THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

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Great Clarendon Street, Oxford OX2 6DP
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First published 1980 by Holiday House, New York
First published by Oxford University Press 1981
First published in this edition 2009

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British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data

Data available

ISBN: 978-0-19-272847-0 (paperback)

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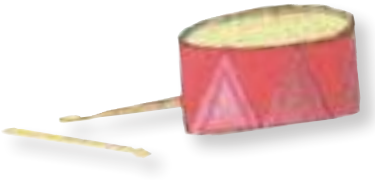
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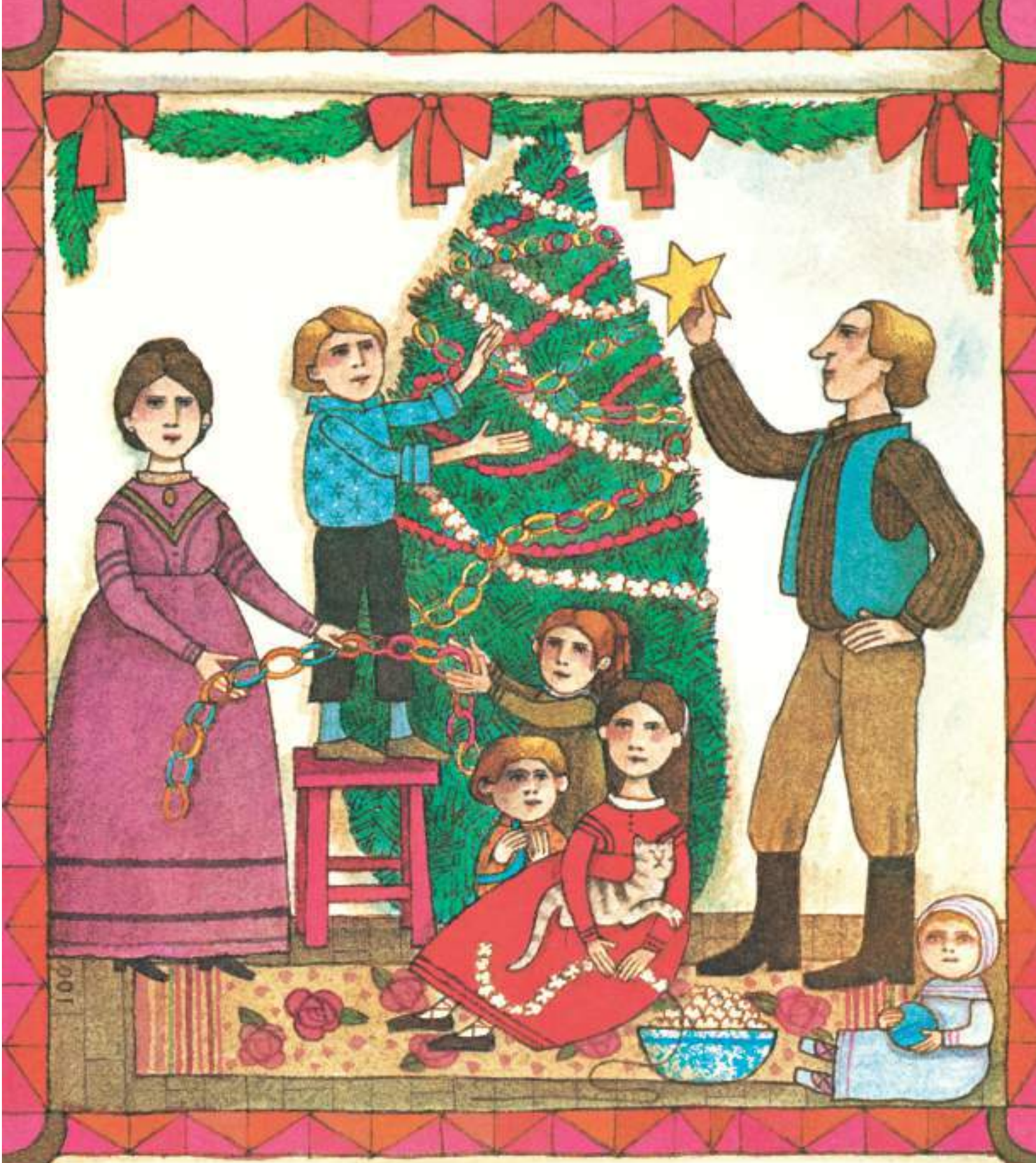
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FOR ALL MY NEIGHBORS

