

*I do not usually publish poems but, although early, the committee would like to wish all our members a happy Christmas and prosperous new year.*

***The reason Rudolph is not mentioned in the poem.***

*Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer is a fictional reindeer created by Robert L. May, and first appeared in a 1939 booklet written by May and published by Montgomery Ward & Co. the U.S. department store & U.S. retail corporation.*

*Editor*

## ‘Twas the Night before Christmas

### Clement Clarke Moore (1823)

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 would soon be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads.  
And Mamma in ‘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 lustre of mid-day to the 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,  
I knew in a moment it 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 COMET! On CUPID! On DONNER! 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 with an obstacle, mount to the sky.  
So up 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 tiny hoof.  
As I drew in my hand and was turning around  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dress 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 hoe merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow  
And beard of his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And smoke it 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 filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk.  
And laying his finger alongside 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, ere he drove out of sight,  
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOODNIGHT!!