

# Santa's Colouring Storybook

## The Night Before Christmas



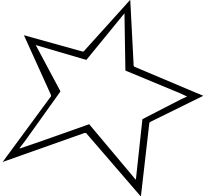
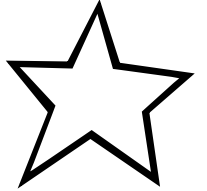
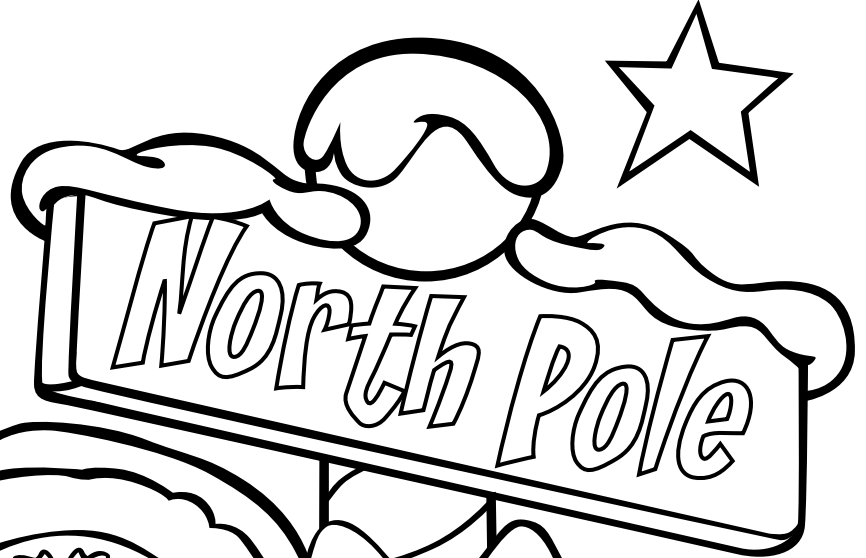
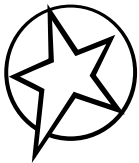
**MILLWOODS**  
town centre

This book  
belongs to:

