JOLLY OLD SAINT NICHOLAS

Jolly old Saint Nicholas,
Lend 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 sled;
Nellie wants a story book; yellow, blue, and red.
Now I think I'll leave to you
What to give the rest
Choose for me, dear Santa Claus;
You will know the best.

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