

THE NIGHT BEFORE HANUKKAH

by Peter Alsop

**Tw'as the night before Hanukkah, all through our home,
Not a creature was stirring not even Jerome.
Jerome is our cat, and he stays up all night,
But he had chicken soup, so he was sleeping all right.**

**The children were nestled all snug in their beds
While visions of latkahs danced in their heads.
Our menorah was burning, it never expired.
Mama was snoring, but I wasn't tired,**

**I turned on the TV and watched the light shine,
And rejoiced 'cause the remote control was all mine!!
When what to my wondering eyes was produced,
But a miniature sleigh being pulled by a moose!**

**An incredible shot! A remarkable zoom!
As the moose and the sleigh burst into my room!
Right through the screen! There was glass all around!
But I had the remote, and I turned down the sound,**

**So no one woke up, there was no one to see
That Santa was standing there right next to me!
He was dressed all in red from his head to his toe,
And he said "Happy Hanukkah!" as he brushed off some snow.**

**I said "Santa, you busted my new TV set!"
He said "Well, the moose hasn't quite got the hang of it yet.
He's new, and he's just filling in for the deer
His name is Chris, he's just helping this year."**

**"Y'can't slide down my chimney? It that cause I'm Jewish?"
He said, "TV's are cleaner, and my suit, it's brand newish!
Naww, I don't do chimneys, they're really too tough.
I got stuck once that way, and once was enough!"**

**"I was dangling there, so I started to shout.
The kids hung on my legs 'til I fin'ly popped out!
I was really embarrassed, what with my reputation?
I figured, 'Nick, take a break! You need a vacation!'"**

**"But I didn't quit, I'm not one of those rookies.
I thought, 'Just loose some weight, cut down on the cookies!'"
His eyes, how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry!
He acted and looked like my old Uncle Jerry.**

**The beard on his chin was as white as the snow,
But he had long white curls where his side burns should grow.
The smoke drifted up from his pipe by his ear.
I said, "Santa, we don't allow smoking in here!"**

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
And his pipe disappeared, "No problem!" he said.
"I just wanted to leave your kids a few things!"
He sat down with his pack and he pulled a few strings.

There were kid's books and toys and a dreidel of course,
And a couple of tapes, and a carved wooden horse
And some chocolate coins covered in gold
"That's Hanukkah Gelt!" Santa said, "So I'm told!"

Then he fixed my TV with a jerk of his head!
"I could leave the kid's stuff at the end of their bed?
Or maybe there's stockings? Or a Hanukkah bush?
You tell me where. I'll get up off my tush!"

I said, "Right here is fine, but hey, I'm a Jew!"
Santa said, "I visit Muslims and Hindu kids too!
It's Quanza and Solstice! It's Holiday time!
Hey, ... Could my moose have a latkah before we start flyin'?"

"We'd better get going, or there's people we'll miss
Sour cream on the side, then let's hit the road, Chris!"
Then laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, he shouted "Here goes!"

"Yes, people are people, who cares where they pray?"
Then into the TV they melted away.
And I heard him exclaim as he faded from view,
"Season's Greetings to all!! Happy Hanukkah too!!"

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