

A Visit (from St. Nicholas) by Clement Clarke Moore (1837)

Narrated by Michael Bubl  (2019)

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung, by the (1) _____ with care,
In the hopes that St. Nicholas, soon would be there;
The children were nestled, all snug in their (2) _____,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
Mum in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the (3) _____.
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 (4) _____
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and (5) _____,
Well, I knew in a moment, it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles, his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and he called them by (6) _____;
"On Dasher! On Dancer! On Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the (7) _____!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet to 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.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the (8) _____
The prancing, the pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed in all furs, from his head to his (9) _____,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of Toys he'd flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! His dimples how (10) _____!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of this pipe, he held tight in his (11) _____,
And the smoke 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 (12) _____,

Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And he filled all the stockings, and turned with a jerk,
And laying a finger to the side of his (13) _____,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
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,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all, good (14) _____."

Good night!

Note: This is my transcription of Michael Bubl  's version of the poem, which differs slightly from Clement Clarke Moore's original, any errors should be attributed only to myself.

Key: (1) chimney; (2) beds; (3) matter; (4) snow; (5) quick; (6) name; (7) wall; (8) roof; (9) foot; (10) merry; (11) teeth; (12) head; (13) nose; (14) night.