

# 'Twas the Night Before Christmas

## Peter, Paul & Mary

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care  
In the hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds  
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads  
And mom in her kerchief and I in my cap  
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter  
Away to the window I flew with a flash  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash  
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow  
Gave a luster of midday to objects below  
And what to my wondering eyes should appear?  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer  
With a little old driver so lively and quick  
Well, I knew in a moment, it must be St. Nick  
More rapid than eagles, his coursers they came  
And he whistled and he shouted and he called them by name  
"On Dasher, on Dancer, on Prancer and Vixen  
On Comet, on Cupid, on Donner and Blitzen  
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall  
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all"  
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly  
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky  
So up to the rooftop the coursers they flew  
With a sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas too  
And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof  
The prancing, the pawing of each little hoof  
As I drew in my head and was turning around  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound  
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot  
A 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 like a cherry  
His droll little mouth was drawn up in a bow  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow  
And the stump of a pipe, he held tight in his teeth  
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath  
He had a broad face and a little round belly  
That shook when he laughed, ho, ho, ho, ho  
Like a bowl full of jelly, ho, ho, ho, ho  
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 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  
Filled all the stockings and turned with a jerk

And laying a finger to the side of his nose  
And giving a nod up the chimney he roseHe sprang to his sleigh, and to his team gave a whistle  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle  
But I heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight  
"Merry Christmas to all and to all, goodnight, goodnight"

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