

# TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Tw'as the night before \_\_\_\_\_, when all through the \_\_\_\_\_.  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a \_\_\_\_\_; The \_\_\_\_\_  
were hung by the chimney with care, in hope that \_\_\_\_\_ soon  
would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their \_\_\_\_\_, while visions  
of \_\_\_\_\_ in their heads; And mamma in her  
kerchief, and I in my cap, had just \_\_\_\_\_ our brains for a  
\_\_\_\_\_ winter's nap.

When out on the \_\_\_\_\_ there arose such a clatter, I \_\_\_\_\_  
from the \_\_\_\_\_ to see what was the matter. Away to the  
\_\_\_\_\_ I \_\_\_\_\_ like a flash, \_\_\_\_\_ open the  
\_\_\_\_\_ and threw up the sash.

The \_\_\_\_\_ on the breast of the \_\_\_\_\_ snow, gave the  
luster of mid-day to objects below. When, what to my \_\_\_\_\_ eyes  
should appear, but a miniature \_\_\_\_\_ and eight \_\_\_\_\_  
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