



JOLLY OLD SAINT NICHOLAS

Often credited to Wilf Carter

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.

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