

1

'Twas the night before Christmas,  
when all through the house,  
Not a creature was stirring, not  
even a mouse.

Let's get things moving on this  
cozy night,  
Pass all your gifts one space to  
the right!



2

The stockings were hung by the  
chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon  
would be there.

Now that we've properly set  
the scene,  
Trade your gift with someone  
wearing green!



3

The children were nestled all snug  
in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums  
danced in their heads.

While dreaming of goodies,  
they had smiles on their faces,  
Now pass those gifts to the  
right three spaces!



4

And mamma in her kerchief, and  
I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a  
long winter's nap.

While the characters in our  
story are napping,  
Trade your gift for one still in  
its wrapping!



5

When out on the lawn there arose  
such a clatter,  
I sprang from the bed to see what  
was the matter.

As the narrator decides out  
what to do,  
Swap with someone on either  
side of you!



6

Away to the window I flew like a  
flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw  
up the sash.

I hope you don't think this is  
rash,  
But two spaces to the left is  
where everyone should pass.



7

When, what to my wondering eyes  
should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh, and eight  
tiny reindeer.

As the story describes this  
incredible sight,  
Swap presents with the person  
to your right!



8

With a little old driver, so lively  
and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be  
St. Nick.

Now our story is picking up the  
pace,  
Everyone pass to the left one  
space!





9

Now Dasher, now Dancer, now  
Prancer and Vixen!  
On Comet, on Cupid, on Donner  
and Blitzen!

Santa is really using his voice,  
Now trade presents with  
anyone of your choice!



10

As I drew in my head, and was  
turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas  
came with a bound.

With Santa in the house, the  
story just gets better,  
Now swap with anyone  
wearing a sweater.



11

His eyes, how they twinkled! His  
dimples, how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his  
nose like a cherry!

Santa Claus has a favorite  
color, it's said,  
In honor of him, trade with  
someone in red!



12

He had a broad face and a little  
round belly,  
That shook when he laughed,  
like a bowlful of jelly.

While we all contemplate  
Santa's heft,  
Trade your gift with the  
person on your left!



13

He spoke not a word, but went  
straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then  
turned with a jerk.

Like Santa, you'll be turning,  
too,  
But trading with the person to  
your right is what you'll do!



14

And laying his finger aside of his  
nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney  
he rose.

If you like your gift and losing  
it would cause pain,  
Stand up now – you're out of  
the game!



15

He sprang to his sleigh, to his  
team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the  
down of a thistle.

If the gift you're holding would  
hurt to lose,  
Just leave the game – you are  
excused!



16

But I heard him exclaim as he  
drove out of sight,  
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all  
a good night!"

As Santa Claus exits with a  
"ho ho ho" ...  
One last move to the right is  
where the presents should go!

