

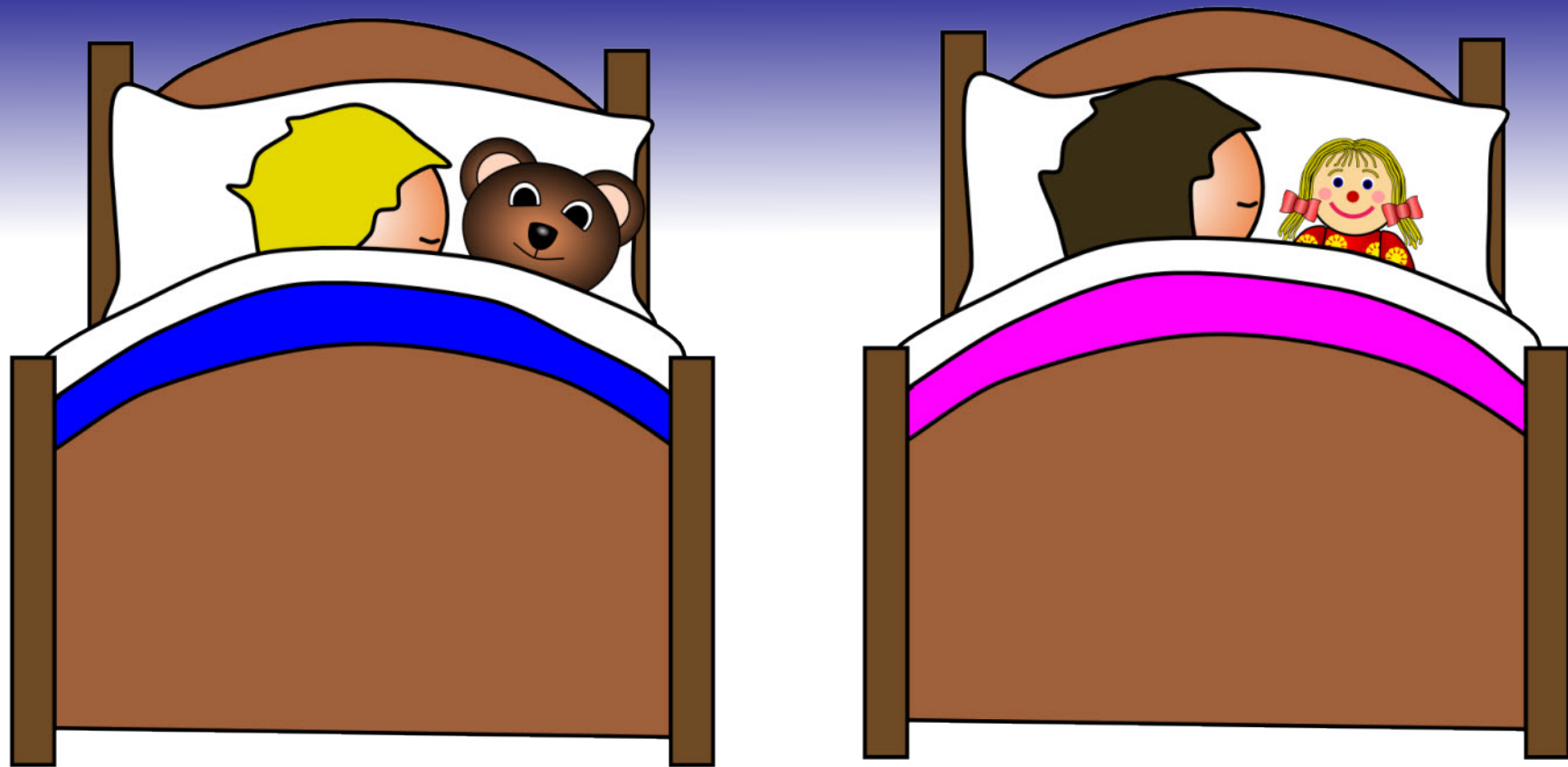
The Night Before Christmas

By Clement Clarke Moore

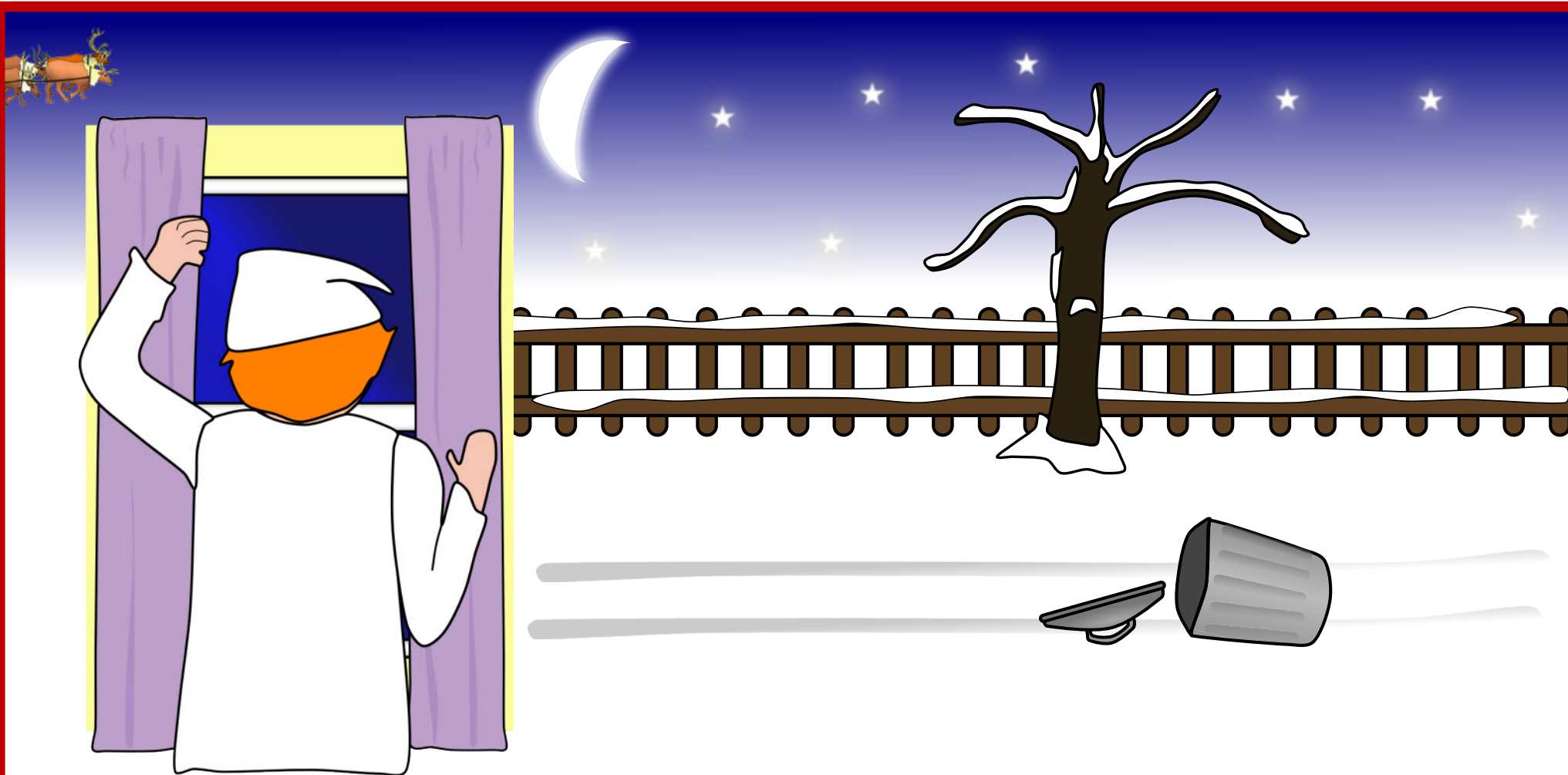




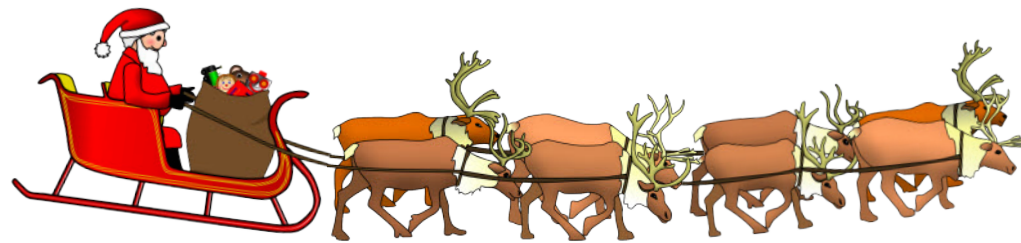
'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.



The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads.
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap.

