**A Visit from St. Nicholas (Santa’s Perspective)**

'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 I soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,

While dreams of good things danced in their heads.

Mamma in her nightgown, and Daddy ready for bed,

He just pulled back the covers and laid down his head.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,

Dad sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window he flew like a flash,

He opened the curtains and threw up the sash.

Now, the moon was glistening on that new-fallen snow

It gave the luster of mid-day to objects below.

When what to his wondering eyes should appear,

But a big red sleigh, and nine flying reindeer.

When he saw the jolly old driver, daddy took a pause,

He knew in a moment it was me Santa Claus.

More rapid than eagles my reindeer they came,

And I 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!"

Just as dry leaves that before a wild hurricane will fly,

When my reindeer meet an obstacle, they mount to the sky.

So up to the house-top my reindeer they flew,

With the sleigh full of toys, and yes, me too.

And then, in a twinkling, Daddy heard on the roof

The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As he drew in his head, and was turning around,

Down the chimney I came with a bound.

I was dressed all in fur, from my head to my foot,

And my clothes were a bit tarnished with ashes and soot.

A sack full of toys I had flung on my back,

And I looked like a traveler, just opening my pack.

He saw my eyes twinkle, and my dimples, were merry!

My cheeks were like roses, my nose like a cherry!

My funny little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard on my chin was as white as the snow.

A candy cane I held tight with my teeth,

And I had more in a pouch I had underneath.

He saw my face and my big ol' round belly,

And it shook when I laughed, like a bowlful of jelly!

Dad saw that I knew just what to do,

And he laughed, though he didn’t intend to.

A wink of my eye and a twist of my head,

Soon let Dad know he had nothing to dread.

I spoke not a word, and went straight to my work,

I filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk.

Then by laying a finger aside of my nose,

And giving a nod, up the chimney I rose!

I hopped into my sleigh, to my team gave a whistle,

And away we all flew like the down of a thistle.

And then I said as we flew out of sight,

"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"