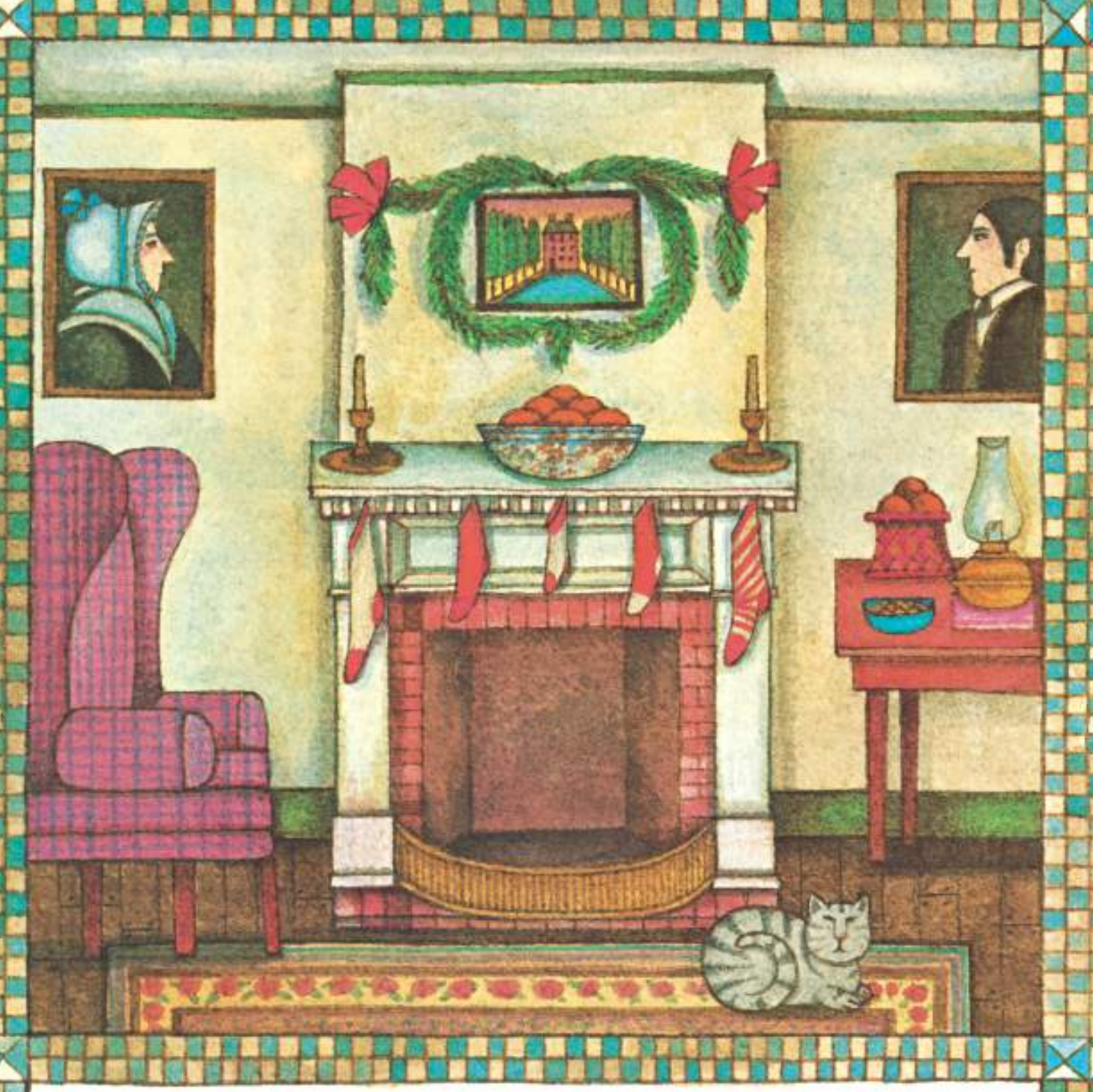
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'Twas
the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
not even a mouse;