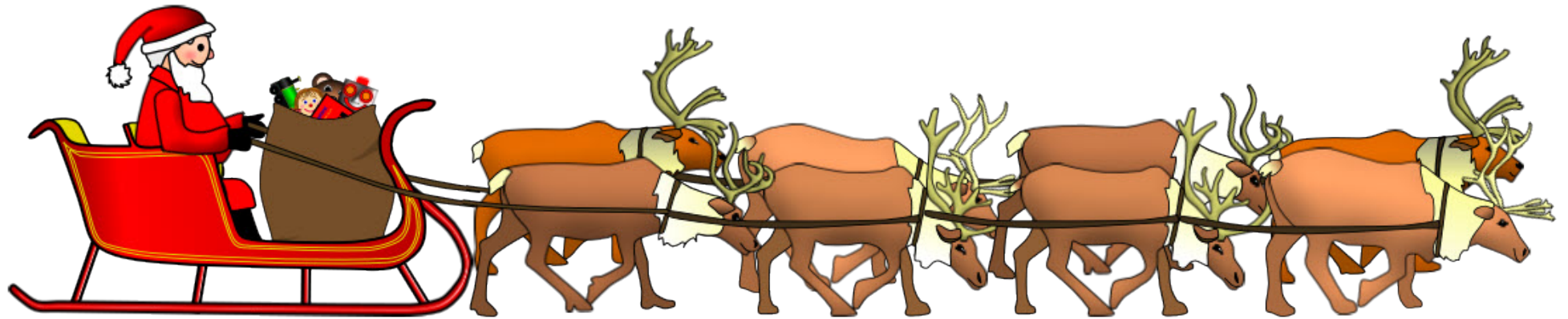


When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.



The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below.
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tinny reindeer.

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it 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, 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 leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky.
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, 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 chimney 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 toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler, just opening his pack.



