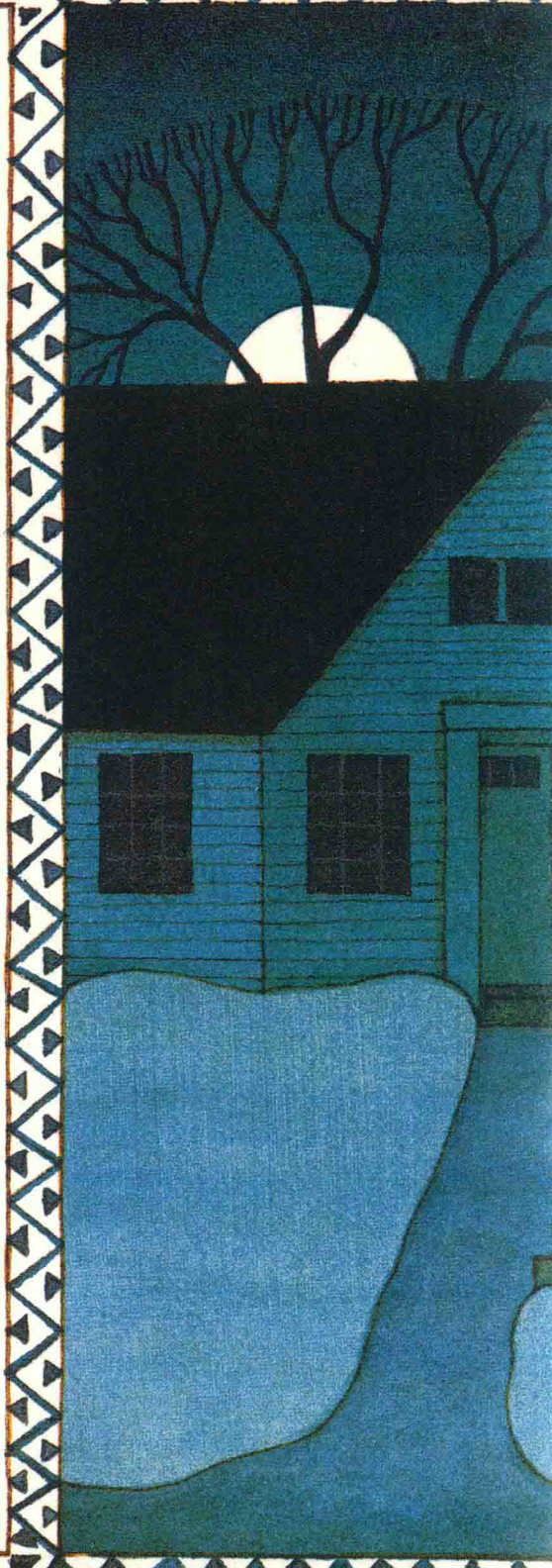
