

'Twas the Night Before Christmas

The Smithereens

T'was the night before Christmas
When 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
Soon would be there

The children were nestled
All snuggled in bed
While visions of sugarplums
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 like a flash
Tore open the shutters
And threw up the sash

What to my wandering eyes
Should appear
But a miniature sleigh
And eight tiny reindeer

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 Cupid
On Donner and Blitzen

Top of the porch
To the top of the wall
Now dash away, dash away
Dash away all

So, up to the housetop
The courses they flew

With a sleigh full of toys
And St. Nick, too

Then in a twinkling
I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing
Of each little hoof

As I drew in my head
And was turning around
Down the chimney St. Nick
Came with a bound

Dressed all in fur
From his head to his foot
And his clothes were all covered
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 drawl little mouth
Was drawn up like a bow
And the beard on his chin
Was as white as the snow

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 round little belly
That shook when he laughed
Like a bowl full of jelly

He's chubby and plump
A right jolly old elf
And I laughed when I saw him
In spite of myself

He spoke not a word
But went straight to his work
And filled all the stockings
Then turned with a jerk

Yeah, laying a finger
Along side his nose
And giving a nod
Up the chimney he rose

He sprang to his sleigh
To his team, gave a whistle
Away they all flew
Like the down of a thistle

But I heard him exclaim
As he drove out of sight
"Happy Christmas to all
And to all a goodnight"