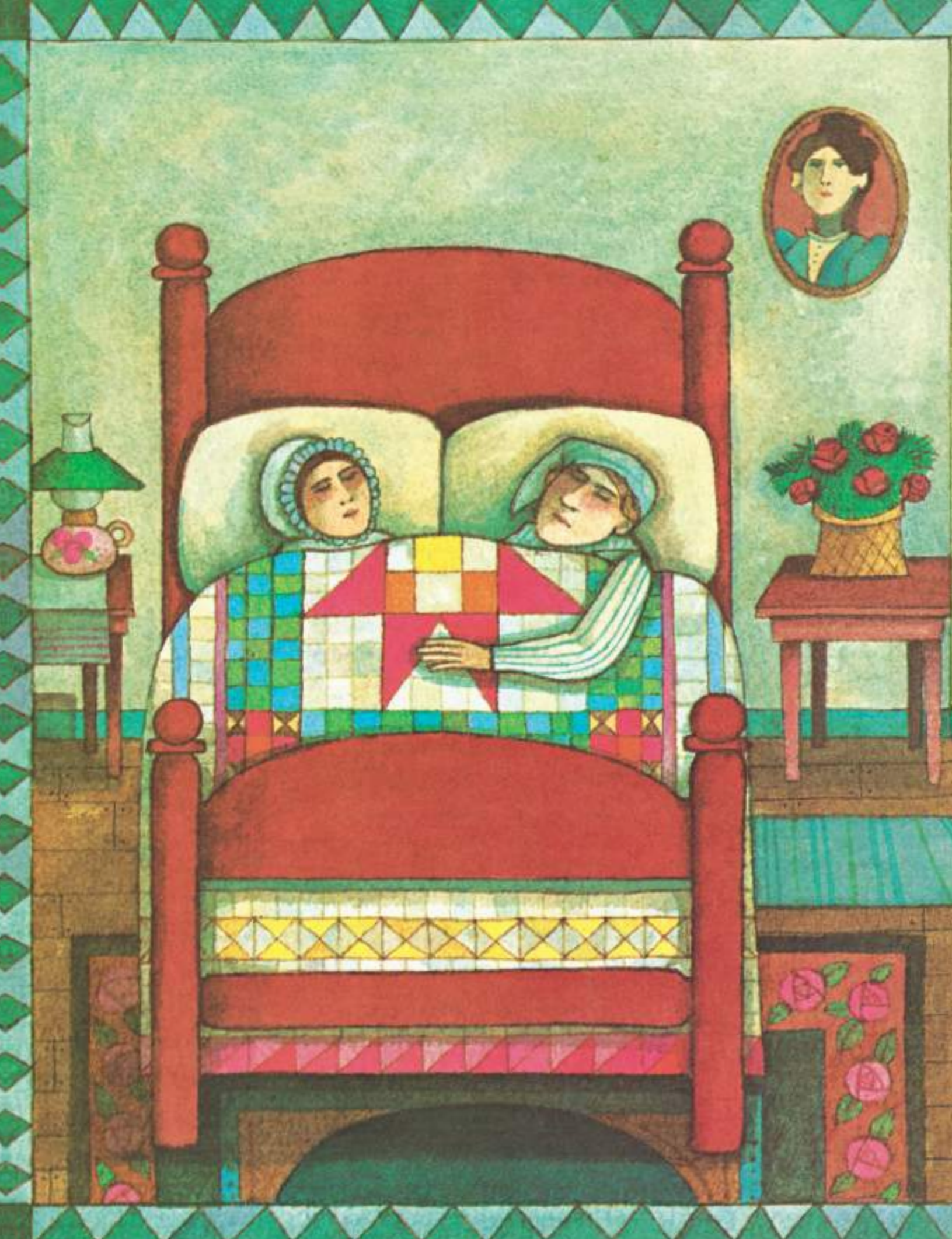




The stockings were hung
by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St Nicholas
soon would be there;



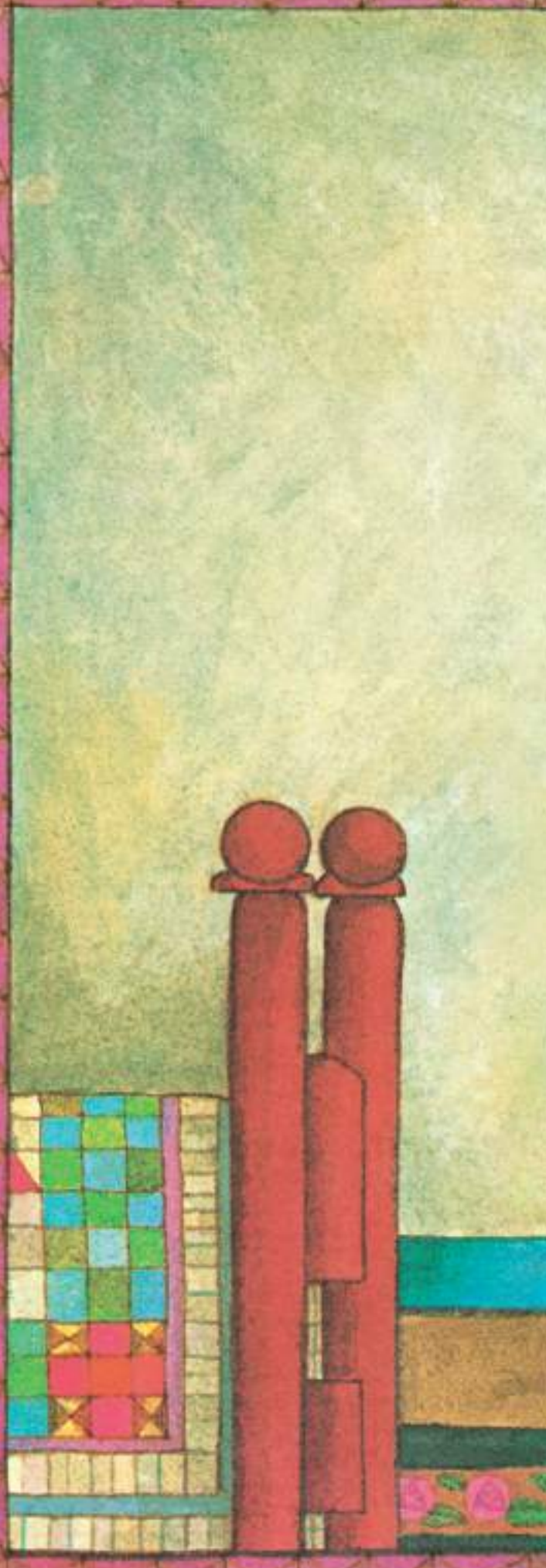
The children were nestled
all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums
danced in their heads;



