

This book is for

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With love from

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On this date

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By GRAMMY® winner  
**MICHAEL W. SMITH**  
and MIKE NAWROCKI

# Merry Christmas, Nighty Night

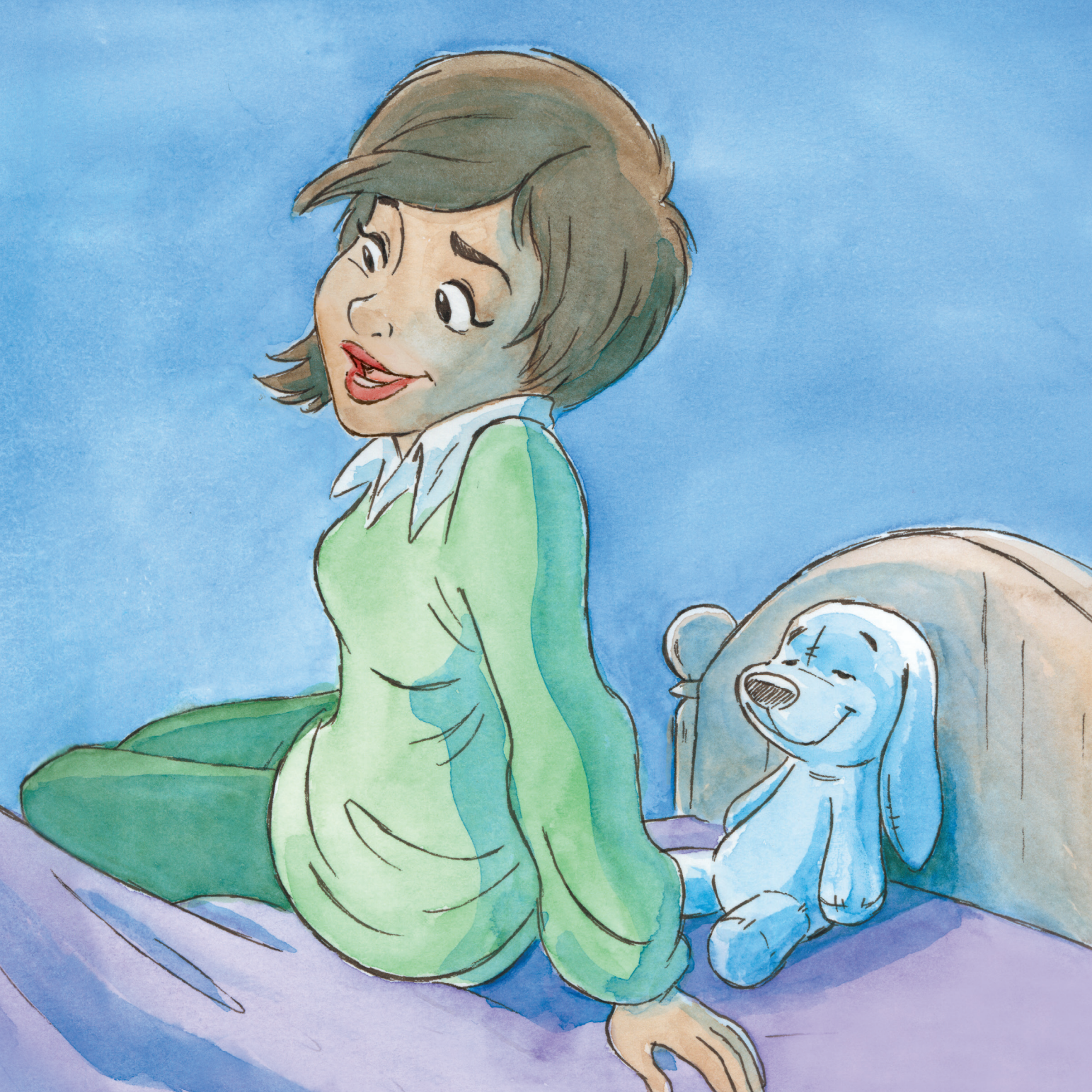


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On the night before Christmas, Cole asked from his bed,  
“May I wait by the tree for my presents instead?”

“No, Cole,” his mom said,  
as she handed him Bear.  
Then she kissed him good night  
and helped say his prayers.





Cole's little sister  
appeared at the door.  
She'd been in her bed,  
but was not anymore.



“I can’t go to sleep,” Rose  
whispered to Mother.  
“May I come in here, please,  
with you and my brother?”



When Dad, wrapping presents, heard all of the chatter,  
he climbed up the stairs to see what was the matter.

