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From: ()
Sent: December 25, 2008 10:59 AM
To: Jennifer Ficocelli; MayorandCouncil; Michael Smith
Subject: An unexpected pleasure: apologies to Clement C Moore

'Twas the day after 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 would have been 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 risen up from 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 plow on 18 street and a 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 hill! to the top of the wall!
 Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
 So up to Rosebery the coursers they flew,
 With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
 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 laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, down the street he drove.
 He sprang to his plow, 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-day."

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