




# 'Twas the Night Before Christmas

By Clement C. Moore



'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the  \_\_\_\_\_

Not a creature was stirring, not even a  \_\_\_\_\_

The  \_\_\_\_\_ were hung by the  \_\_\_\_\_ with care,  
in hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their  \_\_\_\_\_  
while visions of sugarplums danced in their heads; and Mamma in her kerchief and I in my  
cap, had just settled down for a long winter's nap, when out on the lawn there arose such a  
clatter, I sprang up from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the  \_\_\_\_\_ I flew like a flash,  
tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The  \_\_\_\_\_ on the breast of the new fallen  \_\_\_\_\_  
gave the luster of midday to objects below, when what to my wondering eyes should appear,

but a miniature  \_\_\_\_\_

and eight tiny  \_\_\_\_\_,

with a little old driver, so lively and quick, I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.



More rapid than \_\_\_\_\_ 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, \_\_\_\_\_! On, Donner and Blitzen!

To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!

Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!



As dry \_\_\_\_\_

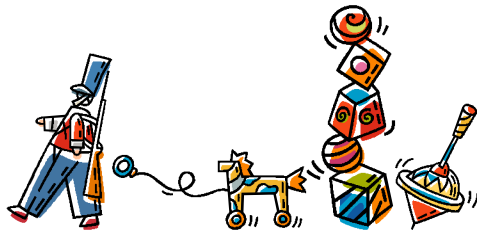
that before wild



fly,

when they met with an obstacle, mount to the sky.

So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,



with a sleigh full of \_\_\_\_\_, and St. Nicholas, too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof the prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head and was turning around,



down the \_\_\_\_\_

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 \_\_\_\_\_ he had flung on his back,

and he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes – how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry!



His cheeks were like \_\_\_\_\_,



his nose like a \_\_\_\_\_!



His droll little mouth was drawn up like a \_\_\_\_\_,

and the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.



The stump of a \_\_\_\_\_

he held tight in his



\_\_\_\_\_.

and the smoke, it encircled his head like a \_\_\_\_\_.



He had a broad face and round little belly that shook when he laughed

like a



\_\_\_\_\_ full of



\_\_\_\_\_.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old \_\_\_\_\_,





and I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his



\_\_\_\_\_ and 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 a  \_\_\_\_\_ aside of his  \_\_\_\_\_,  
and giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his  \_\_\_\_\_, to his team gave a  
 \_\_\_\_\_,

and away they all flew like the down of a  \_\_\_\_\_.

But I heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight,

***“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!”***

