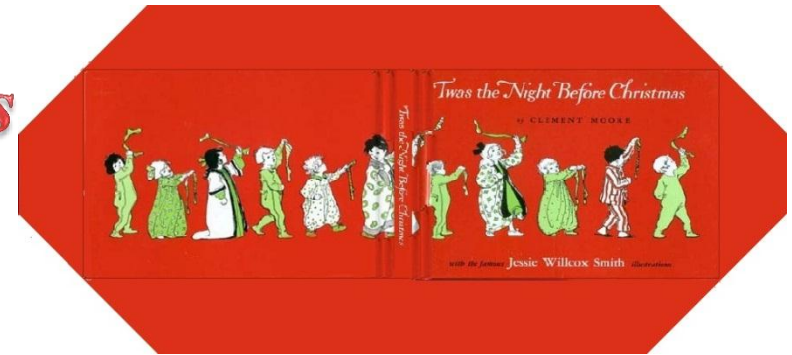


Twas the Night Before Christmas



By Dr Clement C. Moore who wrote this poem (then known as 'A Visit from St Nicholas') in the early 19th century as a gift for his children for Christmas. Thank you to Project Gutenberg for the reproduced text and illustrations from the 1912 edition with artwork by Jessie Willcox Smith.

Requirements: Printed copy of this page, scissors or cutting tool, lightweight card, dry glue stick, optional red colouring pencil.

Step 1: cut along horizontal lines and ends so you have 3 strips of 6 pages.

Step 2: Concertina fold each strip. Unfold and glue the backs with the dry glue stick. Refold, joining the 3 sections. Clear up excess glue and put under a weight until dry.

Step 3: Cut out cover and fold in on lines. Cut 2 pieces light card and glue to the inside front and back covers.

Step 4: Glue book into cover.

	<p><i>Twas the Night Before Christmas</i> <i>A Visit from St Nicholas</i> Clement C. Moore</p>	<p>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.</p>	<p>The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads; And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap, Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap.</p>	<p>When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter. Away to the window I flew like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.</p>	<p>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 eight tiny reindeer,</p>
<p>With a little old driver, so lively and quick, I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick. More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:</p>	<p>Now, <i>Dasher!</i> now, <i>Dancer!</i> now, <i>Prancer</i> and <i>Vixen!</i> On, <i>Comet!</i> on, <i>Cupid!</i> on, <i>Donder</i> and <i>Blitzen!</i> To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall! Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!</p>	<p>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 coursers they flew, With the sleigh full of Toys, and St. Nicholas too.</p>	<p>And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof The prancing and pawing of each little hoof. As I drew in my head, and was turning around, Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.</p>	<p>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 pack.</p>	<p>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 of his chin was as white as the snow,</p>
<p>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.</p>	<p>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.</p>	<p>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;</p>	<p>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, ere he drove out of sight, "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."</p>		



Use the red pencil to touch up edges if desired.