Twas The Night Before Christmas

DAd tuning

Twas the night before Christmas and all thru 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 Nicholas 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 Dash-er and each reindeer's name And so
Twas The Night Before Christmas

up to the house-top 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 all in fur and his belly was round. He spoke not a word but went straight to his work And filled all the stockings: then turned with a jerk And laying his finger a side 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 night", all and to all a good night.