

Destinys Child

"A Visit From St.nicholas"

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A Visit from St.Nicholas

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by Clement C. Moore

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 belly
That 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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