

'Twas the Night Before Christmas

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11. Part Of House
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'Twas the Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a power tool was stirring, not even a tool;

The stockings were hung by the part of house with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;

The children were nestled all snug in their Ikea beds;

While visions of utensils danced in their heads;

And mamma in her job-site attire, and I in my hard hat,

Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,

When out on the lawn there arose such a sound,

I sprang from my Ikea bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I verb like a flash,

Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,

Gave a lustre of midday to objects below,

When what to my wondering eyes did appear,

But a miniature vehicle and eight tiny rein-deer,

With a little old driver so lively and quick,

I knew in a moment he must be St. Nick.

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, Donner and Blitzen!

To the top of the part of house! to the top of the part of house!

Now work away! work away! work away all!"

As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,

When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;

So up to the part of house the coursers they flew

With the vehicle full of toys, and St. Nicholas 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 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 body part,

And his clothes were all tarnished with sawdust and spray-foam;

A bundle of tool - plural he had flung on his back,

And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.

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 on his chin was as white 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 Adjective belly

That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of Noun.

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;

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,

And sawed all the construction material; 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 vehicle, to his team gave a whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight--

"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

