

Santa Claus

Pictured
by

Morry
Rountree.

COPYRIGHT

ENTIRELY
BRITISH
MANUFACTURE.

LONDON:
DEAN'S RAG BOOK
CO., LTD.

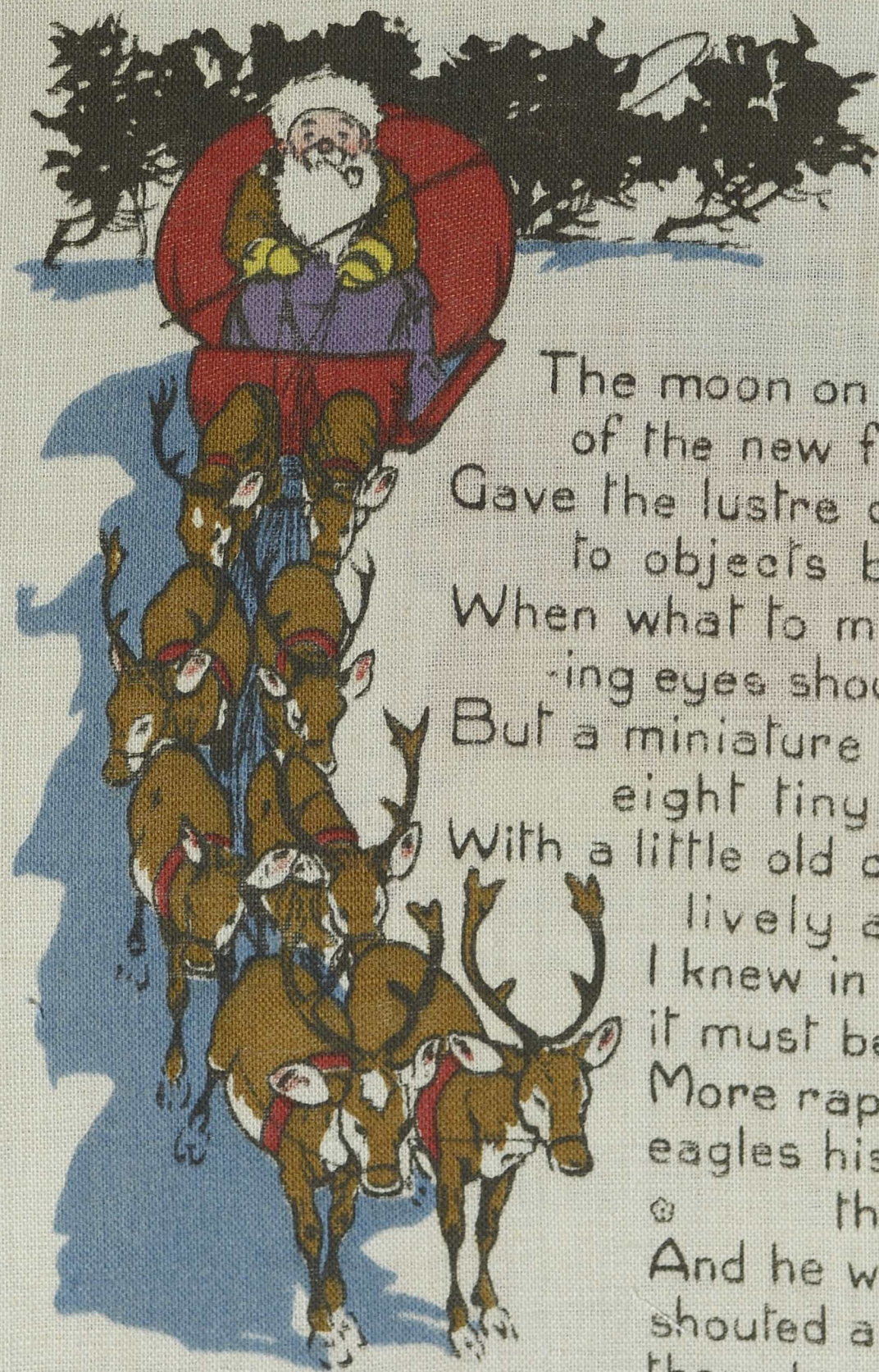


Santa Claus.

'Twas the night before Christmas,
and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung on the bed with
such care,
In hope 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, & 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 & 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 wonder-
ing 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.
More rapid than
eagles his coursers
* they came,
And he whistled and
shouted and called
them by name. *



"Now, Dasher!
Now, Dancer!
Now, Prancer!
Now, Vixen !
On, Comet !
On, Cupid !
On, Dunder
and Blixon !

