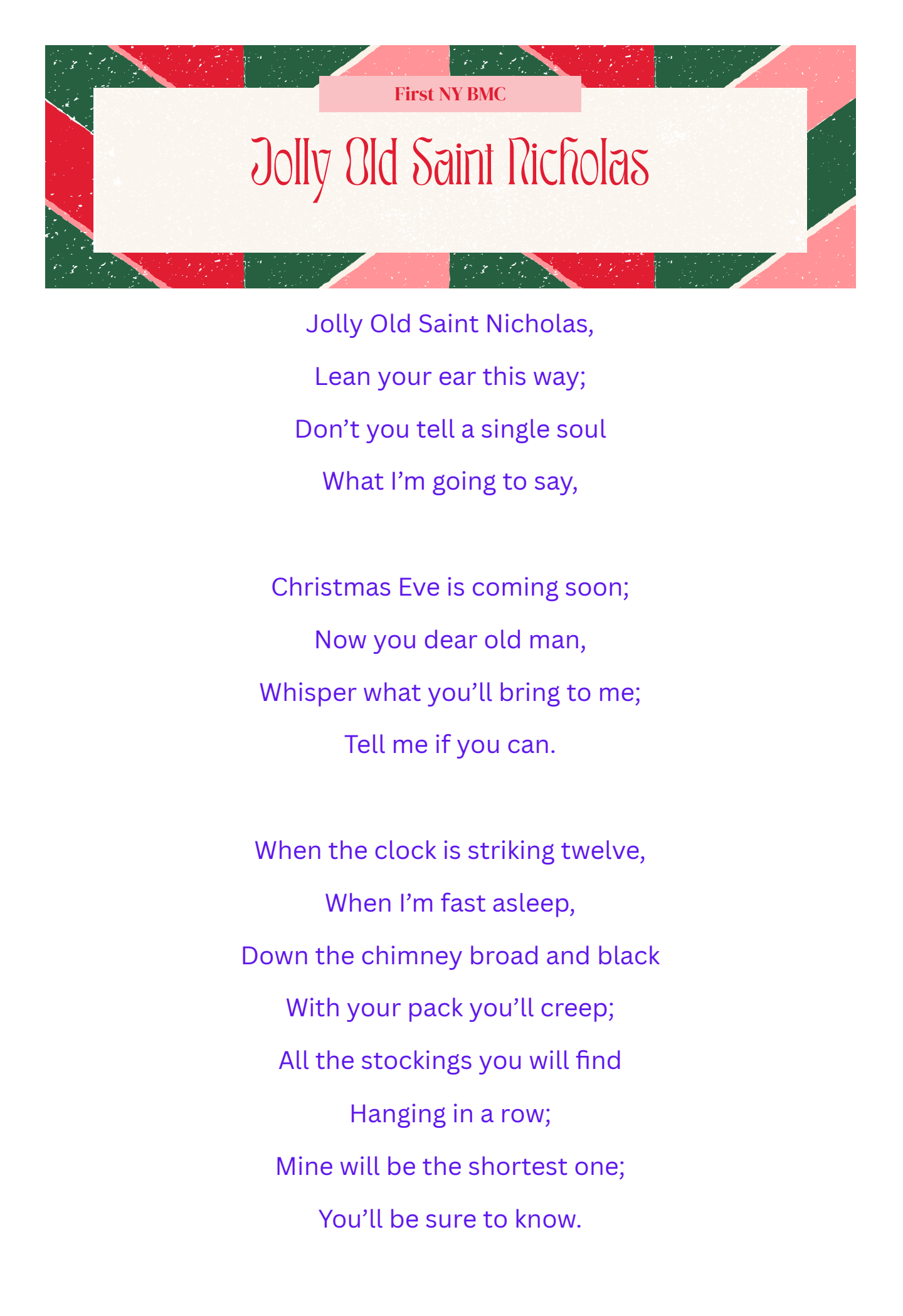




First NY BMC

Jolly Old Saint Nicholas

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;

Susie wants a sled;

Nelly 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 Nicholas;

You will know the best.

