

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 my 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.