

Twins

"Jolly Old Saint Nicholas"

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Jolly old Saint Nicholas,
Lean your ear this way,
Don't you tell a single soul
What I'm going to say.
Christmas Eve will soon be here,
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 with your pack,
Softly you will 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,
Susie needs a sled,
Nelly wants a storybook --
One she hasn't read.
As for me, I hardly know,
So I'll go to rest;
Choose for me, dear Santa Claus,
What you think is best.

What you think is best!

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