Twas the Night Before Christmas

Twas the night before Christmas
and all thru the house,
not a creature was stirring,
not even a mouse.
All the stockings were hung
by the chimney with care
In the hope that St. Nicholas
soon would be there.

Then what to my
wondering eyes should appear,
A miniature sleigh
and eight tiny reindeer.
A little old driver
so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment
it must be St. Nick.

And more rapid than eagles
his reindeer all came
As he shouted, "On Dasher"
and each reindeer's name.
And so up to the housetop
the reindeer soon flew,
with the sleigh full of toys
and St. Nicholas too.

Down the chimney he came
with a leap and a bound
He was dressed all in fur
and his belly was round
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,
then giving a nod
up the chimney he rose
But I heard him exclaim
as he drove out of sight
"Merry Christmas to all
and to all a Good Night".

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