



# *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 hung RIGHT by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be RIGHT there.  
The children were nestled RIGHT snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced RIGHT in their heads.  
And mamma 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.  
Away to the window I LEFT like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
LEFT the lustre of mid-day 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 in a moment 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 of the  
wall! Now dash away! Dash away! LEFT away all!"  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet RIGHT with an obstacle, mount RIGHT to the sky.  
So up to the house-top the coursers they LEFT flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys, and St Nicholas too.





# *It Was the Night Before Christmas*

And then, in a twinkling, I heard RIGHT on the roof,  
The prancing and pawing of each little RIGHT and LEFT hoof.  
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur, RIGHT from his head to his LEFT foot,  
And his clothes were all LEFT tarnished with ashes and soot.  
A bundle of toys he had flung RIGHT on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler, just opening his pack.  
His RIGHT and LEFT eyes-how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!  
His droll little mouth was LEFT drawn up like a bow,  
and the beard LEFT 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 bowlful of jelly!  
He was RIGHT chubby and plump, a RIGHT RIGHT jolly old elf,  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself!  
A wink of his LEFT eye and a LEFT twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
He spoke not a word, but went RIGHT straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk.  
And laying his finger to the LEFT of his nose,  
And giving a nod, LEFT up the chimney he rose!  
He sprang RIGHT to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all LEFT like the down of a thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he LEFT out of sight,  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