Dad entered in. “Hey, you should both be in bed,  
while visions of sugarplums dance in your heads.”

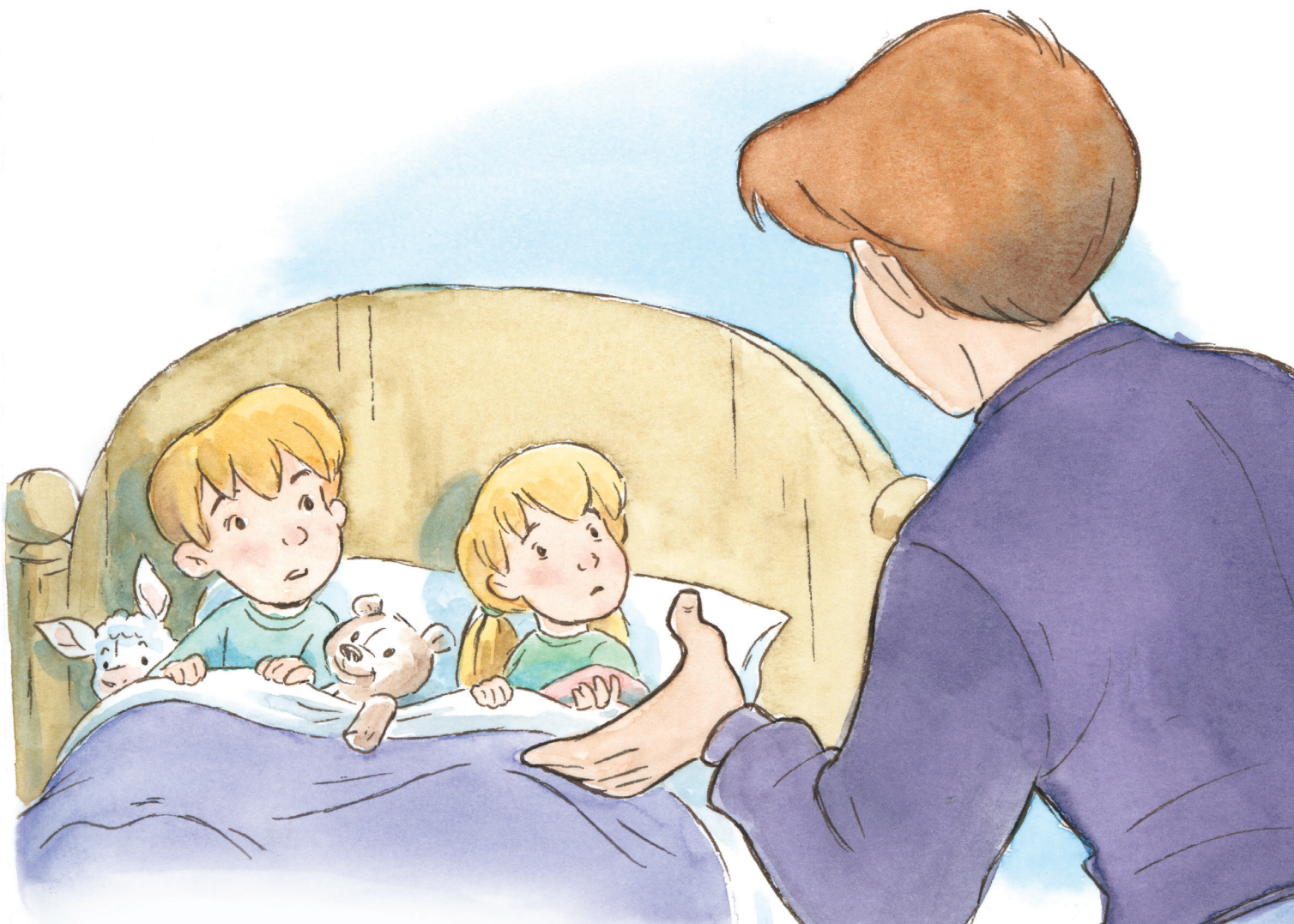




“Sugarplums?” asked Rose,  
thinking thoughts about sweets.  
“Yes, candy,” Dad answered,  
while pondering treats.



“I love them,” Dad said. “They’re from an old rhyme.  
I’d read it to you if we had some more time.  
But for now what I’m hearing is way too much peeping.  
It’s nearly midnight, and you both should be sleeping!”