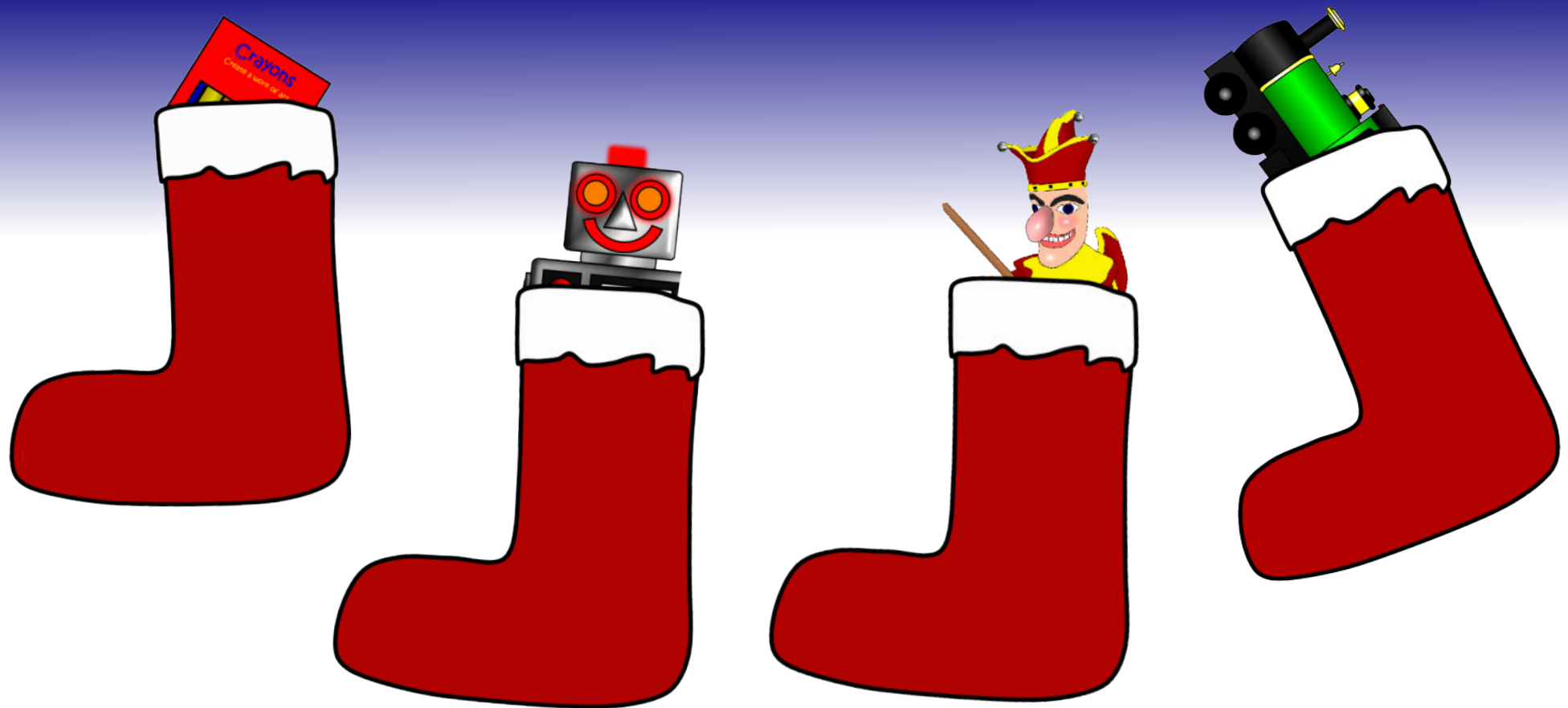
His eyes-how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.



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 round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly!



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 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 sleigh, 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!"



SparkleBox Teacher Resources Limited

Address: PO Box 1008, Cheltenham, GL50 9GN | Fax: 01242 524548 | Email: samuel@sparklebox.co.uk

A polite reminder about copyright

Many thanks for visiting [my website](#). As you can imagine, I spend a huge amount of time designing artwork and creating resources to add to the site each day. I trust that you have found some useful items to download!

In order to protect my livelihood, the products on the site are subject to Copyright Conditions. I would kindly ask that you respect these as it will mean that I can continue making resources for you in the future.

The full copyright stipulations are available at <http://www.sparklebox.co.uk/copydon.html>, but I have provided a brief summary below. These conditions apply to this resource and all purchased resources from my website.

What you **can** do with this resource:

You may reproduce it for your own PERSONAL or CLASSROOM use ONLY

This means you can print it as often as you want, make photocopies, back up on disc etc,
PROVIDED it is for your own use!

What you **must NOT** do with this resource:

It must NOT be reproduced for others IN ANY FORM or BY ANY MEANS

This includes electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording,
or by any information storage or retrieval system.

Do not distribute to your friends!

Not only is it against the law, but it will ultimately prevent me from continuing to produce
predominantly free resources for teachers.

Thank you for respecting these terms - I appreciate it!

Kind regards,

Samuel.