

# Twas the Night Before Christmas



Clement C. Moore

*Twas the Night Before Christmas*

CLEMENT C. MOORE

Twas the Night Before Christmas  
Moore, Clement C., 1779–1863

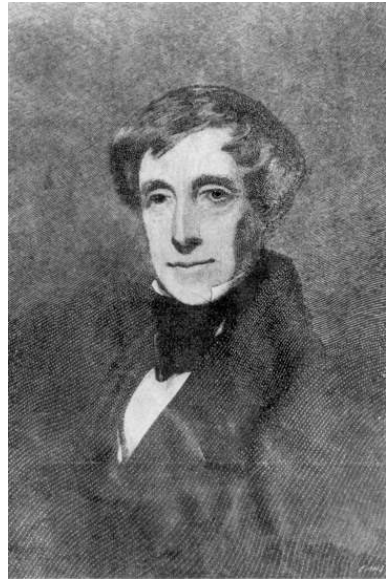
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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Clement Clarke Moore was born in 1779 in New York to Benjamin and Charity Clarke. In 1798 Moore graduated from Columbia College (now Columbia University), with both his B.A. and his M.A. Moore was a professor of Oriental and Greek literature at Columbia College and at General Theological Seminary and compiled a two volume Hebrew dictionary. Moore married Catherine Elizabeth and they had nine children. Legend has it that Moore wrote *A Visit From St. Nicholas* (more commonly known today as *Twas the Night Before Christmas*) for his children on Christmas Eve, 1822. The poem was intended to be kept private but a family friend sent it to the *Troy Sentinel*, where it was published anonymously just before Christmas, 1823. The poem became very popular very quickly and shaped the public's imagination of who Santa Claus is and what he looks like. The poem provided inspiration for Thomas Nast, an illustrator of political cartoons who gained notoriety as well for his early wood engravings of Christmas scenes published in *Harper's Weekly*. Moore died at his summer home in Rhode Island in 1863.



Engraving of Clement C. Moore by J. W. Evans based on a portrait from life painted for Moore's children, circa 1840.

## ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATIONS

The watercolor illustrations that appear in this edition originally appeared in the 1896 edition of *A Visit from Saint Nicholas*, published by McLoughlin Brothers.



The Night before CHRISTMAS or

# A Visit of ST. NICHOLAS.



TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS



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;



he children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums 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,



hen 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.



