THE NITT BE TO KRISTMUS ON THE BAYOU

It was da nite befo' Kristmus, wit da moon big like junko,
An us Cajun was stir a pot full of gumbo,
Socks on da chimney wit names tellin' whose.
Socks we got, but we don got no shoes!
Da chillen is all coverup good on da flo,
Hit moes underneath so da don get no more.
An Mama to da chimney is rose da ham,
An boil da courtbillion an bake the yam.

When out on da bayou day got much a slatter,
Man it soun lak Tro Boudreaux she fall off a ladder!
Me I run lak a rabbit to got to da door,
I trip on da dog an I fall on da flo.
As I look out da dor in da lite of da moon,
I tink to me "Man you crazy or you gon be soon."
Cause dare on da bayou when
I stretch my neck stiff,
I'll see eight alligators pullin a big skiff.
An a lil fat driver wit a long pole stick.
Me I kown (toute-suite) it got to be Sain Nick.
Faster an faster da alligator day go,
An he wistla an hollem an call dem by name.
Haw Comeaux, haw Boudreaux, haw Alcee an Alcide.
See Phyo duau, see T kibodeaux, see Clema an Placide.
"To da top of da poch" he say, "To da top of da wall,
Crawl up dar alligator an be sure you don fall."

Lak Ant Amantha's cat went up da tree he fly,
When a big houn dog come by.

"Lak dat cat up da poch dese alligator day climb,
Wit a pirog full of playtings an Sain Nick behine.
On top of da roof it soun lik da hail,
When all dese big alligator day set down dar tail.

Anably at once down da chimney I hear a big EM!
An I see Sain Nick fall sit down in da yam.
"Sacra-misair" he say, "I bit in my pants I got a big hole."
He got fallin'fodden on dese red hot coles.
He got to his feets an he's up lak a cat,
Den he fall to da floor where he lay wit a splat.

He was dress all in muskrat from his head to hees foots,
An he's clothes is all dirty wit ashes an coots.
A sack full of playtings he trow on hees back,
Man he look lak a criminal, an dates for a fake.
Hee eyes, how day shine, an hee dimple how merry.
To me he look lak he been drink too much wine from blackberry.
Hee cheek red lak rose is, an' hee nose lak a sherry.
Maybe so he drink two, three glasses good cold sherry.
He have white hairs on his chin on a big fat belly.
Hat shake wen he laf lak taite-de-fromage jelly.
A wink in his eye an a shake of hees haid,
An I garantee you me, I know I don got to be scared.

He don do no talkin, but go rite to hees work.
He put playtings in da socks, an don he turned wit a jerk.
He put bof hees hans on da top of his haid.
An he look at dat chimny an don he said:
"Wit all dat fire, an dose red hot yam,
I don go back dat way, I be damn."

So he run out da do an he climbed on da roof,
Man he leev a smal in da house what 200 proof.
He jumped in hees pirogue and he cracked hees whip.
An dose alligators day move and not one make a slip.

Den I hear him holler as down da bayou he go,
"Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas," till I can hear him no mo.