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 sleight 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!"