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A  
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St. NICHOLAS



*By Clement C. Moore*

NEW YORK

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*Boston*

*The Atlantic Monthly Press*

1921

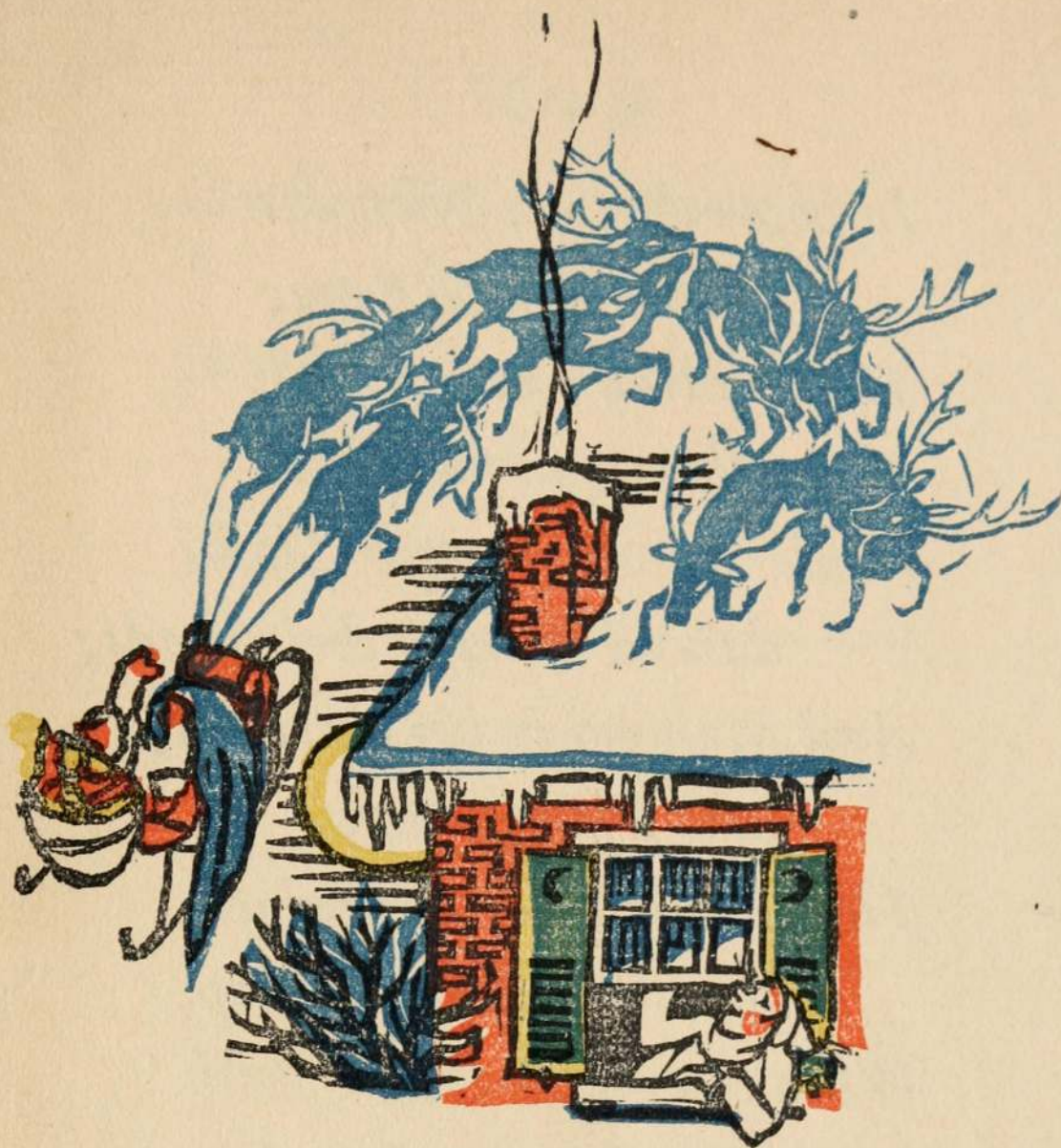
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**T** Was the night before Christmas,  
when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring,  
not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung  
by the chimney with care,



*In hopes that St. Nicholas  
soon would be there;  
The children were nestled  
all snug in their beds  
While visions of sugar-plums  
danced through 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,  
Tore open the shutters  
and threw up the sash.  
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, Comet! on, Cupid!*  
*on, Donder and Blixen!*

*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,*



*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 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 a pipe  
he held tight in his teeth,*

*And the smoke, it encircled  
his head like a wreath;*

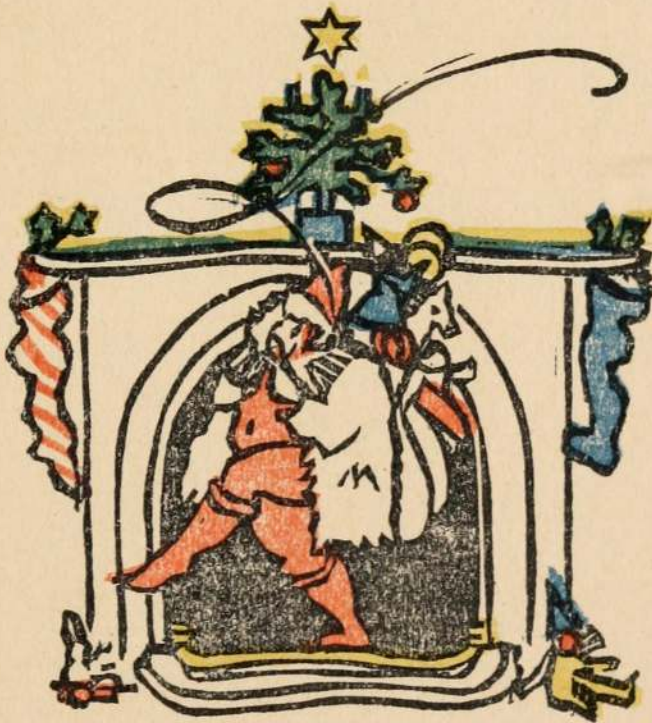
*He had a broad face  
and a little round belly*



*That shook when he laughed,  
like a bowl full 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  
aside 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  
ere he drove out of sight—*  
“*HAPPY CHRISTMAS  
TO ALL  
AND TO ALL A GOOD  
NIGHT!*”





☪ *Designed by Bruce Rogers and printed by  
William Edwin Rudge, Mount Vernon, N. Y.  
The text is that of the original (1837) edition.  
The woodcuts are by Florence Wyman Ivins.*

CENTRAL CIRCULATION  
CHILDREN'S ROOM.









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