



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!”