

# The Platters

## "T'Was 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  
hopes that  
St. Nicholas would soon be there

The children were all nestled, all snug in their beds  
while  
Visions of sugarplums danced in their heads

And mamma 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

The 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' Blitzen

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall  
Now dash-away, dash-away all

And 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 too

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof

And 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 sprung on his back  
And he looked like a, 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 of his chin was as white as the snow

The stump of a pipe, he held tight in his teeth  
And the smoke it circled his head like a wreath

He 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 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  
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 rose

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle  
An' 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, Merry Christmas to all  
And to all a goodnight?

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