

The Night Before Christmases
Scripted by Mrs. Brown

Narrator 1

Narrator 3

Santa Claus 1

Narrator 2

Narrator 4

Santa Claus 2

Narrator 1: The Night Before Christmas by Clement C. Moore

Narrator 2: The Night Before Christmas – In Texas, that is by Leon A Harris

Narrator 3: '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.

Narrator 1: The children were nestled all snug in their beds, while visions of sugarplums danced through their heads.

Narrator 4: 'Twas the night before Christmas in Texas, you know, way out on the prairie (without any snow).

Narrator 2: Asleep in their cabin were Buddy and Sue, a-dreamin' of Christmas, like me and like you.

Narrator 4: Not stocking, but boots, at the foot of their bed, for this was in Texas, what more need be said?

Narrator 3: 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 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.

Narrator 1: The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow gave a luster of midday to objects below. When, what to my wondering eyes did appear, but a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer.

Narrator 2: When all of a sudden from out the still night, there came such a ruckus it gave me a fright! And I saw 'cross the prairie like a shot from a gun, a loaded-up buckboard come on at a run.

Narrator 3: With a little old driver so lively and quick, I knew in a moment he must be St. Nick.

Narrator 3: More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, and he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:

Santa 1: Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen! On, Comet! On, Cupid! On Dunder and Blitzen! To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall! Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away, all!

Narrator 4: The driver was "Geein", and "hawin", with a will. The hosses (not reindeer) he drove with such skill.

Santa 2: Come on there, Buck, Pancho, and Prince, to the right! There'll be plenty of travelin' for you-all tonight.

Narrator 1: As 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 the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.

Narrator 3: 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 St. Nicholas came with a bound.

Narrator 1: 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.

Narrator 3: 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.

Narrator 1: The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth. And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath. He had a broad face and a round little belly that shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.

Narrator 3: 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.

Narrator 2: As he burst in the cabin the children awoke, and both so astonished that neither one spoke. When Buddy recovered the use of his jaws, he asked, in a whisper, "Are you Santa Claus?"

Narrator 1: 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.

Narrator 3: 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---

Santa 1: Happy Christmas to all, and to all a Good Night!

Santa 2: Am I the REAL Santa? Well, what do you think?

Narrator 4: And he smiled as he gave a mysterious wink.
Then he leapt in his buckboard, and called back, in his
drawl,

Santa 2: To all children of TEXAS, MERRY CHRISTMAS,
you-all!