



T'was the Night before Christmas

T'was the night (RIGHT) before Christmas when (RIGHT) through the house, Not a creature was (LEFT) stirring, not even a mouse.

The stockings were (LEFT) by the chimney with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas would soon be (RIGHT) there.

The children were nestled (RIGHT) down down in their beds,

While visions of sugar plums danced (LEFT) and (RIGHT) in their heads. And mama in her kerchief and I in my cap,

Had just settled (RIGHT) down for a long winter's nap.

When (RIGHT) out on the (LEFT) lawn there arose such a clatter. I sprang (RIGHT) from the bed to see what was the matter. (RIGHT) to the window I flew like a flash,

I tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow, (LEFT) a lustre of midday to objects (RIGHT) below. When what to my wondering eyes should appear, But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.

With a little old driver (RIGHT) lively and quick,

I knew (RIGHT) away it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,

And he whistled and shouted and called them (RIGHT) by name.

Now Dasher! Now Dancer! Now Prancer and Vixen!

On Comet! On Cupid! On Donner and Blitzen!

To the (RIGHT) top of the porch to the (LEFT) 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 (RIGHT) up the sky.

So (RIGHT) up to the house top the coursers they (LEFT) flew. With a sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas, too!

And then in a twinkling I heard (RIGHT) on the roof,

The prancing and pawing of each (RIGHT) and (LEFT) hoof. As I drew in my head and was turning (RIGHT) around, Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, (RIGHT) down from his head to LEFT boot, And his clothes were (LEFT) tarnished with ashes & soot.

A bundle of toys he had flung (RIGHT) on his back,

And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His (RIGHT) eye-how it twinkled, his (LEFT) dimple, how merry! His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!

His droll little mouth was (LEFT) up like a bow,

And the beard (RIGHT) on his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held (RIGHT) in his teeth

And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath. He had a broad face and a little round belly

That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly!

He was right chubby and plump, a (RIGHT) jolly old elf, And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his (LEFT) eye and a (RIGHT) twist of his head soon (LEFT) me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went (RIGHT) to work, Filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk. Laying his finger on the (LEFT) side of his nose, Giving me a nod, (RIGHT) up the chimney he rose.

He sprang (RIGHT) 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 (RIGHT) out of sight,

“Happy Christmas to all
and to all a good night!”