'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 hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there. The children were nestled all snug in their beds, while visions of sugarplums danced in their heads; and mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap, had just settled our brains for a long winter nap; when out on the lawn there arouse such a clatter, I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter...

...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...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!...he sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, and away they all flew like down of a thistle. But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight, "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."