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

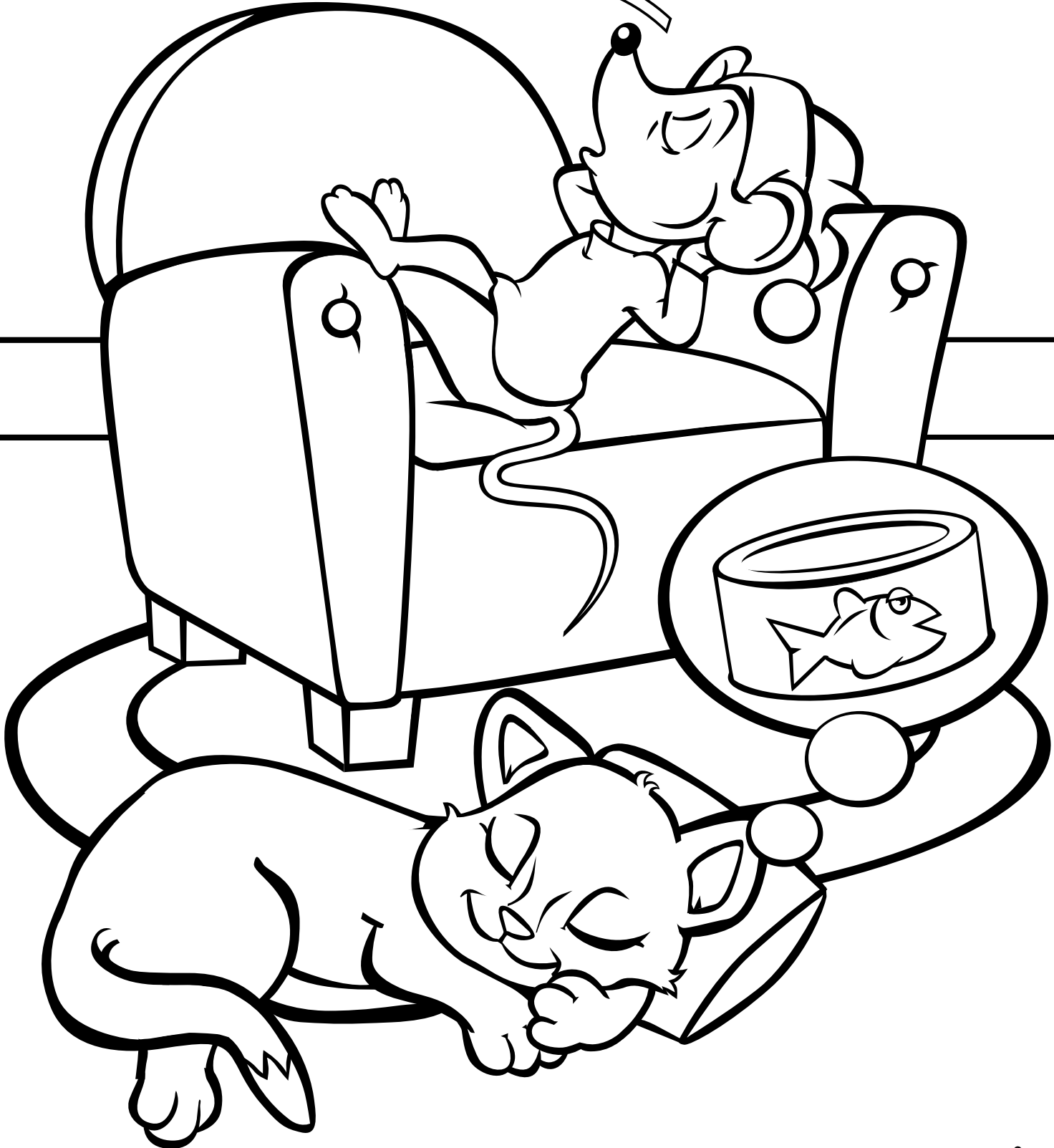
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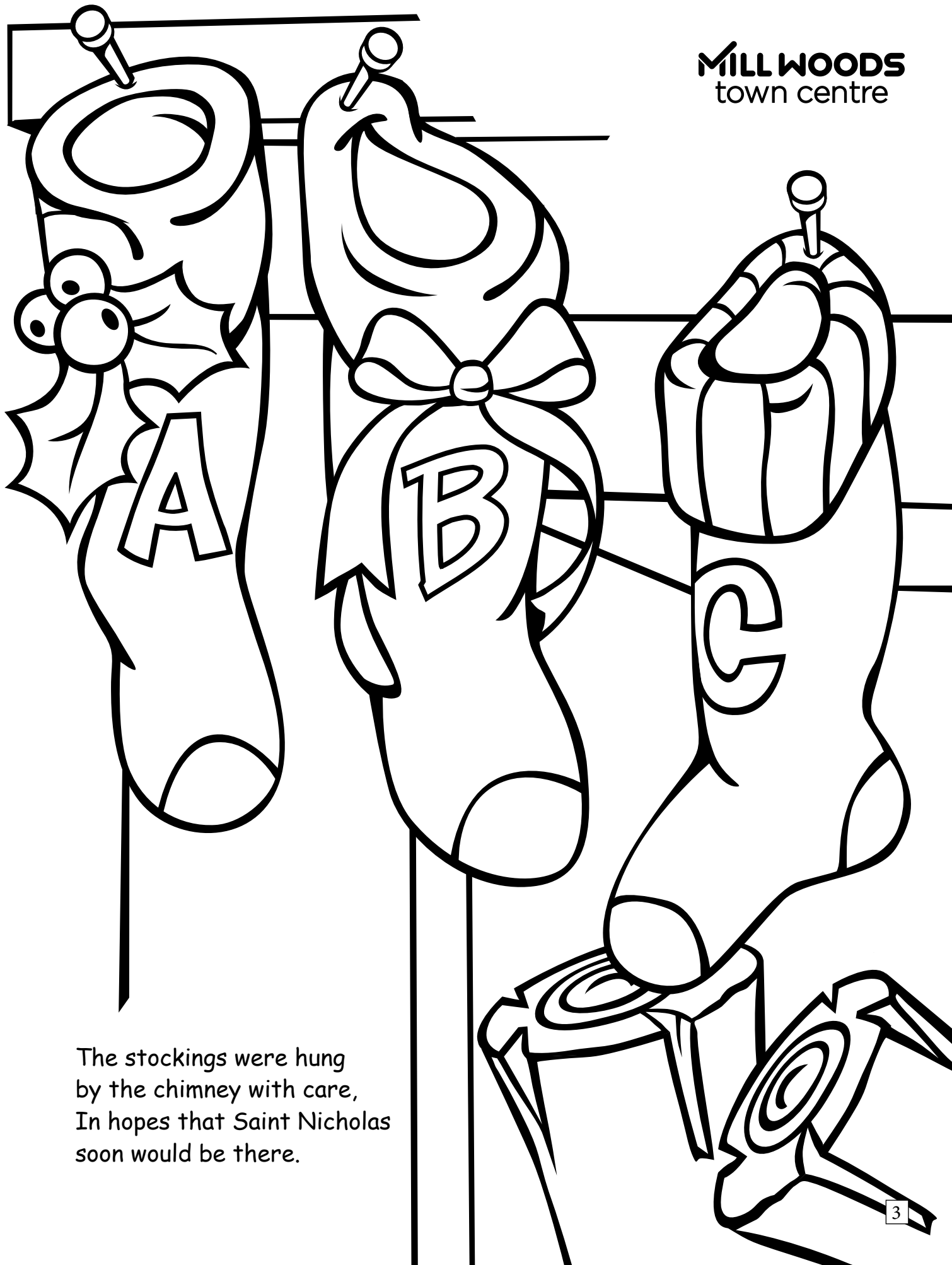
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'Twas the night before Christmas,  
when all through the house,  
Not a creature was stirring,  
not even a mouse.

