

'Twas the Night Before Christmas
Reworked by: Stephen Dolle
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'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through this town
Not a creature was stirring, only this drum circle I found
Percussion of all types was strewn about with care,
In the hope really cool DRUM RHYTHMS soon might appear.

We built up a grove, and called out for St. Nick,
DANCERS and DRUMMERS illuminating like a wick.
Billy on BASE, Higgy on CONGA, and I with my drum,
We settled in for an eve of drum circle Christmas fun.

Then out of this circle there arose such a clatter,
Sounds of DRUMS and SHAKERS rang out like chatter.
Throughout the circle and everywhere I could see,
Were WHISTLES, WOOD BLOCKS, and BELLS in the key of D.

The moon was so full it lit up the night sky
That gave way to BASS tones no one could deny.
When, what to my wondering ears should I hear
The rumble of three DJEMBE DRUMS ever so near,
A beat that moved me so lively and quick,
A really cool RHYTHM, that surely did stick.

More rapid than eagles its rumble so came,
With WHISTLING and SHOUTING came each by name
"Now, BILLY! Now, KEVIN! Now, HIGGY and GREG!
On, CATHY! On, MICHAEL. On BENEDICT and MEG!
To the top of the beat, to the top of the jam!
Then FADE away! FADE away! FADE away, all!"

WOODEN instruments then began clicking ever so high,
Raining in BELLS so beautiful, I thought I could fly,
Baddah-boom roared the sound of DRUMS that grew,
The shush-ush of SHAKERS created a new kind of brew.

Then in a twinkling I heard a PAUSE and something sweet,
A BENDING, a SHAPING on each little BEAT.
I raised up my hands to sculpt this cool SOUND,
But the melody of a DIDRIDOO made my heart POUND.

I sculpted a BASE DRUM with BLOCKS made of WOOD,
But the circle began GROOVING more than it should.
Our bundle of musical toys we had brung in a pack,
Was SINGING like Angels, not missing a slap.

Our eyes - they twinkled! Our dimples – how they perked!
Hands played like RAINDROPS, ENTRAINMENT was at work!
There were smiles all around, to wrap in a bow,
This was drumming at Christmas, need I say mo'.

The stump of a pipe and a FLUTE arose out a stranger's face,
So much it ECHOED and DANCED all over the place.
And out of this riff, rose a big round belly,
It was St. Nick, and he SHOOK and GROOVED better than Nelle.

He danced and cut like a jolly old elf,
And soon he was leading in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, played licks of this BEAT,
His music so sweet, not a sole could stay in a SEAT,
He gave one last verse, that we held on our DRUM,
Then a nod and a smile, and finished with a HUM.

He SPRANG in the air with a blast from his WHISTLE
Then slipped away like the down of a thistle.
I heard him exclaim ere he moved out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all you DRUMMERS, may you rumble tonight!"