

Rosemary Clooney, Miss Otis Regrets

Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
All the stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In the hope that Saint Niccholas soon would be there.
Then, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
A miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
A little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.
And more rapid than eagles his reindeer all came
As he shouted On Dasher and each reindeers name.
And so up to the housetop the reindeer soon flew
With the sleigh full of toys and Saint Nicholas, too.
Down the chimney he came with a leap and a bound;
He was dressed allin fur, and his belly was round.
He spoke not a word but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stocking, then turned with a jerk.
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
Then giving a nod up the chimney he rose.
But I heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight,
Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night!