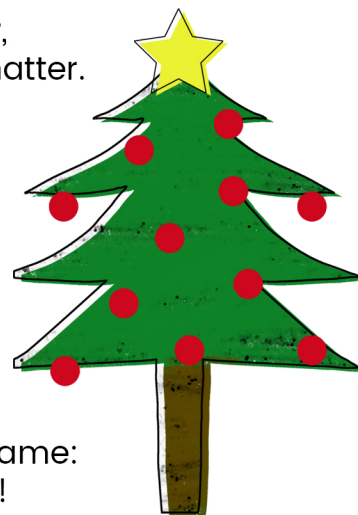


THE NIGHT RIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

{ 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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