

Clement C. Moore

"A Visit From St.nicholas"

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Down the chimney St.Nicholas came with a bound.He
was dressed all in furs 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 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 bellyThat
shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.He was
chubby and plump - a right jolly old elf -And laughed
when I saw him, in spite of myself.

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