

St. Nick At Night

Jolly old St. 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.

Have you heard about St. Nick at night, trav'ling all across the world in flight,
Carrying a great big sack and deliv'ring toys in no time flat?
Christmas Eve he will be at your house, keeping very quiet as a mouse.
Landing right upon your roof, in the morning look for proof!

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.

That's good St. Nick at night.