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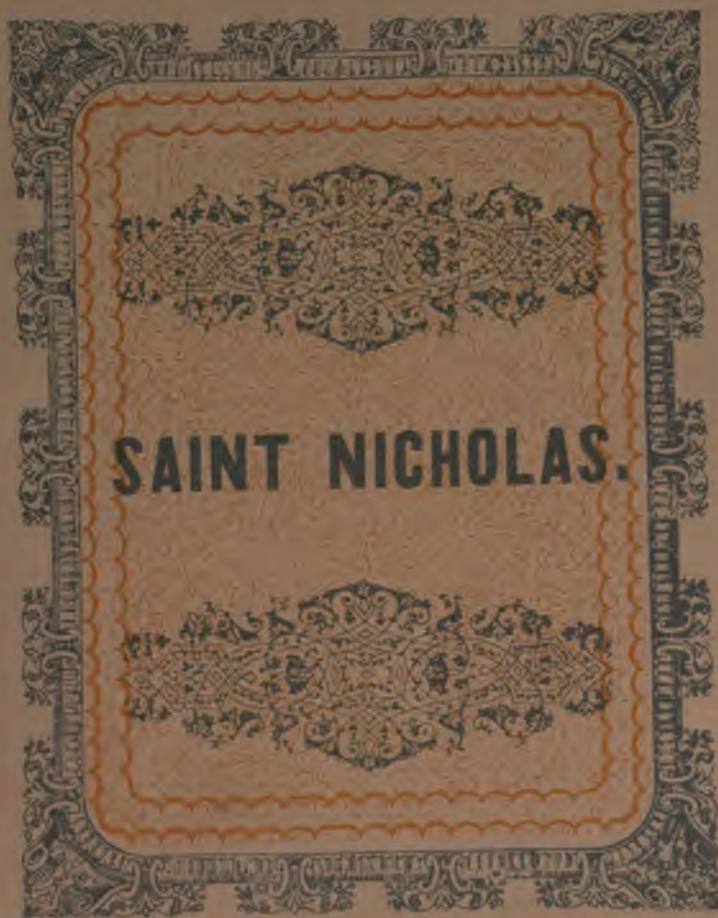
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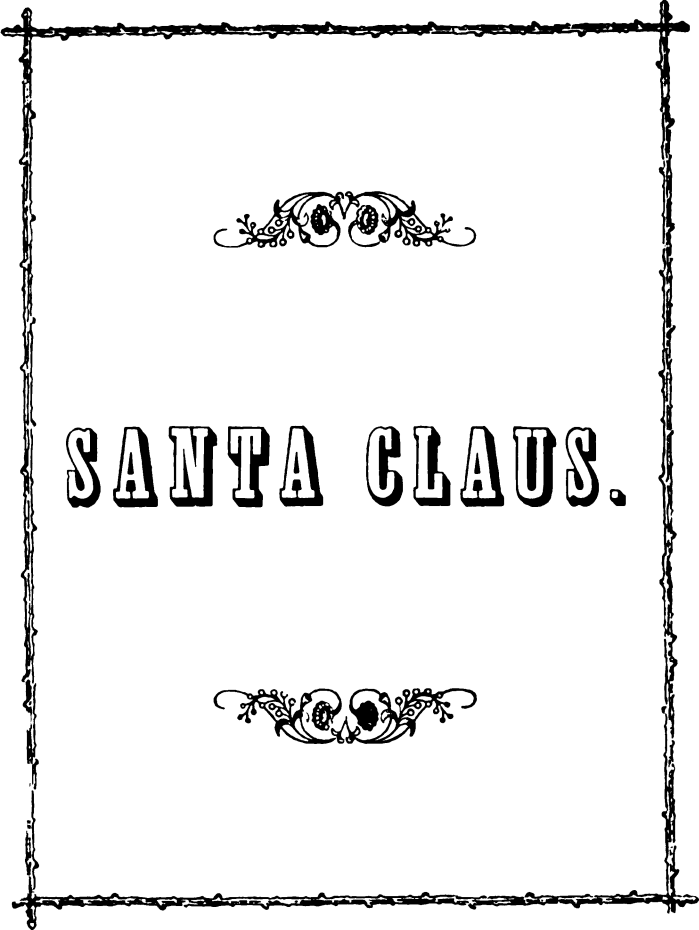
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SANTA CLAUS.


This One



PZUU-PUX-QC45



SANTA CLAUS'S VISIT.



A
VISIT FROM
ST. NICHOLAS,

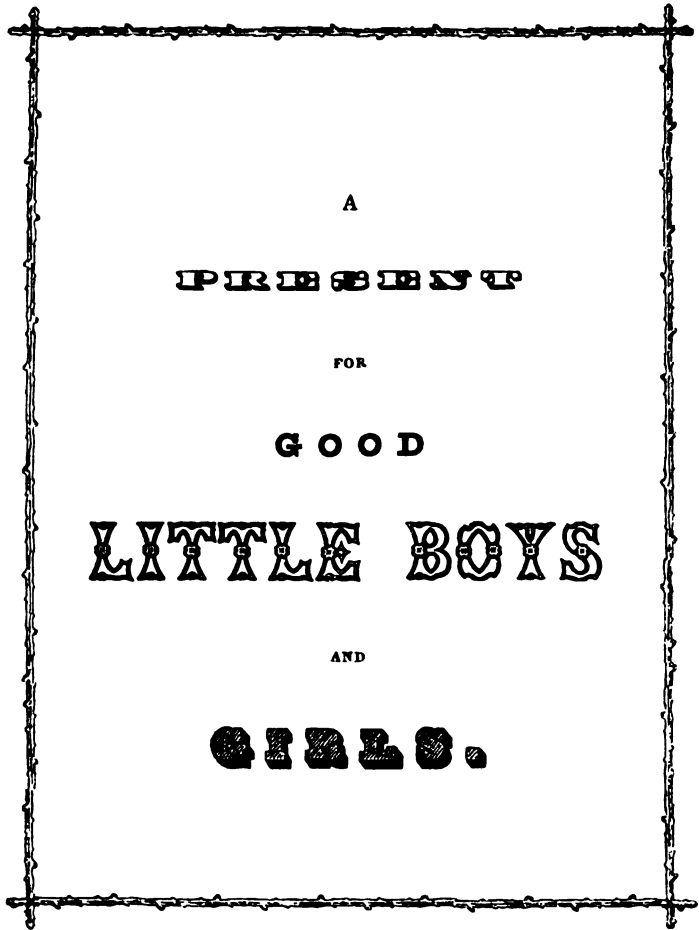
BY
CLEMENT C. MOORE, LL.D.

With Original Cuts,
DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY BOYD.

New-York:
SPALDING & SHEPARD,
189½ Broadway.
—
1849.



ing to Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by Wm. H. OWENS
's Office of the District Court for the Southern District o



A
PRESENT
FOR
GOOD
LITTLE BOYS
AND
GIRLS.



VISIT FROM SANTA CLAUS.



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 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 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 called them
by name ;

“ Now, *Dasher !* now, *Dancer !* now *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 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 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 pedlar 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 laughed like a bowlfull
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 fill'd all the stockings ; then turned with
a jerk,

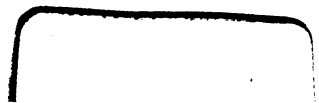
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose ;

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,



Aunt Mary
+
Uncle Charlie

1890





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