

Twas The Night Before Christmas Story

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 around in their heads
And mama LEFT in her kerchief, and I LEFT in my cap
had just settled RIGHT down for a long winter's nap,
When RIGHT out on the LEFT lawn there arose 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 RIGHT shutters and threw up the LEFT sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
LEFT the luster of mid-day 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 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 RIGHT up to the housetop the coursers they LEFT flew,
With a sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas, too.