

### Twelve Days Before Christmas: Fill in the blanks

Twelve days before Christmas, when all through the house (1)  
that a creature was stirring, not even a mouse (2)  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care (3)  
in hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there (3)

The children were nestled all snug in their beds (4)  
While visions of sugarplums danced in their heads (4)  
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap (5)  
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap (4)

What fun on the night that little boys call a game (6)  
Tiptoeing from the bed to see what was the matter (6)  
Away to the window I flew like a hot air balloon (6)  
To open the shutters and throw up the latch (6)

The night on the night of the new year show (4)  
Gave the lady of mid-day to object to my show (5)  
When, what to my wondering should appear (4)  
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer (5)

With a little old driver, so lively and so jolly (4)  
His name is a moment it should be (2) Nick (4)  
More rapid than eagles his courses they trace (4)  
And he whizzed, and shouted, and called them by name (4)

Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen! (7)  
On, Comet! On, Comet! On, Donner and Blitzen! (6)  
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall (4)  
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away, all! (4)

As they leaped that before the wind hurriedly (4)  
When they meet with an obstacle, round to the left (2)  
So up to the house-top the courses they trace (4)  
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too (4)

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof (4)  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof (4)  
As I drew in my breath, and was turning around (4)  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound (5)

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot (4)  
And his clothes were all tarnished with soot (5)  
A bundle of toys he had slung on his back (4)  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his stock (4)

(continued)

#### Fill in the blank!

The famous Christmas Eve poem from 1822 is attributed to Clement Clarke Moore, a wealthy professor and poet from New York City.

The numbers at the end of each line show how many letters make up each blanked-out word.

Hint: Lines 1 and 2 and lines 3 and 4 of each stanza rhyme.