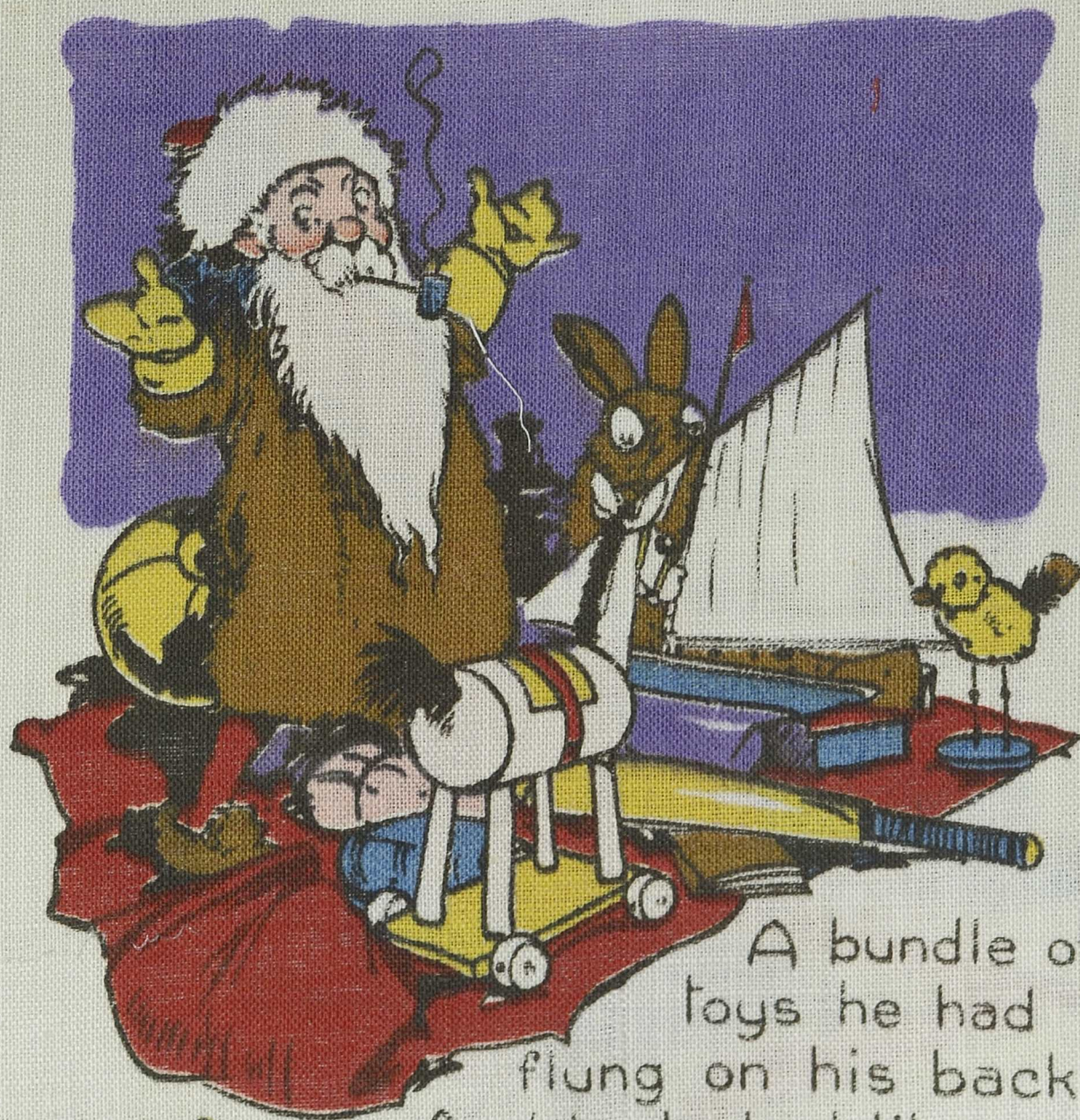


To the top of
the porch,
to the top
of the wall,

Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves 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 tiny hoof.
As I drew in my head & 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
pedler 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 in a bow,
And the beard on 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 was chubby & 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 filled all
the stockings -
then turned
with a jerk ,
And laying his
finger aside
of his nose ,

☁ ☁ And giving a nod,
up the chimney he goes.



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,
“Merry Christmas to all,
and to all a good night!” ❁



ENTIRELY BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

Patented in United Kingdom
1957, 25715, 25736, 25738
Patented in U.S.A. 254573, 25715
D.G.M.
251501, 251502, 251503, 105485

DEAN'S RAG BOOKS



QUITE INDESTRUCTIBLE

TRADE MARK
REGISTERED IN ALL COUNTRIES.