

# The Night Before Christmas

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# The Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before \_\_\_\_\_ holiday \_\_\_\_\_ when all through the \_\_\_\_\_ place \_\_\_\_\_, not a creature was stirring, not even a \_\_\_\_\_ animal \_\_\_\_\_; the stockings were hung by the chimney with care, in hopes that St. \_\_\_\_\_ person \_\_\_\_\_ soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their \_\_\_\_\_ furniture \_\_\_\_\_, while visions of \_\_\_\_\_ candy \_\_\_\_\_ danced in their \_\_\_\_\_ body part \_\_\_\_\_; and Mama in her kerchief, and I in my \_\_\_\_\_ clothing \_\_\_\_\_, had just settled down for a long \_\_\_\_\_ season \_\_\_\_\_ nap-

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from the \_\_\_\_\_ furniture \_\_\_\_\_ 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 \_\_\_\_\_ weather \_\_\_\_\_ gave the luster of midday to objects below; When, what to my wondering \_\_\_\_\_ body part \_\_\_\_\_ should appear, but a miniature sleigh and eight tiny \_\_\_\_\_ animal \_\_\_\_\_.

With a little old driver, so lively and quick, I knew in a moment it must be St. \_\_\_\_\_ person \_\_\_\_\_. More rapid than \_\_\_\_\_ animal \_\_\_\_\_ his coursers they came; And he whistled and shouted and called them by name: "Now, \_\_\_\_\_ name \_\_\_\_\_! Now \_\_\_\_\_ name \_\_\_\_\_! Now, \_\_\_\_\_ name \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ name \_\_\_\_\_! On, \_\_\_\_\_ name \_\_\_\_\_! On, \_\_\_\_\_ name \_\_\_\_\_! On, \_\_\_\_\_ name \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ name \_\_\_\_\_!"

"To the top of the porch! 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 the sleigh full of \_\_\_\_\_ present \_\_\_\_\_, and St. \_\_\_\_\_ person \_\_\_\_\_, too. And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof the prancing and pawing of each little \_\_\_\_\_ body part \_\_\_\_\_.

As

I drew in my body part and was turning around, down the chimney St. person came with a bound. He was dressed all in clothing from his head to his foot, and his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.

A bundle of present 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 roses, his nose like a fruit!

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow, and the beard on his body part was as color as the snow. The stump of a 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 shape belly that shook when he laughed like a bowl full of food. He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old christmas character, 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 he 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.

He sprang to his transportation, to his team gave a whistle, and away they all flew like the down of a thistle. But I head him exclaim ere he drove out of sight- "Merry holiday to all, and to all a good time of day!"