





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.



Oh Nick, 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're gonna bring.
Tell me if you can.



Johnny wants a pair of skates.
Suzie wants a doll.
Nellie wants a story book.
Tommy wants a ball.

As for me, on Christmas Eve How I wish you might, Choose for me, old Santa Claus, What you think is right.



Jolly old Saint Nicholas. Jolly old Saint Nicholas. Jolly old Saint Nicholas.