



Twas 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 sugarplums danced **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 rose such a clatter,
I sprang **RIGHT** from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the **RIGHT** 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 a luster 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** 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 Donder and Blitzen!
To the **RIGHT** top of the porch! To the **LEFT** top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash **RIGHT** away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly
when they meet **RIGHT** with an obstacle, mount **RIGHT** up to the sky,

So up to the housetop the coursers they **LEFT** flew,
with a sleighful of toys and St. Nicholas, too.
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 **LEFT** 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 round little belly,
that shook when he laughed, like a bowl full 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, he **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!"