

How the Grinch Stole Christmas

Written by Dr. Seuss, published in 1957

Cartoon debuted December 18, 1966

Song:

Fahoo forays, dahoo dorays

Welcome Christmas, bring your light

Fahoo forays, dahoo dorays

Welcome in the cold of night

Welcome Christmas, *fahoo ramus*

Welcome Christmas, *dahoo damus*

Welcome Christmas, while we stand

Heart to heart and hand in hand

Trim¹ up the tree with Christmas stuff

Like *bingle balls* and *whofoo fluff*

Trim up the town with *googoo gums*

And *bizilbigs* and *wums*

Trim every blessed window and

trim every blessed door

Hang up *whoboohoo bricks* then run out and get some more!

Hang *pantookas* on the ceilings

Pile *panpoonas* on the floor

Trim every blessed needle on the blessed Christmas tree

Christmas comes tomorrow. Trim you, trim me!

Trim up your tree with *fuzzle fuzz*

And *fliffer bloofs*, and *wuzzle wuzz*

Trim up your uncle and your aunt

With yards of *whoflut flay*

Narration:

Every Who down in Whoville liked Christmas a lot

But the Grinch who lived just North of Whoville did not!

The Grinch hated Christmas! The whole Christmas season!

Now, please don't ask why. No one quite knows the reason.

It could be, perhaps, that his shoes were too tight.

It could be his head wasn't screwed on just right.

But I think that the most likely reason of all

May have been that his heart was two sizes too small.

But, whatever the reason, his heart or his shoes,

He stood there on Christmas Eve hating the Whos,

Staring down from his cave with a sour, Grinchy frown

At the warm lighted windows below in their town,

For he knew every Who down in Whoville beneath

Was busy now hanging a *hollywho* wreath.

"And they're hanging their stockings," he snarled with a sneer.

"Tomorrow is Christmas! It's practically here!"

Then he growled, with his Grinch fingers nervously drumming,

"I must find some way to keep Christmas from coming!

For, tomorrow, I know all those Who girls and boys

Will wake bright and early. They'll rush for their toys!

And then! Oh, the noise! Oh, the noise! Noise! Noise! Noise!

There's one thing I hate! All the NOISE! NOISE! NOISE! NOISE!

And they'll shriek squeaks and squeals,
racing 'round on their wheels.

They'll dance with *jinglinglers* tied onto their heels.

They'll blow their *floofloovers*. They'll bang their *tartookas*.

They'll blow their *whooopers*. They'll bang their *gardookas*.

They'll spin their *trumtookas*. They'll slam their *slooslunkas*.

They'll beat their *blumbloopas*. They'll wham their *whowonkas*.

And they'll play noisy games like *zoozittacarzay*,

A roller-skate type of lacrosse and croquet!

And then they'll make ear-splitting noises *galooks*

On their great big electro *whocarnio flooks!*

Then the Whos, young and old, will sit down to a feast.

And they'll feast! And they'll feast!

And they'll FEAST! FEAST! FEAST! FEAST!

They'll feast on Who pudding, and rare Who roast beast,

Raw roast beast is a feast I can't stand in the least!

And then they'll do something I hate most of all!

Every Who down in Whoville, the tall and the small,

They'll stand close together, with Christmas bells ringing.

They'll stand hand-in-hand, and those Whos will start singing!"

Song:

Fahoo forays, dahoo dorays

Welcome Christmas! Come this way

Fahoo forays, dahoo dorays

Welcome Christmas, Christmas Day

Welcome, welcome, *fahoo ramus*

Welcome, welcome, *dahoo damus*

Christmas Day is in our grasp

So long as we have hands to clasp

Narration:

"And they'll sing! And they'll sing!

And they'd SING! SING! SING! SING!"

And the more the Grinch thought of this Who Christmas Sing,

The more the Grinch thought, "I must stop this whole thing!

Why for fifty-three years I've put up with it now!

I must stop Christmas from coming! But how?"

Then he got an idea! An awful idea!

The Grinch got a wonderful, awful idea!

"I know just what to do!" The Grinch laughed in his throat.

"I'll make a quick Santy Claus hat and a coat."

And he chuckled, and clucked, "What a great grinchy trick!

With this coat and this hat, I'll look just like Saint Nick!"

Song:

You're a mean one, Mr. Grinch. You really are a heel.

You're as cuddly as a cactus. You're as charming as an eel.

Mr. Grinch! You're a bad banana with a greasy black peel!

You're a monster, Mr. Grinch. Your heart's an empty hole.

Your brain is full of spiders. You've got garlic in your soul.

Mr. Grinch! I wouldn't touch you with a

thirty-nine-and-a-half foot pole!

Narration:

"All I need is a reindeer." The Grinch looked around.

But since reindeer are scarce, there was none to be found.

Did that stop the Grinch? Hah! The Grinch simply said,

"If I can't find a reindeer, I'll make one instead!"

So he took his dog Max, and he took some black thread.

And he tied a big horn on the top of his head.

Then he loaded some bags and some old empty sacks

On a ramshackle sleigh and he whistled for Max.

Then the Grinch said "Giddyap!" and the sleigh started down

Toward the homes where the Whos lay a-snooze in their town.

All their windows were dark. No one knew he was there.

All the Whos were all dreaming sweet dreams without care

When he came to the first little house of the square.

"This is stop number one," the old Grinchy Claus hissed,

As he climbed to the roof, empty bags in his fist.

Then he slid down the chimney, a rather tight pinch.

But if Santa could do it, then so could the Grinch.

He got stuck only once, for a minute or two.

Then he stuck his head out of the fireplace flue

Where the little Who stockings hung all in a row.

"These stockings," he grinched, "are the first things to go!"