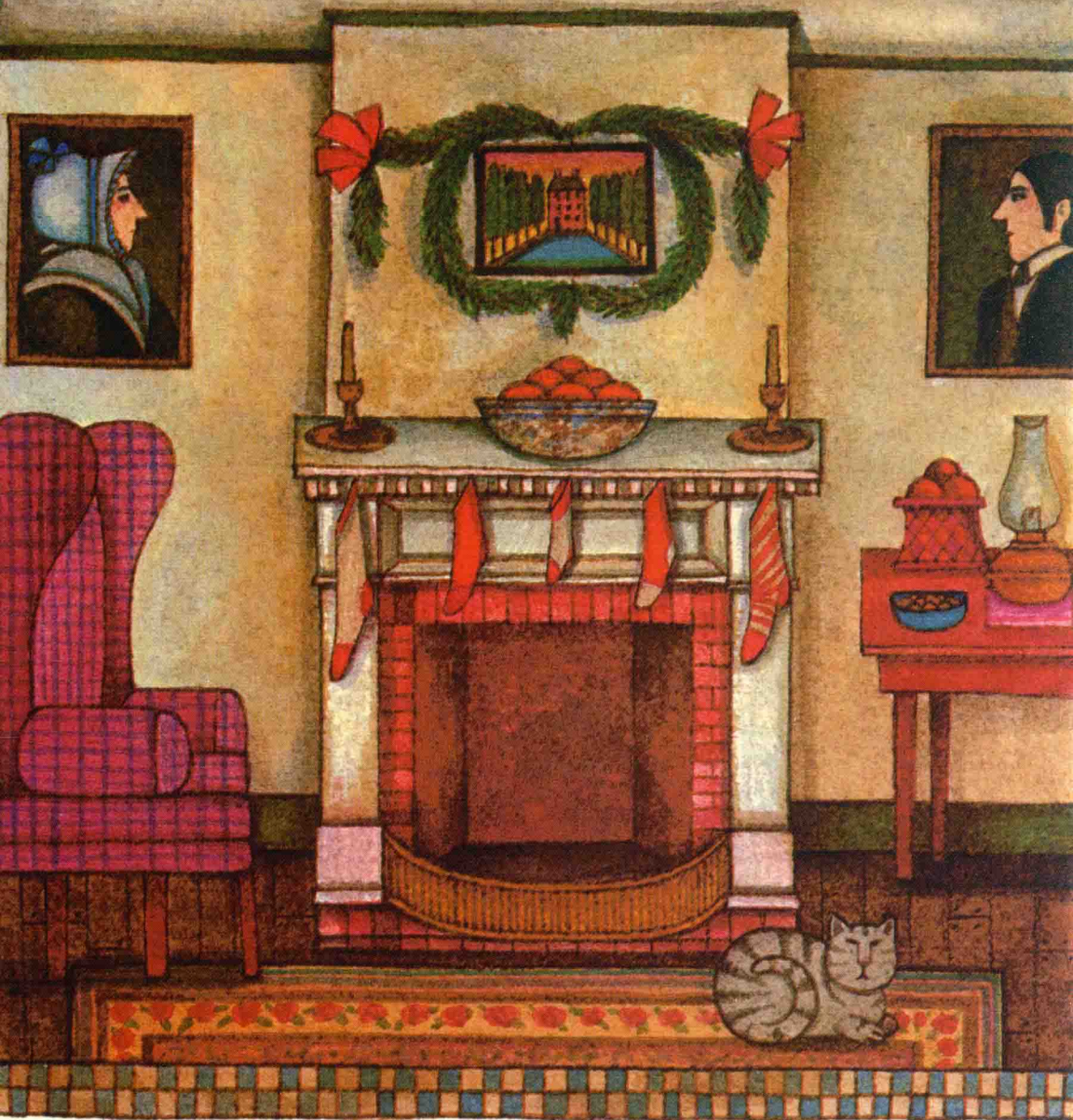




