

# 'twas the Night Before Christmas

Perry Como

'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 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 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 Donner

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 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 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!"