

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 LEFT side of the chimney St. Nicholas
came with a bound. He was dressed all in fur,
RIGHT from his head to his LEFT foot,
And his clothes were all LEFT tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys he flung RIGHT on his back,
and he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His RIGHT and LEFT eyes, oh how they twinkled!
His dimples? Oh how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was LEFT drawn up like a bow!
And the beard LEFT on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held RIGHT in his teeth,
and the smoke— it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a round little belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was RIGHT chubby and plump,
a RIGHT, RIGHT jolly old elf,
And I was LEFT laughing when I saw him in spite of myself.
A wink of his LEFT eye and a LEFT twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing LEFT to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went RIGHT straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; LEFT to RIGHT,
then turned with a jerk
And laying his finger to the LEFT of his nose,
And giving a nod, he LEFT... Up the chimney he rose.
He sprang RIGHT to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,