

Twas The Night Before Christmas

Perry Como

It was the night before Christmas
When all through the house
Not a creature was stirring
Not even a mouseThe stockings all hung
By the chimney with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas
Soon would be thereThe children were nestled
All safe in their beds
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 sashThe moon on the breast
Of the new fallen snow
Gave the lustre of midday
To object belowWhen what to my wandering eyes
Should appear
But a miniature sleigh
And eight tiny reindeerWith a 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 nameAnd quot, now dasher
Now dancier
Now prancer
Now vixenOn comet
On cupid
On doner
An' blitzen' and quotTo the top of the porch
To the top of the wall
Now dash away, dash away

Dash away allAs dry leaves
Before the wild hurricane fly
When they meet with an obstacle
Mount to the skySo, up to the housetop
The courses they flew
With a sleigh full of toys
And St. Nicholas tooAnd then 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. Nicholas
Came with a boundHe was dressed all in fur
From his head to his foot
And his clothes were all tarnished
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 of his chin
Was a white as the snowThe stump of his 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 was chubby and plump
A right jolly old elf
I laughed when I saw him
In spite of myselfA wink of his eye
And a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know
I had nothing to dreadHe spoke not a word
But went straight to his work
And filled all the stockings
Then turned with a jerkAn' laying a finger
Along side his nose
An' giving a nod
Up the chimney he roseHe sprang to his sleigh
To his team gave a whistle
An' away they all flew

Like the down of a thistleBut I heard him exclaim
As he drove out of sight
And quot, Happy Christmas to all
And to all a goodnight and quotHm

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