

Christmas Song "Jolly Old St. Nicholas"

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(Tom T. Hall)

Jolly old St. 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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