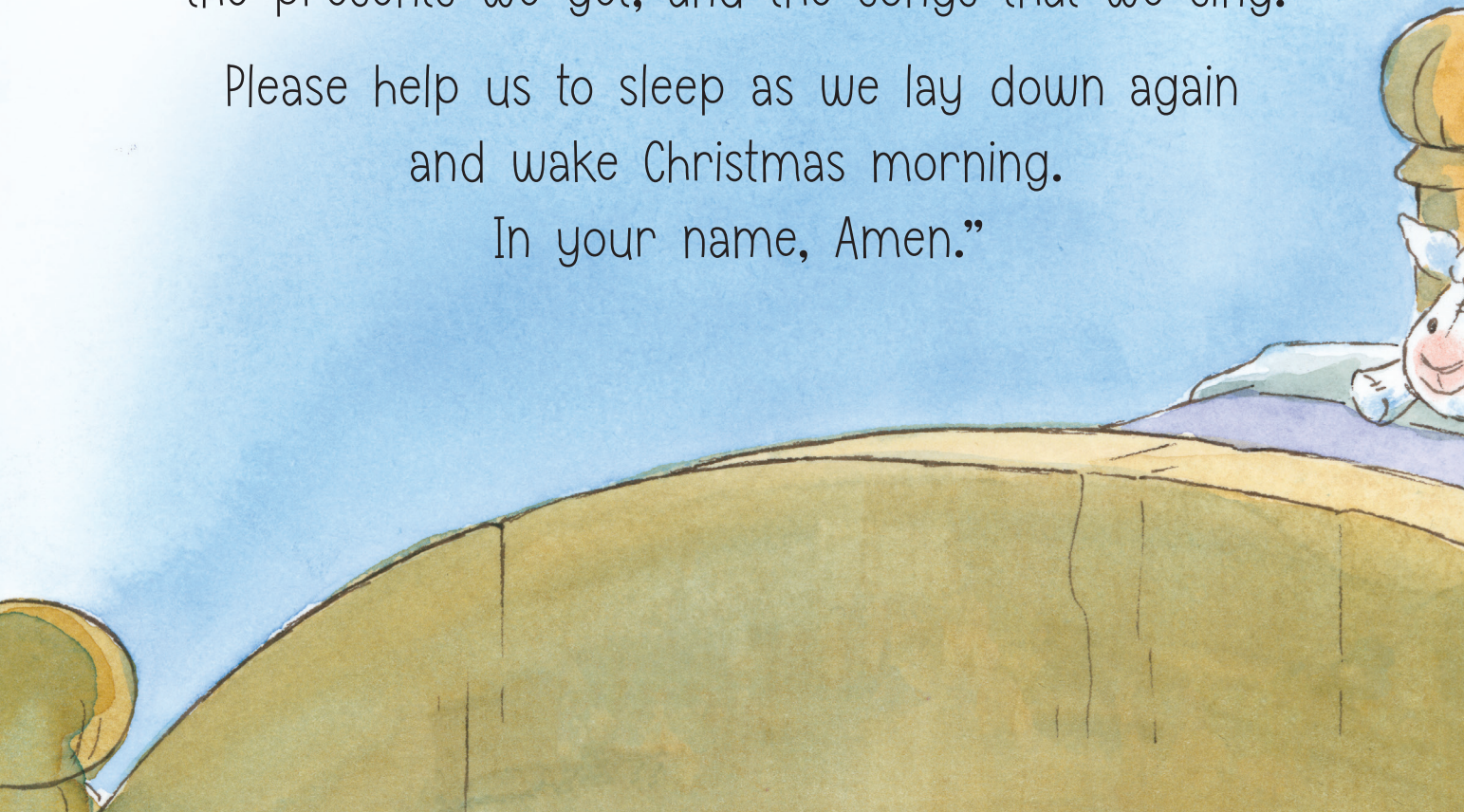
With sweets to imagine and cuddles to share,  
they all snuggled up for a Christmas Eve prayer.

“Thank you, dear God, for the gift of your Son,  
and for sending your love to save everyone.

Thank you for Christmas, the joy that it brings,  
the presents we get, and the songs that we sing.

Please help us to sleep as we lay down again  
and wake Christmas morning.

