

## JOY the Elf's Sing-A-Long Christmas from KSNO Workshop Radio, North Pole

### Santa Claus is Coming To Town (in the style of Bing Crosby & The Andrew Sisters)

You better watch out  
You better not cry  
Better not pout  
I'm telling you why  
Santa Claus is coming to town, gather 'round

He's making a list  
And checking it twice;  
Gonna find out Who's naughty and nice  
Santa Claus is coming to town

He sees you when you're sleeping  
He knows when you're awake  
He knows if you've been bad or good  
So be good for goodness sake!

Little tin horns, little tin drums  
Rudy-toot-toot and rummy tum tums  
Santa Claus is comin' to town

And curly head dolls that cuddle and coo,  
Elephants, boats and kiddy cars too.  
Santa Claus is comin' to town.

The kids and girls in boy land  
Will have a jubilee.  
They're gonna build a toy land town  
All around the Christmas tree.

You better watch out!  
You better not cry  
Better not pout  
I'm telling you why  
Santa Claus is coming to town

You better watch out!  
You better not cry  
Better not pout  
I'm telling you why  
Santa Claus is coming to town

You mean the big fat man with the long white beard  
He's comin' to town.

**Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer** (in the style of Gene Autry)

You know Dasher and Dancer  
And Prancer and Vixen  
Comet and Cupid  
And Donner and Blitzen  
But do you recall  
The most famous reindeer of all  
Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer  
Had a very shiny nose  
And if you ever saw it  
You would even say it glows  
All of the other reindeer  
Used to laugh and call him names  
They never let poor Rudolph  
Join in any reindeer games  
Then one foggy Christmas Eve  
Santa came to say  
Rudolph, with your nose so bright  
Won't you guide my sleigh tonight  
Then how the reindeer loved him  
As they shouted out with glee  
Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer  
You'll go down in history  
Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer  
Had a very shiny nose  
And if you ever saw it  
You would even say it glows  
All of the other reindeer  
Used to laugh and call him names  
They never let poor Rudolph  
Join in any reindeer games  
Then one foggy Christmas Eve  
Santa came to say  
Rudolph, with your nose so bright  
Won't you guide my sleigh tonight  
Then how the reindeer loved him  
As they shouted out with glee  
Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer  
You'll go down in history

**I Want A Hippopotamus For Christmas** (in the style of Gayla Peevey)

I want a hippopotamus for Christmas  
Only a hippopotamus will do  
Don't want a doll  
No dinky Tinkertoy  
I want a hippopotamus to play with and enjoy

I want a hippopotamus for Christmas  
I don't think Santa Claus will mind, do you?  
He won't have to use our dirty chimney flue  
Just bring him through the front door  
That's the easy thing to do

I can see me now on Christmas morning  
Creeping down the stairs  
Oh what a joy and what a surprise  
To see a great big hippo  
Standing right before my eyes

I want a hippopotamus for Christmas  
Only a hippopotamus will do  
No crocodiles, no rhinoceroses  
I only like hippopotamuses  
And hippopotamuses like me too

Mom says a hippo would eat me up but then  
My Teacher says a hippo is a vegetarian\*  
There's lots of room for him in our two-car garage  
I'd feed him there and wash him there and give him his massage

I can see me now on Christmas morning  
Creeping down the stairs  
Oh what joy and what surprise  
To see a great big hippo  
Standing right before my eyes

I want a hippopotamus for Christmas  
Only a hippopotamus will do  
No crocodiles or rhinoceroseses  
I only like hippopotamuseseses  
And hippopotamuses like me too!

*\*While hippos are indeed herbivores, just because hippos won't eat you doesn't mean they won't kill you! [Per the BBC](#): "[T]he hippopotamus is the world's deadliest large land mammal, killing an estimated 500 people per year in Africa. Hippos are aggressive creatures, and they have very sharp teeth."*

**Jolly Old St. Nicholas** (in the style of Tom T. Hall)

Jolly old St.Nicholas  
Lean your ear this way  
Don't you tell a single soul  
What I'm gonna to say

Christmas Eve is comin' soon  
Now, you dear old man  
Whisper what you'll bring to me  
Tell me if you can

When the clock is strikin' twelve  
When I'm fast asleep  
Down the chimney broad and black  
With your pack you'll creep

All the stockings you will find  
Hangin' in a row  
Mine will be the shortest one  
You'll be sure to know

Johnny wants a pair of skates  
Suzie wants a dolly  
Nellie wants a story book  
She thinks dolls are folly

As for me, I think you'll find  
I'm really not that bright  
Choose for me, dear Santa Claus  
You'll will know what's right

Jolly old St.Nicholas  
Lean your ear this way  
Don't you tell a single soul  
What I'm gonna to say

Christmas Eve is comin' soon  
Now, you dear old man  
Whisper what you'll bring to me  
Tell me if you can

**Frosty, The Snowman** (in the style of Gene Autry)

Frosty the snowman was a jolly happy soul  
With a corn cob pipe and a button nose and two eyes made out of coal  
Frosty the snowman is a fairy tale they say  
He was made of snow but the children know how he came to life one day.  
There must have been some magic in that old silk hat they found  
For when they placed it on his head he began to dance around.  
O, Frosty the snowman was alive as he could be  
And the children say he could laugh and play just the same as you and me.

