

**A Visit from St Nicholas – by Clement Clarke Moore**  
**Original Poem**

'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 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, and 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 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 sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and  
Vixen!  
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!  
dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

Now and then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

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 rose;

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,  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."

**Parody – A Visit From St. Barackolas by Hal Mitchell**  
**As told by a Lincoln Bedroom guest**

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the  
White House  
Not a creature was stirring, not even the First Mouse  
The stockings were hung by the chimneys with care  
In the hopes that St. Barackolas would soon be there

The people were nestled all snug in their beds  
While visions of Obama stash danced in their heads  
And Michelle asleep in her [Wu gown](#) but I not yet  
Had hoped for a way to get out of debt

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash  
And there was Barney running off with my stash

The full moon over the new-fallen snow  
Gave the luster of mid-day to objects below,  
When to my wondering eyes did appear  
A bevy of Union bosses drinking Barry's beer

"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and  
Vixen!  
On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donder and Blitzen!  
To the top of White House what did appear  
But St Barackolas with his face full of fear!

Now in a twinkling I heard again on the roofs  
The prancing and pawing of other little hoofs  
Barry looked away but I still saw his fear  
And I heard him say "The Ging-grinch is here".

Ging-grinch spoke not a word, but went to his work  
Filling with coal, the stockings of the "First Jerk"  
And laying his finger to his nose he said with a smirk,  
"I'm back again, Barry, and you're out of work.

Ging-grinch sprang to his sleigh and away he flew  
And I stood there and stared but then I knew,  
Barry's term was over and this little elf  
Will be his replacement in twenty and twelve!