Louis Armstrong "Christmas Night In Harlem"

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Hallelujah, Hallelujah, glory, Halle What's all that noise? Hallelujah Don't give up with that now

Glory, Halle Who's that over in the corner? Hallelujah I believe that's Mr. Teagarden

Hey what you doin' up there, man?
Last time I saw you
You were sayin' fare thee well to Harlem
I done bin wise g'wine
An' I ain't g'wine there n'more

You sho' come back the right time It's Christmas up here What d'ya mean up here? It's Christmas ev'rywhere

Yeah, but it ain't all Christmas Like it's Christmas in Harlem No

Ev'ry gal struttin' with her beau Through the streets covered white with snow Happy smiles er'ywhere you go Christmas night in Harlem

Black and tans feelin' mighty good In that old colored neighborhood Here and now be it understood Christmas night in Harlem

Ev'ryone is gonna sit up Until after three Ev'ryone will be all lit up Like a Christmas tree

Come on now ev'ry coal black Joe You just lead me t'the mistletoe With a kiss and a hi de ho Christmas night in Harlem

Hee, man, dog
What'd Santa Claus leave in your stockin'?
Let me see, there's an orange, a jar [unverified]
And, man, look at this slide trombone
Yeah, but it might not sound so pretty
Let me hear you tune it

Mr. Mercer, I'm glad to be back in this festivity
Ah, you said it Mr. T
It's Christmas night in Harlem
Well it's Christmas night in Harlem
Man, you drew the [unverified]

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