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Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

'Twas the night before Christmas (A Visit from St. Nicholas)

'Twas the night before
Christmas, when all thro' 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;

The children were nestled all
snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums
danc'd in their heads,
And Mama in her 'kerchief,
and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains
for a long winter's nap—

When out on the lawn there
arose such a clatter,
I sprung from the 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 mid-day to
objects below;
When, what to my wondering
eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight
tiny rein-deer,

With a little old driver, so lively
and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be
St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his
coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted,
and call'd them by name:

"Now! Dasher, now! Dancer, now!
Prancer, and Vixen,

"On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Dunder
and Blixem;

"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 house-top the
coursers they flew,
With the 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 dress'd all in fur, from his
head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnish'd
with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys was flung on his
back,

And he look'd 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 droll little mouth was drawn
up like a bow,
And the beard of 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 laugh'd,
like a bowl full of jelly:



He was chubby and plump, a
right jolly old elf,
And I laugh'd 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 fill'd all the stockings;
then turn'd with a jirk,
And laying his finger aside of
his nose
And giving a nod, up the
chimney he rose.

He sprung to his sleigh, to his
team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like



the down of a thistle:

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight—
Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night.

