

Papa Noel's Christmas Eve Fais Do-Do

By Warren Swenson

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On a Christmas eve when it's clear and cold
And the northern lights, beautiful and bold
Dance in the sky that's the sign I'm told
Papa Noel's left from the North Pole

Now that maybe where the journey begins
But down in the bayous is where it ends.
With a bayou bash that we all know
As Papa Noel's Christmas eve fais do-do

In a hidden cabin on a lost bayou
On Christmas eve when their works all through
He grabs him a fiddle and rosins the bow
Strikes up a tune and away they go.

Papa Noel and all the reindeer
Mama Noel and the gators are there.
Christmas eve and their work is done
Time to have a little Cajun fun.

There is nothing hotter than a gator band
Papa Noel has the fastest fiddle in the land
You can hear the prancing of the reindeer's hooves
When they get to dancing on the old tin roof.

Mama Noel does the Cajun jitterbug
With Papa Noel they cut that rug
Dance and kiss under the mistletoe.
It's Papa Noel's Christmas ever fais do-do

When they get tired to rest their feet
They all sit down to a Cajun feast
Mama Noel's cooking is second to none
That maybe because Mama Noel's Cajun.

She has the crawfish bisque and etouffee,
Stuffed mirlitons, shrimp souffle
Jambalaya, hot gumbo
Enough to make Papa Noel say, "HO HO"

She serves her dinner with merriment and mirth
And of course, there's Papa Noel's favorite dessert
Fresh baked cookies and hot cocoa
It's Papa Noel's Christmas Eve fais do-do

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Then, Papa Noel, every Christmas Eve
To end all their festivities
Gives the final gift at the stroke of twelve
To his sweetheart Mama Noel.

Yeah, everyone knows where the journey begins
On Christmas eve, but where it ends
Was a mystery, well now you know
It ends in the bayou with a fais do-do
Papa Noel's Christmas eve fais do-do