‘Twas the Night Before Christmas

Adapted from the original version by Major Henry Livingston Jr.
(previously believed to be 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 sugarplums danced in their heads,
And momma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap.

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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 tiny reindeer.

Adapted from the original Text, Twas the Night Before Christmas, by Major Henry Livingston Jr. (previously believed to be by Clement Clarke Moore)
I'm wishing you a Merry Christmas
In a real old fashioned way
With hope that dear old Santa
Will gladden your heart today:

Adapted from the original Text, *Twas the Night Before Christmas*, by Major Henry Livingston Jr. (previously believed to be by Clement Clarke Moore)
"Now, DASHER! now, DANCER! now, PRANCER and VIXEN!

On, COMET! on, CUPID! on, DONDER! and BLITZEN!

To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!

Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!

Adapted from the original Text, *Twas the Night Before Christmas*, by Major Henry Livingston Jr. (previously believed to be by Clement Clarke Moore)
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 courses they flew,

With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.

Adapted from the original Text, *Twas the Night Before Christmas*, by Major Henry Livingston Jr. (previously believed to be by Clement Clarke Moore)
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof

The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my hand, and was turning around,

Down the chimney St Nicholas came with a bound.

Adapted from the original Text, *Twas the Night Before Christmas*, by Major Henry Livingston Jr. (previously believed to be by Clement Clarke Moore)
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 sack

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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;

Adapted from the original Text, *Twas the Night Before Christmas*, by Major Henry Livingston Jr. (previously believed to be by Clement Clarke Moore)
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;

Adapted from the original Text, *Twas the Night Before Christmas*, by Major Henry Livingston Jr. (previously believed to be by Clement Clarke Moore)
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, as he drove out of sight,

"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL. AND TO ALL A GOODNIGHT!"

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