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The stockings were hung  
by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that Saint Nicholas  
soon would be there.

The children were nestled  
all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugarplums  
danced in their heads.



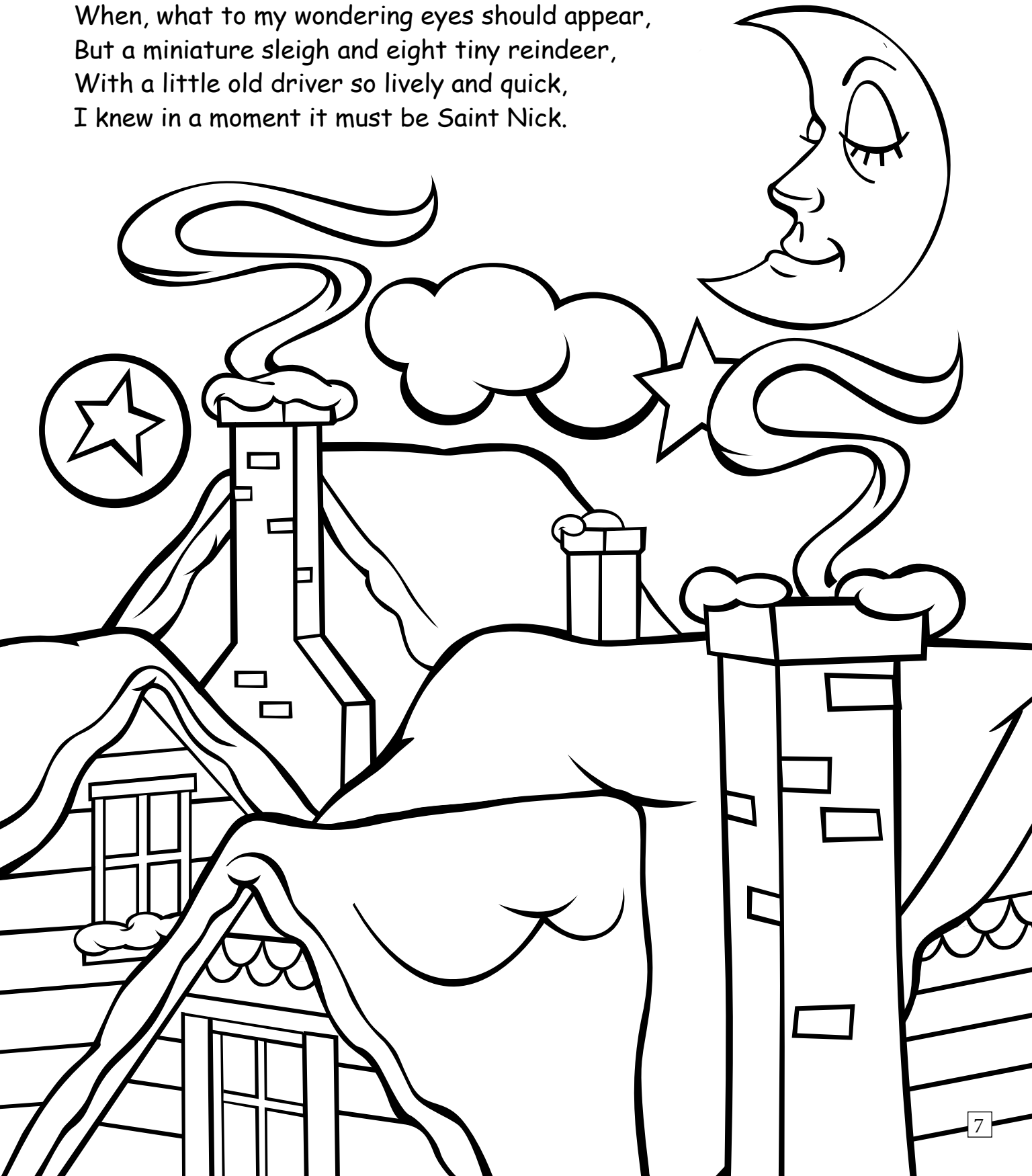


And Mama in her kerchief and I in my cap,  
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap.  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

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 snow,  
