

'Twas the Night Before Christmas

(A Visit From St. Nicholas)

Original Composition by
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Clement Clarke Moore and Henry Livingston Jr. (1823)

♩ = 160 **Brightly**

A

8

'Twas the night be - fore Christ - mas and all through the house, not a
out on the lawn there a - rose such a clat - ter, I
lit - tle old dri - ver so live - ly and quick, I
leaves that be - fore the wild hur - ri - cane fly, when they
dressed all in fur from his head to his foot, and his
stump of his pipe he held tight in his teeth, and the
spoke not a word but went straight to his work, and

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7 7 5 3 5 7 5 3 1 2 3 4 4

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crea - ture was stir - ring, not ev - en a mouse. The stock - ings were
sprang from the bed to see what was the mat - ter. A - way to the
knew in a mo - ment it must be Saint Nick. More rap - id than
meet with an ob - sta - cle mount to the sky. So up to the
clothes were all tar - nished with ash - es and soot. A bun - dle of
smoke it en - circ - led his head like a wreath. He had a broad
filled all the stock - ings, then turned with a jerk. And lay - ing his

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6 5 4 2 0 2 6 5 4 5 5 7 10 10 10

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hung by the chim - ney with care, in the hopes that Saint Nich - o - las
win - dow I flew like a flash, tore o - pen the shut - ters and
eag - les his cours - ers they came, and he whist - led and shout - ed and
house - top the cours - ers they flew, with a sleigh full of toys, and Saint
toys he had flung on his back, and he looked like a ped - dler just
face and a lit - tle round bel - ly, that shook when he laughed like a
fin - ger a - side of his nose, and giv - ing a nod, up the

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8 6 8 7 8 7 5 5 3 3 5 6 7 8 7 6

B

soon would be there. The child - ren were nest - led all snug in their
 threw up the sash. The moon on the breast of the new - fal - len
 called them by name. Now Dash - er! now Dan - cer! now Pran - cer and
 Nich - o - las too. And then, in a twink - ling, I heard on the
 op - 'ning his pack. His eyes, how they twink - led, his dimp - les how
 bowl - ful of jel - ly. He was chub - by and plump, a right jol - ly old
 chim - ney he rose. He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a

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beds, while vis - ions of sug - ar plums danced in their heads; and
 snow, gave lus - tre of mid - day to ob - jects be - low, when,
 Vix - en! On Com - et! on Cu - pid! on Don - ner and Blit - zen! To the
 roof, the pran - cing and paw - ing of each lit - tle hoof. As I
 mer - ry, his cheeks were like ros - es, his nose like a cher - ry. His
 elf, and I laughed when I saw him in spite of my - self. A
 whist - le, and a - way they all flew like the down on a thist - le. But I

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mom in her 'ker - chief and I in my cap, had just set - tled
 what to my won - der - ing eyes should ap - pear, but a min - 'a - ture
 top of the porch to the top of the wall, now dash a - way,
 drew in my hand and was turn - ing a - round, down the chim - ney Saint
 droll lit - tle mouth was drawn up like a bow, and the beard of his
 wink of his eye and a twist of his head, soon gave me to
 heard him ex - claim, ere he drove out of sight, Hap - py Christ - mas to

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down for a long win - ter's nap. When
 sleigh and eight ti - ny rein - deer. With a
 dash a - way, dash a - way all! As dry
 Nich - o - las came with a bound. He was
 chin was as white as the snow. The
 know I had noth - ing to dread. He
 all, and to all a good night.

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