

Cajun Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, an' all t'ru de house,
Dey don't a t'ing pass, not even a mouse.
De chirren been nezzle good snug on de flo',
An' Mama pass de pepper t'ru de crack on de do'.
Den Mama in de fireplace done roas' us de ham,
Stir up de gumbo, an' make de baked yam
Den out on de bayou dey got such a clatter...
Make soun' like old Boudreaux done fall off his ladder.
I run like a rabbit to got to de do'...
Trip over de dawg an' fall on de flo'!
As I look out de do' in de light o' de moon,
I t'ink, "Manh, you crazy, or got ole too soon."
Cuz dere on de bayou when I stretch ma' neck stiff...
Dere's eight alligator a-pullin' de skiff...
An' a little fat drover wit' a lone polein' stick...
I know r'at away got to be ole St. Nick...
Mo' fas'er an' fas'er de 'gator dey came.
He whistle an' holler an' call dem by name:
"Ha, Gaston! Ha, Tiboy! Ha, Pierre an' Alcee!
Gee, Ninette! Gee, Suzette! Celeste an' Renee!"
To de top o' de porch dem ole 'gator clime!
Wit' de skiff full o' toy an' St. Nicklus behin'.
Den on top de porch roof it soun' like de hail
When all dem big 'gator done sot down dey tail!----
Den down de chimney he fell wit' a bam...
An' St. Nicklus fall an' sit on de yam!
"SACRE!" he axclaim "Ma pant got a hole.
I done sot mase'f on dem red hot coal!"
He got on his foots an' jump like a cat...
Out to de flo' where he lan' wit' a SPLAT!
He was dress in musk-rat from his head to his foot
An' his clothes is all dirty wit' ashes an' soot.
A sack full o' playt'ing he t'row on his back.
He look like a burglar, an' dass fo' a fack!
His eyes how dey shine...his dimple, how merry!
Maybe he been drink de wine from blackberry!
His cheek was like rose...his nose like a cherry...
On secon' tought maybe he lap up de sherry! ---
Wit' snow-white chin whisker an' quiverin' belly,
He shook when he laugh like de stromberry jelly!
But a wink in his eye...an' a shook o' his head...
Make my confidance dat I soon got to be scared.
He don' do no talkin'...gone straight to his work...
Put playt'ing in sock an' den turn wit' a jerk!
He put bot' his han' dere on top o' his head,
He cas' an eye on de chimney an' den he done said:
"Wit' all o' dat fire an' dem burnin' hot flame..
. Me I ain' goin' back by de way dat I came."
So he run out de do' an' he clime to de roof...
He ain' no fool, him, for to make one more goof.
He jump in his skiff an' crack his big whip.
De 'gator move down an' don' make one slip.
An' I hear him shout loud as a splashin' he go:
"Marry C'rismas to all...till I saw you some mo'!"