

# 'Twas the Night Before Christmas

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2. Tool
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9. Part Of House
10. Part Of House
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!"