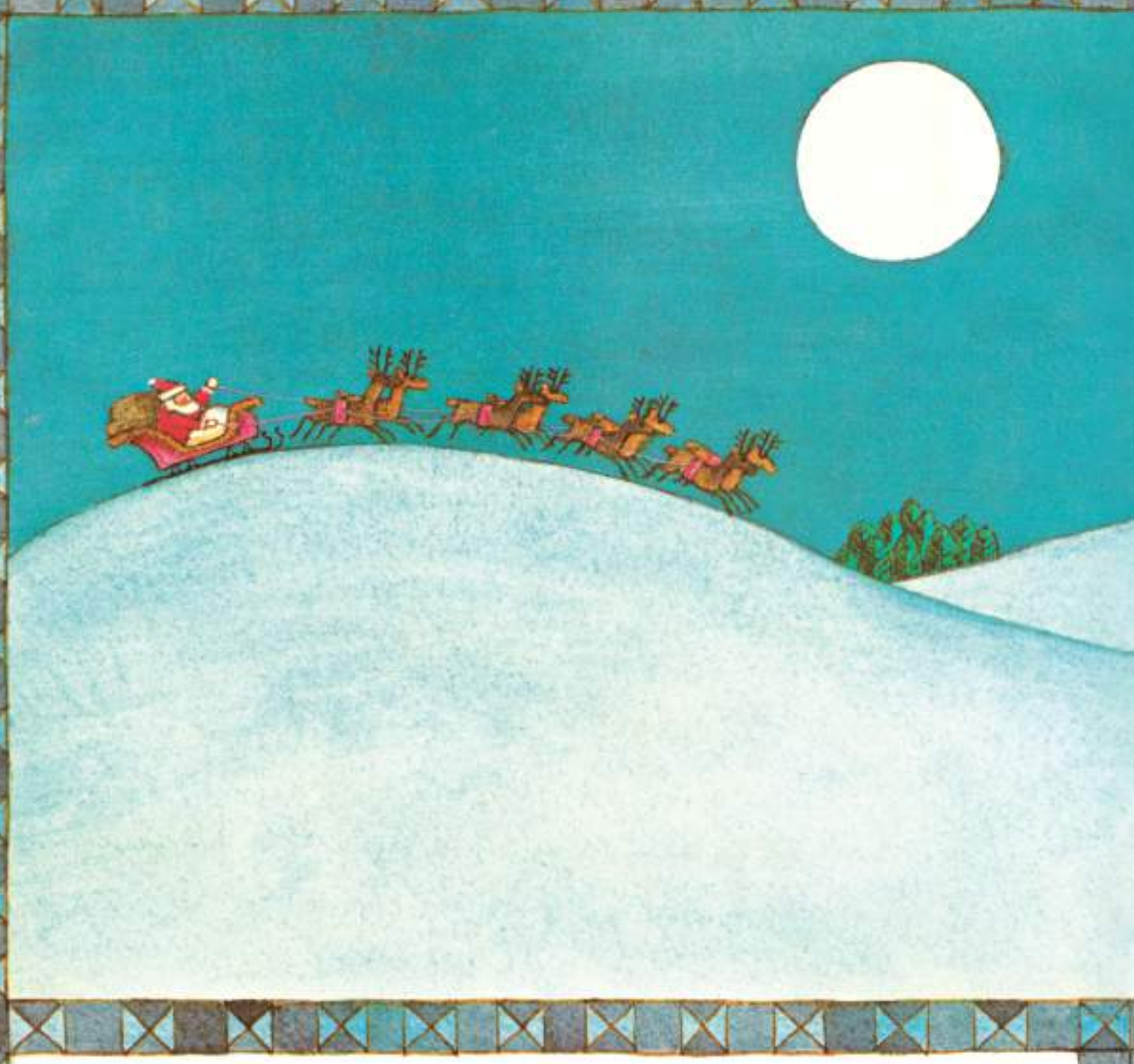


And Mamma in her 'kerchief,
and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains
for a long winter's nap;

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.







The moon on the breast
of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre 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 St Nick.