As I drew in my head, and was turning around
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound:
He was dress'd all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnish'd with ashes and soot;

Chorus

A bundle of toys was flung on his back,
And he look'd like a peddler just opening his pack:
His eyes — how they twinkled! His dimples how merry,
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry:

Chorus

He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook when he laugh'd, like a bowl full of jelly:
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laugh'd when I saw him in spite of myself;

Chorus

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And fill'd all the stockings: then turn'd with a jerk,
And laying a finger aside of his nose
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

Chorus

He sprung 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.

Chorus