

'T WAS 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  
**SUGAR PLUMS**  
DANCED IN THEIR HEADS  
- CLEMENT CLARKE MOORE