

A Visit (from St. Nicholas) by Clement Clarke Moore (1837)

Narrated by Michael Bublé (2019)

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung, by the chimney with care,
In the hopes that St. Nicholas, soon would be there;
The children were nestled, all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
Mum in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled down for a long winter's 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 a lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
Well, I knew in a moment, it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles, his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and he called them by name;
"On Dasher! On Dancer! On Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet to 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, the 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 in all furs, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of Toys he'd flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler 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 this pipe, he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And 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 he filled all the stockings, and turned with a jerk,
And laying a finger to the side of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang 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, as he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all, good night."

Good night!

Note: This is my transcription of Michael Bubl  's version of the poem, which differs slightly from Clement Clarke Moore's original, any errors should be attributed only to myself. Clement Clarke Moore's original can be found in the next page below.

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

BY CLEMENT CLARKE MOORE

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/43171/a-visit-from-st-nicholas>

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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 danced in their heads;
And mamma 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 sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
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The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below,
When what to my wondering eyes did appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment he must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now *Prancer* and *Vixen!*
On, *Come!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the housetop 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 dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
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And laying his finger aside of his nose,
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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!”

n/a

Source: *The Random House Book of Poetry for Children* (Random House Inc., 1983)