




TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Left & Right Game

Twas the night **RIGHT** before Christmas when all through the house,
Not a creature was **LEFT** stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were **LEFT** hung 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** around in their heads.
And mama **LEFT** in her kerchief, and I **LEFT** in my cap.
We had just settled **RIGHT** down for a long winter's nap.
When **RIGHT** out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang **RIGHT** from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I **LEFT** like a flash;
Tore open the **LEFT** shutters and threw up the **RIGHT** sash.
The moon **RIGHT** on the crest of the new-fallen snow,
LEFT the 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 **LEFT** 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 **LEFT** top of the porch! To the **RIGHT** top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash **RIGHT** away all!"
As dry leaves that **LEFT** before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount **RIGHT** up to the sky.
So **RIGHT** up to the housetop the coursers they 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 little **RIGHT** and **LEFT** hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around down,
The **LEFT** side of the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, **RIGHT** from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all **LEFT** tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys he flung **RIGHT** on his back,
And he looked **LEFT** like a peddler just opening his pack.
His **RIGHT** and **LEFT** eyes, oh how they twinkled!
His dimples? Oh, 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 **LEFT** and **RIGHT** when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a jolly old elf,
And I was **LEFT** laughing when I saw him in spite of myself.
A wink of his **LEFT** eye and a **RIGHT** twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing **LEFT** to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went **RIGHT** straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; **LEFT** to **RIGHT** then turned with a jerk.
And laying his finger to the **RIGHT** 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 dawn of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, as he **LEFT** out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"