Then he slithered and slunk, with a smile most unpleasant,
Around the whole room, and he took every present!

Pop guns, *pampoogas*, *pantookas*, and drums!

Checkerboards, *bizilbigs*, popcorn, and plums!

And he stuffed them in bags. Then the Grinch, very nimbly,

Stuffed all the bags, one by one, up the chimney.

¹ Trim= to decorate

Song:

You're a vile one, Mr. Grinch. You have termites in your smile.
You have all the tender sweetness of a seasick crocodile. Mr.
Grinch! Given the choice between the two of you I'd take the
seasick crocodile!

You're a *rotter*, Mr. Grinch. You're the king of sinful sots.
Your heart's a dead tomato splotted with moldy purple spots.
Mr. Grinch! You're a three-decker sauerkraut and toadstool
sandwich with arsenic sauce!

Narration:

Then he slunk to the icebox. He took the Whos' feast!
He took the Who pudding! He took the roast beast!
He cleaned out that icebox as quick as a flash.
Why, that Grinch even took the last can of Who hash!
Then he stuffed all the food up the chimney with glee.
"Now," grinned the Grinch, "I will stuff up the tree!"

As the Grinch took the tree, as he started to shove,
He heard a small sound like the coo of a dove.
He turned around fast, and he saw a small Who!
Little Cindy-Lou Who, who was no more than two.

She stared at the Grinch and said, "Santy Claus, why,
Why are you taking our Christmas tree? Why?"
But, you know, that old Grinch was so smart and so slick,
He thought up a lie, and he thought it up quick!
"Why, my sweet little tot," the fake Santy Claus lied,
"There's a light on this tree that won't light on one side.
So I'm taking it home to my workshop, my dear.
I'll fix it up there, then I'll bring it back here."

And his fib² fooled the child. Then he patted her head,
And he got her a drink, and he sent her to bed.
And when Cindy-Lou Who was in bed with her cup,
He crupt³ to the chimney and stuffed the tree up!
Then he went up the chimney himself, the old liar.
And the last thing he took was the log for their fire.
On their walls he left nothing but hooks and some wire.
And the one speck of food that he left in the house
Was a crumb that was even too small for a mouse.
Then he did the same thing to the other Whos' houses,
Leaving crumbs much too small for the other Whos' mouses!

Song:

You nauseate me, Mr. Grinch, with a nauseous super "naus"!
You're a crooked dirty jockey and you drive a crooked hoss⁴. Mr.
Grinch! Your soul is an appalling dump heap overflowing with

the most disgraceful assortment of rubbish imaginable mangled
up in tangled up knots!

You're a foul one, Mr. Grinch. You're a nasty-wasty skunk.
Your heart is full of unwashed socks. Your soul is full of gunk.
Mr. Grinch! The three words that best describe you are as
follows, and I quote, "Stink, stank, stunk"!

Narration:

It was quarter of dawn. All the Whos still a-bed,
All the Whos still a-snooze, when he packed up his sled,
Packed it up with their presents, their ribbons, their wrappings,
Their *snoof* and their *fuzzles*, their *tringle*s and trappings!
Ten thousand feet up, up the side of Mount Crumpet,
He rode with his load to the tiptop to dump it!

"Pooh-pooh to the Whos!" he was grinchily humming.
"They're finding out now that no Christmas is coming!
They're just waking up! I know just what they'll do!
Their mouths will hang open a minute or two
Then the Whos down in Whoville will all cry boo-hoo!
That's a noise," grinned the Grinch, "that I simply must hear!"
He paused, and the Grinch put a hand to his ear.
And he did hear a sound rising over the snow.
It started in low, then it started to grow.

Song:

Fahoo forays, dahoo dorays
Welcome Christmas! Come this way
Fahoo forays, dahoo dorays
Welcome Christmas, Christmas Day

Welcome, welcome, *fahoo ramus*
Welcome, welcome, *dahoo damus*
Christmas Day is in our grasp
So long as we have hands to clasp

Narration:

But this, this sound wasn't sad!
Why, this sound sounded glad!
Every Who down in Whoville, the tall and the small,
Was singing without any presents at all!

He hadn't stopped Christmas from coming! It came!
Somehow or other, it came just the same!

And the Grinch, with his grinch feet ice-cold in the snow,
Stood puzzling and puzzling. "How could it be so?
It came without ribbons! It came without tags!
It came without packages, boxes, or bags!"

He puzzled and *puzzed* till his puzzler was sore.
Then the Grinch thought of something he hadn't before.
Maybe Christmas, he thought, doesn't come from a store.

Maybe Christmas, perhaps, means a little bit more!

And what happened then? Well, in Whoville they say
That the Grinch's small heart grew three sizes that day!
And then the true meaning of Christmas came through,
And the Grinch found the strength of ten Grinches, plus two!

And now that his heart didn't feel quite so tight,
He whizzed with his load through the bright morning light
With a smile to his soul, he descended Mount Crumpet
Cheerily blowing "Who! Who!" on his trumpet.

He roared into Whoville. He brought back their toys.
He brought back their *floof* to the Who girls and boys.
He brought back their *snoof* and their *tringle*s and *fuzzles*,
Brought back their *pantookas*, their *dafflers* and *wuzzles*.
He brought everything back, all the food for the feast!
And he, he himself, the Grinch, carved the roast beast!

Welcome Christmas. Bring your cheer,
Cheer to all Whos, far and near.
Christmas Day is in our grasp
So long as we have hands to grasp.

Christmas Day will always be
Just as long as we have we.
Welcome Christmas while we stand
Heart to heart and hand in hand.

² Fib = lie

³ "Crupt" is the child's version of "crept."

⁴ "Hoss" here means "horse."