Gave a luster of midday 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 quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.





More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled and shouted and called  
them by name:

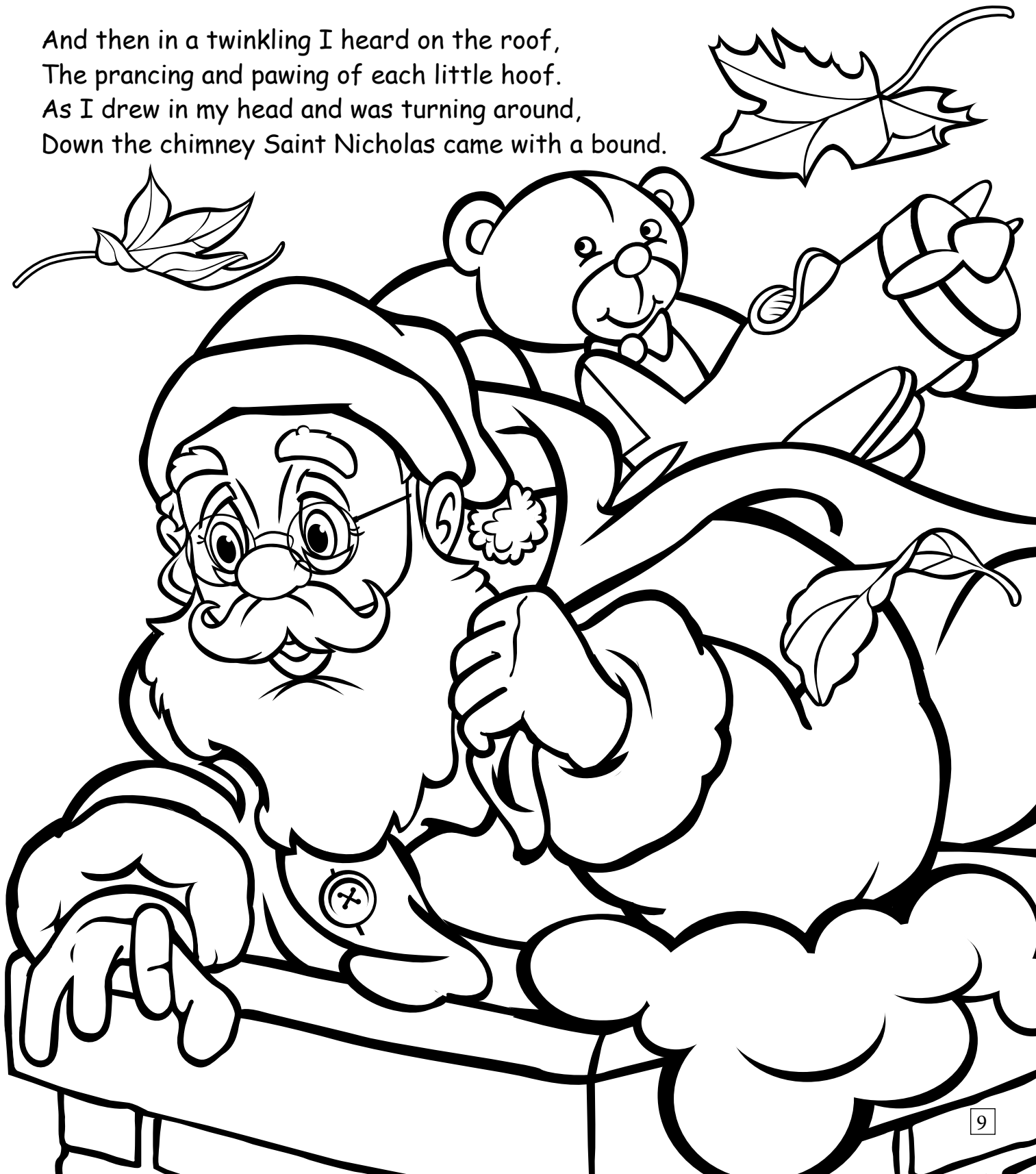
"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!  
On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donner and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!  
Now, dash away! Dash away! Dash away, all!"



