

Peter, Paul & Mary

"'twas The Night Before Christmas"

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'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 rose

He 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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