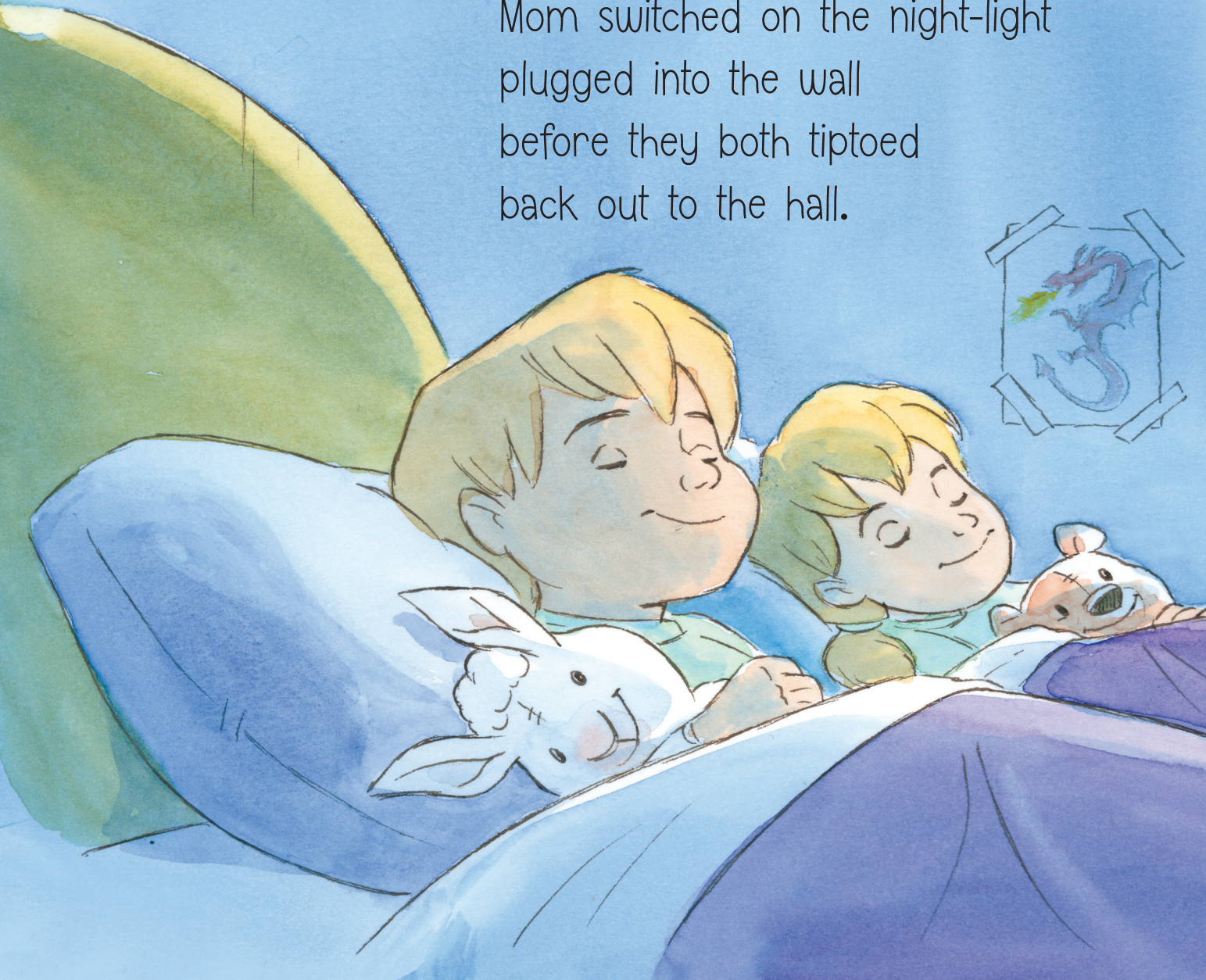
In your name, Amen.”





Dad softly whispered, “Now go to sleep quick,  
so we can get back to helping St. Nick.”

Mom switched on the night-light  
plugged into the wall  
before they both tiptoed  
back out to the hall.





The calm sound of music then filled the air,  
played by a puppy, a sheep, and a bear.

And as the soft strings of the instruments rang  
the kids closed their eyes  
and the Nighty Nights sang:

Silent night, holy night.

All is calm, all is bright.

Round yon virgin mother and child.

Holy infant so tender and mild.

Sleep in heavenly peace.

Sleep in heavenly peace.



Silent night, holy night.  
Shepherds quake at the sight.  
Glories stream from heaven afar.  
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia!  
Christ the Savior is born.  
Christ the Savior is born.

Silent night, holy night.  
Son of God, love's pure light.  
Radiant beams from thy holy face.  
With the dawn of redeeming grace.  
Jesus, Lord at thy birth.  
Jesus, Lord at thy birth.



By the time that the puppy,  
the bear, and the sheep  
had finished their singing  
both kids were asleep.





“That did it,” yawned Puppy.  
“I think our job’s through!”  
Bear whispered to Sheep,  
“And Puppy’s out too!”

Bear smiled and said softly  
as he turned off the light,

“Merry Christmas to all,  
and to all nighty night!”