As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky.  
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,  
With a sleigh full of toys and Saint Nicholas too.

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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 Saint Nicholas came with a bound.



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.

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 on his chin was as white as the snow.



The hat that he wore kept his head warm and dry,  
And his glasses were clear, to see in the night time sky!  
He had a broad face and a little round belly,  
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.

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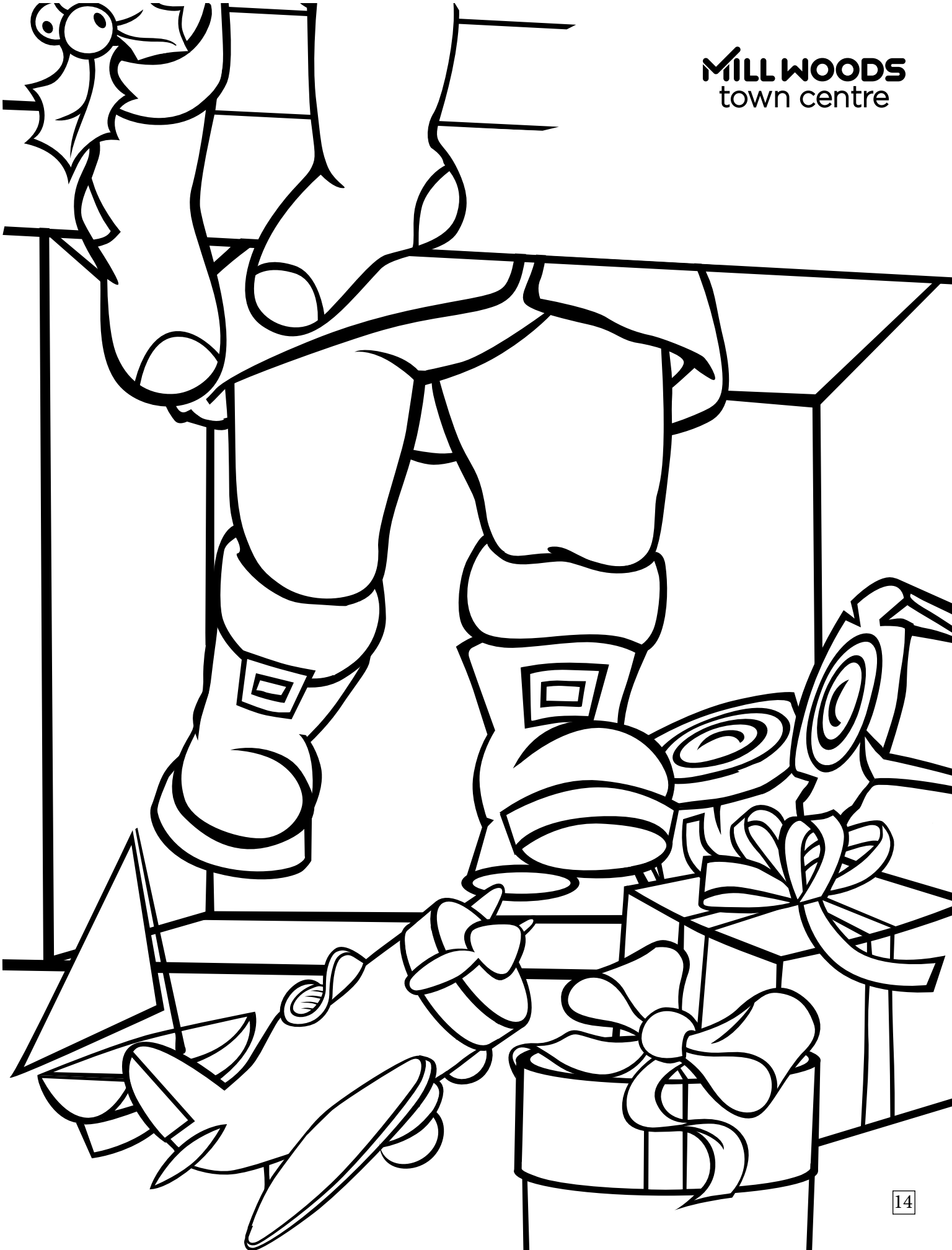


He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,  
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.



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.





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!”*

