

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.