

# **Boudreaux the Bright Red Crawfish**

By Warren Swenson

©2005

Everywhere around the world  
Everybody knows  
About a reindeer named Rudolph  
And his bright red nose  
He lights the way for Santa's sleigh  
On every Christmas Eve  
So Santa can deliver gifts  
To all those who believe.

But down here in the bayous  
There are some folk who claim  
There lives another fellow  
Who does the very same  
As Rudolph does each Christmas Eve  
But not to many know  
About this little fellow  
So I'll tell you of Boudreaux

Boudreaux is a little crawfish  
Who shines so very bright  
That the fisherman can see him  
Even on a foggy night.  
According to the legend,  
He shines so bright because  
When he was younger Boudreaux drank  
To much hot pepper sauce

Through the bayous late at night  
When they could see him glow  
The fisherman would always chase  
And try to catch Boudreaux.  
And if they ever caught him  
Every little crawfish knows  
They would have cooked him  
In a pot of hot seafood gumbo.

So all the other crawfish,  
Fearing the fishermen  
While chasing little Boudreaux  
Might catch one of them  
Held an official meeting  
One hot summer day  
And decided they would have to ask  
Boudreaux to move away.

## Boudreaux the Bright Red Crawfish

Heart broken and dejected  
Boudreaux left his bayou home  
To find a place he could be safe  
And live there all alone.  
They said he found a bayou  
Full of old dead cypress logs  
Where he could hide and bury himself  
Deep beneath the bog.

But no one could be certain  
If small Boudreaux was still there  
For no one had seen poor Boudreaux  
For almost a whole year.  
And so it was one Christmas Eve  
There was a real dense fog  
And Papa Noel's skiff got stuck  
In a murky bog.

In case some may be wondering  
How it happened this way  
And where was Rudolph's bright red nose  
And Papa Noel's sleigh?  
There is no doubt that Papa Noel  
Travels with reindeer  
Everywhere around the world  
Except, of course, down here.

Down here he leaves them at his camp  
And comes back for them later.  
Down here he travels in a skiff  
That's pulled by alligators.  
You see, here in the bayous  
You will find it is much harder  
To travel through the air  
Than to travel on the water.

So Papa Noel travels here  
With a gator team.  
Eight of the hugest, fastest gators  
Any one has seen.  
But if you've seen a gator  
Well, then you already know  
There are no gators anywhere,  
Who have a bright red nose.

## Boudreaux the Bright Red Crawfish

So Papa Noel had to tell  
His head gator Tuson,  
"I'm very certain in this fog  
We can't continue on.  
Unless, Tuson, there's someone  
In the bayous that you know  
Who'll shine as bright this foggy night  
As Rudolph's bright red nose.

Tuson thought for a moment  
Then he answered, "Yes, I know  
There's one who might shine just as bright,  
A crawfish named Boudreaux.  
"Do you know where he can be found?"  
Questioned Papa Noel  
Tuson thought one moment more  
Then answered, "I hear tell

That in this very bayou  
Past all those cypress logs  
Boudreaux may have buried himself  
Deep beneath the bog."  
So, Papa Noel, in his skiff,  
Stood up very slow  
Then cupped his hands around his mouth  
And hollered out, "BOUDREAUX."

He waited for an answer.  
It was silent and so then  
Papa Noel loudly hollered out  
"BOUDREAUX', once again.  
This time, through the heavy fog  
They saw a faint red glow  
And heard a small voice answering  
"Whose calling for Boudreaux?"

"Tis I who call for Boudreaux  
Tis I, Papa Noel."  
Boudreaux could not believe his ears  
He felt his small heart swell.  
Above the surface of the water  
Boudreaux seemed to sail  
As he raced across the bayou  
Snapping his bright red tail.

## Boudreaux the Bright Red Crawfish

Papa Noel never saw  
A crawfish move so swift  
As Boudreaux jumped over Tuson  
And landed in the skiff.  
“Well welcome little Boudreaux.”  
Said Papa Noel.  
“I’m very glad to meet you  
And I hope you’re doing well.”

Boudreaux was so excited  
He did not know what to say.  
He kept snapping his bright red tail  
Like he wanted to play  
“Well Boudreaux,” said Papa Noel,  
“I see Tuson was right.  
There is someone like Rudolph’s nose  
Who shine so very bright.

Boudreaux, you could be such a help  
On this dark foggy night  
If you would sit on Tuson’s back  
And be our guiding light,”  
So on Tuson’s strong shoulders  
Sat the little bright crawfish  
His tail securely tucked beneath  
The red leather harness.

All that night Boudreaux shone bright  
Through the heavy fog  
And never once did Papa Noel  
Get stuck in the bog.  
When they were finally finished  
Papa Noel told Boudreaux,  
“ I have no gift left in my sack for you  
But I want you to know

Because of what you’ve done tonight  
I’ve made very sure  
The fishermen won’t chase you  
Through the bayous anymore.  
For, with every gift we gave tonight  
To every fisherman  
I wrote a special note that said,  
‘Boudreaux is my friend.

## Boudreaux the Bright Red Crawfish

So please be very careful  
To treat him very well  
And watch out for my friend Boudreaux.  
With Love, Papa Noel.’  
That is why I’m very sure  
The fishermen won’t chase you  
Through the bayous anymore.

So you’re not going back to the bog  
To live alone.  
Tonight,” said Papa Noel,  
“I’m going to take you home.”  
Boudreaux was so excited,  
It felt like a fairy tale.  
He started clacking both his claws  
And snapping his red tail.

When Papa Noel’s Christmas skiff  
Sailed through his old bayou  
The crawfish came from everywhere  
And there were quite a few,  
Clacking claws and snapping tails  
To let everyone know  
That Boudreaux was returning home  
A Christmas Eve hero.

Now on every Christmas Eve  
When you hear people tell  
All those wonderful stories  
About Papa Noel  
And Rudolph, that great reindeer  
With the bright red nose,  
Don’t forget the small crawfish  
From the bayous named Boudreaux.