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Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

'Twas the night before Christmas

'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;



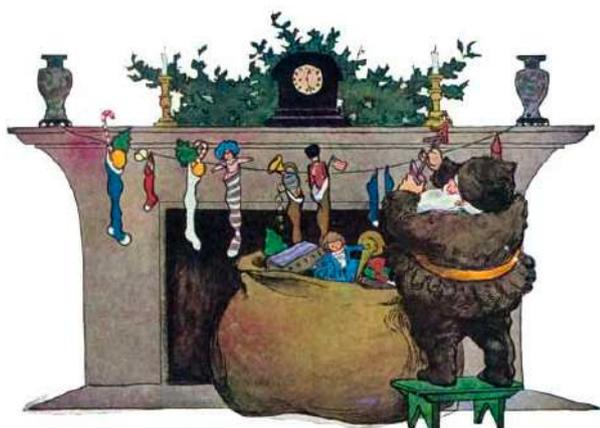
The stump of a pipe he held tight
in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his
head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little
round belly

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.

