

The Night before Christmas (Short Version)

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;

Then what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his reindeers all came,
And he shouted, "On Dasher" and reindeer's name;

So up to the house-top, the reindeer soon flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.

Down the chimney, he came with a leap and bound.
He was dressed all in fur, 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,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
Happy Christmas To All, And To All A Good-night!