

Ray Childish

"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 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

Bobby wants a pair of skates
Suzy wants a sled
Nellie wants a picture 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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