The Night Before Christmas

Left Right

Christmas Poem

'Twas the night RIGHT before Christmas, when all 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 has LEFT and soon would be there;

The children were nestled RIGHTly all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced RIGHT in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled RIGHT down for a long winter's nap,

When out on the LEFT lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang RIGHT from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away RIGHT to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon RIGHT on the breast of the new-fallen snow
LEFT the lustre of mid-day to objects RIGHT below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
RIGHT there 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 RIGHTly whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;

"RIGHT, DASHER! LEFT, DANCER! LEFT, PRANCER and LEFT VIXEN!
RIGHT, COMET! RIGHT CUPID! LEFT, DONNER RIGHT BLITZEN!
To the top of the porch! RIGHT to the LEFT of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they LEFT to meet with an obstacle, RIGHT mount to the sky,
So RIGHT up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the 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 LEFT and RIGHT hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down 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 tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on the LEFT of his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

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