

Night RIGHT Before Christmas

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 Donner 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 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 **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** 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, as he **LEFT**--out of sight, "Happy Christmas to all and to all a good night!"

