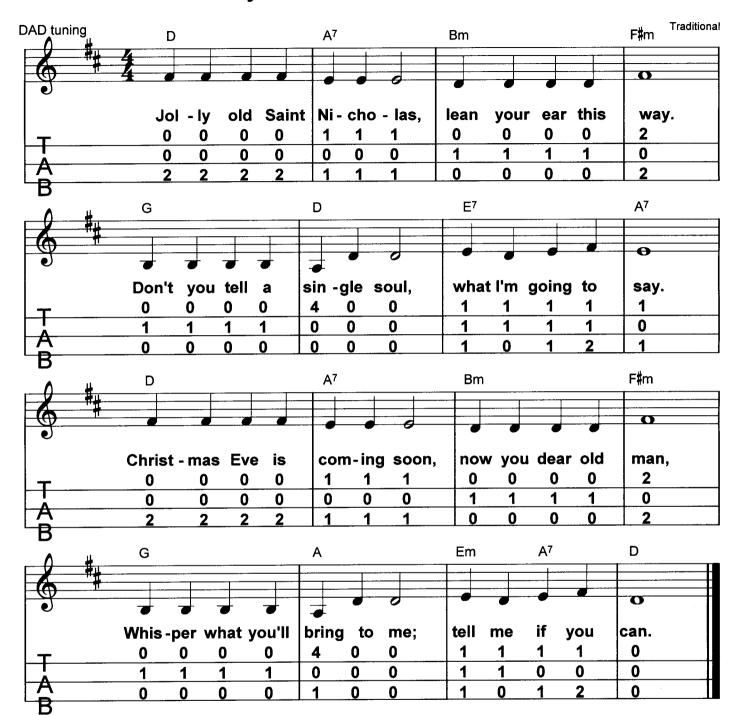
Jolly Old Saint Nicholas



When the clock is striking twelve
And 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 Nellie wants a picture book, Yellow, blue and red. Now I'll think I'll leave to you What to give the rest, Chose for me, dear Santa Claus, You will know the best.