Frosty the snowman knew the sun was hot that day  
So he said "Let's run and we'll have some fun now before I melt away"  
Down to the village with a broomstick in his hand  
Running here and there all around the square saying "Catch me if you can"  
He led them down the streets of town right to the traffic cop  
And he only paused a moment when he heard him holler "Stop!"

For Frosty the snow man had to hurry on his way  
But he waved goodbye saying "Don't you cry I'll be back again some day"  
Thumpetty thump thump  
thumpety thump thump  
Look at Frosty go  
Thumpetty thump thump  
thumpety thump thump  
Over the hills of snow

**Here Comes Santa Claus** (in the style of Elvis Presley)

Here comes Santa Claus, here comes Santa Claus, right down Santa Claus Lane.  
Vixen and Blitzen, and all his reindeer pulling on the reins.  
Bells are ringin', children singin', all is merry and bright.  
Hang your stockings and say a prayer, 'cuz Santa Claus is comin' tonight.

Here comes santa claus, here comes santa claus, right down Santa Claus Lane.  
He's got a bag that's filled with toys for everyone again.  
Hear those sleigh bells jingle jangle, what a beautiful sight.  
Jump in bed and cover up your head, cuz Santa Claus is comin' tonight.

Here comes Santa Claus, here comes Santa Claus, right down Santa Claus Lane.  
He doesn't care if you're a rich or poor, He loves ya just the same.  
Santa knows we're god's children, That makes everythin' right.  
Fill your hears with christmas cheer, 'cuz Santa Claus is comin' tonight.

Here comes Santa Claus, here comes Santa Claus, here comes Santa Claus  
here comes Santa Claus, here comes Santa Claus, here comes Santa Claus  
He's about to come tonight!

Hear those sleigh bells jingle jangle, what a beautiful sight.  
Jump in bed and cover up your head, cuz Santa Claus is comin' tonight.  
Santa Claus is comin' tonight.

**Run Rudolph Run** (in the style of Chuck Berry)

Out of all the reindeers you know you're the mastermind  
Run, run Rudolph, Rudolph ain't too far behind

Run, run Rudolph, Santa's gotta make it to town  
Santa, make him hurry, tell him he can take the freeway down  
Run, run Rudolph, reelin' like a merry-go-round

Said Santa to a boy child, "What have you been longin' for?"  
"All I want for Christmas is a rock 'n' roll electric guitar"  
And then away went Rudolph, whizzin' like a shootin' star

Run, run Rudolph, Santa gotta make it in town  
Santa, make him hurry, tell him he can take the freeway down  
Run, run Rudolph, reelin' like a merry-go-round

(instrumental)

Run, run Rudolph, Santa's gotta make it to town  
Santa, make him hurry, tell him he can take the freeway down  
Run, run Rudolph, I'm reelin' like a merry-go-round

Said Santa to a girl child, "What would please you most to get?"  
"A little baby doll that can cry, sleep, drink and wet"  
And then away went Rudolph, whizzin' like a Saber jet

Run, run Rudolph, Santa's gotta make it to town  
Santa, make him hurry, tell him he can take the freeway down  
Run, run Rudolph, I'm reelin' like a merry-go-round

**Jingle Bells** by James Lord Pierpont, published 1857

Dashin' through the snow, in a one-horse open sleigh  
O'er the fields we go, Laughin' all the way  
Bells on bobtails ring, Makin' spirits bright  
What fun it is to ride and sing a sleighin' song tonight  
O, Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way  
Oh what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh  
O, Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way  
Oh what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh

**Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas** by Hugh Martin & Ralph Blaine

Have yourself a merry little Christmas  
Let your heart be light  
Next year all our troubles will be out of sight  
Have yourself a merry little Christmas  
Make the Yuletide gay  
Next year all our troubles will be miles away  
Once again as in olden days  
Happy golden days of yore  
Faithfull friends who are dear to us  
Gather near to us once more  
Through the years we all will be together  
If the fates allow  
So hang a shining star upon the highest bough  
And have yourself a merry little Christmas, now

**A Visit from St. Nicholas** by Clement Clark Moore, published 1844

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;  
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;  
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!



On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!  
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;  
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of Toys, and St. Nicholas too.  
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of Toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.  
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow  
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;  
He had a broad face and a little round belly,  
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle,  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."

*This production was made possible by Elfs Unite, a workshop conglomerate in partnership with KSNO Workshop Radio broadcasting from the North Pole. Featuring John Debney & Hollywood Studio Symphony with The Papa Elf Suite and The Brian Setzer Orchestra with The Nutcracker Suite.*