'Twas the night before Christmas,  
Not a member was stirring,  
Enjoying a respite  
Enjoying a respite  
from muscular backs;  
From muscular backs;  
The weights they were nestled  
In hopes that St. Nicholas  
soon would be there;  
Soon would be there;  
And Jan in her tanktop,  
And I in my tights,  
Had just settled down  
for a nice Texas night;  
For a nice Texas night;  
When out in the street  
there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from the steambath  
to see what was the matter.  
To see what was the matter.  
Away to the window  
I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters  
and threw up the sash.  
And threw up the sash.  
The moon on the waves  
of the incoming tide  
Gave the luster of midday  
to objects outside,  
to objects outside,  
When, what to my wondering  
eyes should appear,  
And a humongous sleigh,  
and eight monstrous reindeer,  
With a muscular driver,  
so tall and so thick,  
That I had to look twice  
to see 'twas St. Nick.  
To see 'twas St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles  
his coursers they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted,  
And called them by name;  
And called them by name;  
“Now Bosworth! Ben Johnson!  
Now Big Mac and Hogan!  
On Coan! Kurlovich!  
On Wheeler and Gogan!  
To the top of the porch!