Jolly Old Saint Nicholas

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Jolly Old Saint Nicholas

Jolly old Saint Nicholas, Lean your ear this way! Don't you tell a single soul What I'm going to say; Christmas Eve is coming soon; Now, you dear old man, Whisper what you'll bring to me; Tell me if you can.

When the clock is striking twelve, When I'm fast asleep, Down the chimney broad and black, With your pack you'll creep; All the stockings you will find Hanging in a row; Mine will be the shortest one, You'll be sure to know.

Johnny wants a pair of skates; Susy wants a dolly; Nellie wants a story book; She thinks dolls are folly; As for me, my little brain Isn't very bright; Choose for me, old Santa Claus, What you think is right.

