



'Twas The Night Before Christmas

LEFT RIGHT CHRISTMAS GAME

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, **RIGHT** not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, **RIGHT**
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug **LEFT** in their beds;
While visions of sugar-plums **RIGHT** danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, **RIGHT** and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap, **LEFT**
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, **RIGHT**
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter. **RIGHT**
Away to the window **RIGHT** I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a luster of midday **LEFT** to objects below,
When what to my wondering **RIGHT** eyes did appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight **LEFT** tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver so lively **LEFT** and quick,
I knew in a moment he must be **RIGHT** St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, **RIGHT**
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen!



On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall! **RIGHT**
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly, **RIGHT**
When they meet with an obstacle, **LEFT** mount to the sky;
So up to the housetop the coursers **RIGHT** they flew
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too—
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof **LEFT**
The prancing and pawing **RIGHT** of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was **LEFT** turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his **RIGHT** head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot; **LEFT**
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler **RIGHT** just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his **RIGHT** dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry! **RIGHT**
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow, **LEFT**
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held **RIGHT** tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath; **RIGHT**
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly. **LEFT**
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf, **LEFT**
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself; **RIGHT**.
A wink of his eye **RIGHT** and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight **RIGHT** to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk, **LEFT**
And laying his finger aside of his nose, **RIGHT**
And giving a nod, **LEFT** up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, **RIGHT** to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew **RIGHT** like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight—
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!" **LEFT**