

# **Twas the night before Christmas**

1. Preposition Or Subordinating Conjunction
2. Verb - Present Ends In S
3. Noun

# Twass the night before Christmas

Twass the night before \_\_\_\_\_, when all through the house

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

The stockings were \_\_\_\_\_ by the chimney with care,

In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there.

The \_\_\_\_\_ were \_\_\_\_\_ all snug in their \_\_\_\_\_,

While visions of \_\_\_\_\_ danced in their \_\_\_\_\_.

And mamma in her \_\_\_\_\_, and I in my cap,

Had just settled down for a \_\_\_\_\_ winter's \_\_\_\_\_.

When out on the \_\_\_\_\_ there arose such a \_\_\_\_\_,

I \_\_\_\_\_ from the \_\_\_\_\_ to see what was the matter.

Away to the \_\_\_\_\_ I flew like a flash,

Tore open the \_\_\_\_\_ Preposition or subordinating conjunction and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow

Gave the lustre of mid-day to \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Present ends in S below.

When, what to my wondering \_\_\_\_\_ Noun should appear,

But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny 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,

"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night

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