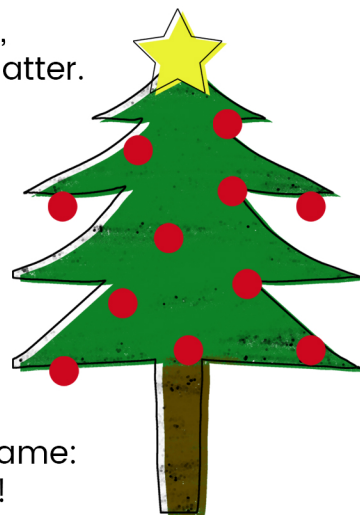


THE NIGHT RIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

{ pass the present game }

EACH PERSON START WITH A GIFT. PASS RIGHT OR LEFT WHILE READING THE POEM.

Twas the night 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 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 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 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 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 in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
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 **RIGHT** top of the porch! To the **LEFT** top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash 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 flew,
With a sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas, too.

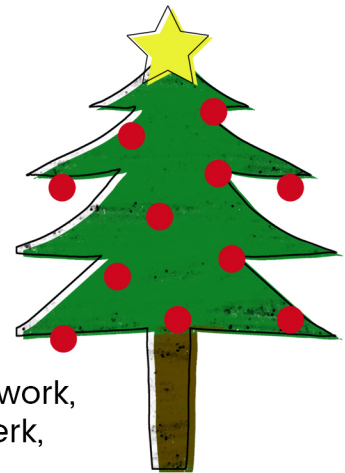


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THE NIGHT RIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

{ pass the present game }

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 chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head **RIGHT** to his foot,
And his clothes were all 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 eyes -- how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn **RIGHT** up like a bow,
And the beard of 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;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.
He was 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 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 **LEFT** with a jerk,
And laying his **LEFT** finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang **RIGHT** to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove **RIGHT** out of sight,
HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD-NIGHT!



OPEN THE GIFT YOU ENDED WITH!