

Perry Blake

"'twas The Night Before Christmas"

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Twas the night before christmas,
When all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse!

The stockings all hung
By the chimney with care,
In hopes that st. nicholas
Soon would be there!

The children were nestled
All safe in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums
Danced in their heads!

And mom in her kerchief
And I in my cap,
Had just settled down
For a long winters nap!

When out on the lawn
There arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my 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 object below!

When what to my wandering eyes
Should appear,
But a miniature sleigh
And eight tiny reindeer!

With a little ol driver

So lively and quick,
I knew in a moment
It must be st. nick!

More rapid than eagles
His courses they came,
As he whistled and shouted
And called them by name:

Now dasher,
Now dancer,
Now prancer,
Now vixen,
On comet,
On cupid,
On doner
An blitzen!

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 housetop
The courses they flew,
With a 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!

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 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 drawl little mouth
Was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin
Was a white as the snow!

The stump of his pipe
He held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head
Like a wreath!

He had a broad face
And a round little belly,
That shook when he laughed
Like a bowl full of jelly!

He was chubby and plump,
A right jolly old elf,
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!

An laying a finger
Along side his nose,
An giving a nod,
Up the chimney he rose!

He sprang to his sleigh,
To his team gave a whistle,
An away they all flew
Like the down of a thistle.

But I heard him exclaim
As he drove out of sight,
Happy christmas to all,
And to all a goodnight!

Hmmm

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