in my *Cap*,
Had just settled our brains
for a long winters nap.

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

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

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.

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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!"

He was dressed in all *Red*,
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 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 of 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*.

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

He had a broad face
and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed
like a bowl full of *jelly*!

He sprang to his sleigh,
to his team gave a *whistle*
And away they all flew
like the down of a thistle!

He was chubby and plump,
a right *jolly* old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him,
in spite of myself!

But I heard him explain,
'ere he drove out of site,
"Happy Christmas to all,
and to all a *good-night!*"

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.

Serenity- Rub a few drops on the
bottom of your soles for a
good-night's sleep