

# TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE Christmas



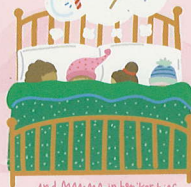
When all through the HOUSE not a CREATURE  
was stirring, not even a MOUSE



The CHILDREN were nestled  
all snug in their BEDS,  
while VISIONS of SUGAR  
PLUMS DANCED in their HEADS



THE STOCKINGS were hung by the  
CHIMNEY with CARE, in HOPES that  
ST. NICHOLAS soon would be there



And Mamma in her KITCHEN,  
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 the bed  
to see what was the matter

When what to my WONDERING  
eyes should appear but a  
MINUTE SLEIGH and eight  
TUG REINDEER

He whistled & shouted & called them by name!

With a little  
OLD DRIVER so  
BUSY and QUICK,  
I knew at a  
GLANCE, it  
must be ST. NICHOLAS



Now Dasher! Now Dancer! Now Prancer  
and Vixen! ON COME! ON COME!  
ON DONNER and BLITZEN!



HE SPRANG to his sleigh, TUCKING  
GAVE A WHISTLE, and away he  
FLEW like the DOWNY FEATHER,  
BUT I heard him EXCLAIM, as he  
drove out of sight, "MERRY!"



HIS EYES how they TWINKLED!  
HIS DIMPLES how MERRY!  
HIS CHEEKS were like ROSES,  
HIS NOSE like a CHERRY!  
HE HAD a broad FACE & a SLY  
ROUND BELLY, that shook when  
he LAUGHED like a bowl full of  
JELLY!



He spoke not a word, but  
went straight to WORK,  
and filled all his stockings  
and turned with a jerk



MERRY CHRISTMAS to all and  
to all a GOOD NIGHT!

hello! I'm Alexa! I live in Southern Utah with my husband and four kiddos. By day I am a designer, dreamer, and do-er. Pippi Post was born out of love for snail mail, celebrating the small stuff, and that fuzzy feeling you get inside when you slow down enough to enjoy life's little moments, like putting together a puzzle with loved ones. Hope you enjoy!

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