

# 'Twas the Night Before Christmas

Watch the video and complete the text.



By Clement Clarke Moore

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

Not a creature was stirring, not even a \_\_\_\_\_;

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be \_\_\_\_\_;

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,

While visions of sugar-plums danced in their \_\_\_\_\_;

And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,

Had just settled down for a long winter's \_\_\_\_\_,

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,

I sprang from the bed to see what was the \_\_\_\_\_.

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 \_\_\_\_\_

Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,

When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,

But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny \_\_\_\_\_,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,

I knew in a moment it must \_\_\_\_\_ St. Nick.

More rapid \_\_\_\_\_ 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 porch! to the top of the wall!

Now dash away! dash away! dash away \_\_\_\_\_!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane \_\_\_\_\_,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So up to the house-top the coursers they \_\_\_\_\_,  
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the \_\_\_\_\_  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my hand, and was turning around,  
Down the \_\_\_\_\_ St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his \_\_\_\_\_,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his \_\_\_\_\_,  
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 \_\_\_\_\_!  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard of his chin was as white as the \_\_\_\_\_;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his \_\_\_\_\_,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;  
He had a broad face and a little round \_\_\_\_\_,  
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 \_\_\_\_\_ 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 \_\_\_\_\_; then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he \_\_\_\_\_;

He sprang to his \_\_\_\_\_, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.  
But I \_\_\_\_\_ him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD-NIGHT!