

'Twas the Night Before Christmas

The Platters

'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 hopes that
St. Nicholas would soon be thereThe children were all nestled, all snug in their beds while
Visions of sugarplums danced in their headsAnd momma 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 like a flash
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sashThe moon on the breast of the new fallen snow
Gave the luster of midday to objects below
When what to my wandering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer!With a little ol' driver so lively and quick
I knew in a moment, it must be St. Nick!More rapid than eagles, his courses they came
As he whistled and shouted and called them by name
Now Dasher, now Dancer, now Prancer and Vixen
On Comet, on Doner, an' BlitzenTo the top of the porch, to the top of the wall
Now dash-away, dash-away allAnd as dry leaves that before the wild hurricanes fly
When they meet with an obstacle mount sky
So 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 hoofAnd 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 sootA bundle of toys, he sprung on his back
And he looked like a, a peddler just opening his packHis eyes how they twinkled, his dimples how merry
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry
His drawl little mouth was drawn up like a bow
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snowThe stump of a pipe, he held tight in his teeth
And the smoke it circled his head like a wreathHe had a broad little face and a, a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly
He was chubby and plump, and a, 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, and then turned with a jerk
An' laying a finger aside 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
Merry Christmas to all, Merry Christmas to all
And to all a goodnight

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