

# The Night Before Christmas (V-Disc Version)

## Louis Armstrong

'Twas the night before Christmas  
When all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring  
Not even a mouseThe stockings were hung  
By the chimney with care  
In hopes that St. Nicholas  
Soon would be thereThe children were nestled  
All snuggled in bed  
While visions of sugarplums  
Danced in their headsAnd mom in her kerchief  
And I in my cap  
Had just settled down  
For a long winter's napWhen out on the lawn  
There arose such a clatter  
I sprang from my bed  
To see what was the matterAway to the window  
I flew like a flash  
Tore open the shutters  
And threw up the sashWhat to my wandering eyes  
Should appear  
But a miniature sleigh  
And eight tiny reindeerA little ol' driver  
So lively and quick  
I knew in a moment  
It must be St. NickMore rapid than eagles  
His courses they came  
As he whistled and shouted  
And called them by nameNow Dasher, now Dancer  
Now Prancer and Vixen  
On Comet, on Cupid  
On Doner and BlitzenTop of the porch  
To the top of the wall  
Now dash away, dash away  
Dash away allSo, up to the housetop  
The courses they flew  
With a sleigh full of toys  
And St. Nick, tooThen in a twinkling  
I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing

Of each little hoofAs I drew in my head  
And was turning around  
Down the chimney St. Nick  
Came with a boundDressed all in fur  
From his head to his foot  
And his clothes were all covered  
With ashes and sootA bundle of toys  
He had flung on his back  
And he looked like a peddler  
Just opening his packHis eyes, how they twinkled?  
His dimples, how merry?  
His cheeks were like roses  
His nose like a cherryHis drawl little mouth  
Was drawn up like a bow  
And the beard on his chin  
Was as white as the snowThe stump of a pipe  
He held tight in his teeth  
And the smoke it encircled his head  
Like a wreathHe had a broad face  
And a round little belly  
That shook when he laughed  
Like a bowl full of jellyHe's chubby and plump  
A right jolly old elf  
And I laughed when I saw him  
In spite of myselfHe spoke not a word  
But went straight to his work  
And filled all the stockings  
Then turned with a jerkYeah, laying a finger  
Along side his nose  
And giving a nod  
Up the chimney he roseHe sprang to his sleigh  
To his team, gave a whistle  
Away they all flew  
Like the down of a thistleBut I heard him exclaim  
As he drove out of sight  
"Happy Christmas to all  
And to all a goodnight"When all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring

Songwriters

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