



“Twas The Night Before Christmas” Pass The Gift Game

Based on the Poem by Clement Clarke Moore

Have everyone stand in a circle holding their gift. As you read the poem, whenever you say “left” or “right”, everyone passes their gift in that direction. If they end up with their own gifts, pass right one more time. When the poem is done, open your gifts.

“’Twas The Night Before Christmas”

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‘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 **LEFT** nestled 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 to the **LEFT** window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the **RIGHT** sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
LEFT the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,

With a **RIGHT** little old driver, so 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, DONDER and BLITZEN!
To the top **LEFT** of the porch! to the top **RIGHT** of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!”

As dry leaves that **RIGHT** before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the **LEFT** house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.

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And **RIGHT** then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little **LEFT** hoof.
As I drew in my hand, and was turning **RIGHT** around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his **LEFT** foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A **RIGHT** bundle of toys he had flung 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 **RIGHT** like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up **LEFT** like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his **LEFT** teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a **RIGHT** 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 to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned **LEFT** with a jerk,
And laying his finger **RIGHT** aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;

He sprang 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 out of sight,

“HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD-NIGHT!”

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