library newsletter

December

BOISE STATE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

1982

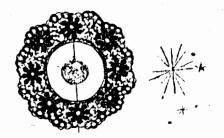
A VISIT FROM SAINT NICHOLAS (alias GT 4985)

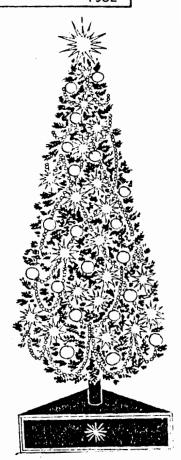
with apologies to

Clement C. Moore

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the library Not a creature was stirring, not even a bookworm, The stockings were hung by the book drop In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there; The librarians were nestled all snug in their stacks, While visions of publishers catalogs danced in their heads; And Tim in his 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 my 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 a lustre of midday to objects below; When what to my wondering 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 Saint Nick! More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, And he whistled and shouted and called them by name: "Now, Doubleday! now, Dutton! now, Oxford & Viking. On, Curtis! on, Avon! on, Harper and Little, Brown! To the top of the loading dock, to the top of the wall! Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!" As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly, When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky, So up to the housetop the coursers they flew, With a sleigh full of books and Saint Nicholas, too. And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof The prancing and pawing of each little hoof. (our new roof yet - oy)

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the book drop Saint Nicholas came with a bound.







He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with printers ink and book dust,

A bundle of books he had flung on his back, And he looked like a salesman 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 like 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

(until he was told "No Smoking in the Library"). He had a broad face and a little round belly That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly. He was chubby and 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 book drop he rose. He sprang in 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!"

