

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 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 RIGHT 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 RIGHT 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 midday 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 Donner 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!!