Twas the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
not even a mouse;

圣诞节前夜，
整间屋子静悄悄。
万物沉默，
连老鼠也不吵不闹。






The stockings were hung
by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas
soon would be there;

在壁炉前挂上长袜，
动作是如此轻缓。
圣诞老人快快出现，
这是最殷切的期盼。



An illustration on the left side of the page shows a window with blue shutters. The window is divided into four panes, with the top two panes being a solid blue color. The shutters are also blue and have a textured, horizontal-slatted appearance. Below the window, there is a red flower with three green leaves. The background of the illustration is a mix of brown and blue tones, with a decorative border on the right side consisting of a repeating pattern of green and blue triangles.

And Mamma in her 'kerechief,
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.



妈妈裹着头巾，
我戴着睡帽，
放下所有的心事，
在冬夜里睡个长觉。

突然，屋外的草坪
传来一阵声响。
我从床上一跃而起，
要去细细端详。
我冲到窗前，
快得像一道电光，
拉开了窗帘，
推开了窗框。



The moon on the breast
of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of midday
to objects below,
When, what to my wondering
eyes should appear,

月光投入初雪的怀抱，
万物沐浴正午般的光芒。
令人惊叹的事情发生了，
吸引住我的目光。



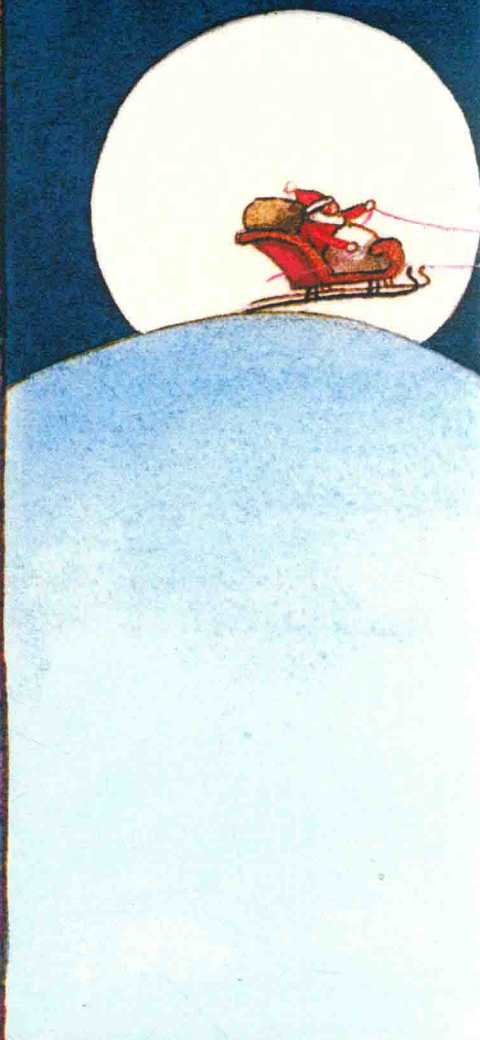
But a miniature sleigh,
and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver,
so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment
it must be St. Nick.

一辆小雪橇，
八只小驯鹿，
还有一个驾车的小老头，
那么欢快，那么神速，
我立刻明白，
是圣诞老人在赶路。

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 Dunder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch!
To the top of the wall!
Now dash away!
Dash away! Dash away all!"



雪橇比雄鹰更迅疾，
圣诞老人吹着口哨，
一路吆喝，
还把每只驯鹿的名字叫。
“快，飞毛腿！快，舞蹈家！
快，鼓点和凶婆娘！
加油，彗星！加油，丘比特！
加油，惊雷和闪电！
飞过廊顶！
跃过墙头！
快快向前！
向前！
一起向前！”





As dry leaves that before
the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an
obstacle,
mount to the sky;
So up to the housetop

像飓风来临时，
枯叶随风飘扬。
只要遇到障碍，
立刻飞向空中。
飞过屋顶，
飞向远方。



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 little hoof—

雪橇上装满玩具，
还载着圣诞老人。
转眼间，一道光闪过，
我听见屋顶传来
蹦跳声，踢踏声，
每只小鹿蹄在欢腾——



As I drew in my head,
and 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 pedlar,
just opening his pack.



我从窗前缩回脑袋，
转过身来，
刚好看见圣诞老人
从烟囱里跳下。

他从头到脚
裹着皮衣，
烟灰与尘土
弄脏了衣服。
他背着一大包玩具，
像一个小贩
打开了包裹。







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 of his chin
was as white as the snow;

他的眼睛——明亮闪光！
他的酒窝，快乐荡漾！
他的脸颊，玫瑰般鲜红，
他的鼻子，樱桃般鲜亮！
那滑稽的小嘴，
弓一般鼓起来，
下巴上的胡须，
雪一样洁白。



The stump of his pipe
he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled
his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face
and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed,
like a bowlful of jelly.

牙齿紧咬着
还未吸完的烟斗，
喷出的烟雾
像花环环绕着头。
脸胖乎乎的，
小肚子圆滚滚的，
一笑起来，
像一碗颤动的果冻。





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;



他又圆又胖，
像个乐呵呵的老顽童。

我看着他，
也忍不住笑嘻嘻。
他转过头来，
两眼直眨巴，
立刻让我安心，
什么也不用害怕。

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;



他什么也不说，
只顾专心工作，
把礼物装满所有的袜子，
又急着转身忙活。
他伸出手指，
放在鼻子边上，
又冲我点点头，
爬上了烟囱。

