## 'Twas the Night Before Christmas

## **Aretha Franklin**

'Twas the night
Before Christmas
When all through the house
Not a creature was stirring
Not even a mouse

The stockings all hung
By the chimney with care
In hopes
That St. Nicholas
Soon would be there

The children were nestled All safe in their beds 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 winters 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 lustre Of midday To object 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 Now vixen On comet On cupid On doner An 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 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

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 twinkle 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 a white as the snow

The stump of his 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 was chubby and plump 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
Then turned
With a jerk

An laying a finger Along 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 Happy christmas to all And to all a goodnight

Hmmm