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Saint Nicholas — His Roundelay

Robert L. Munger

On Christmas Eve
You would scarce believe
How early the sand-man came a-creeping;
By the way each head
Went into the bed
When prayers were said
You'd have thought them sleeping.
(You would really have thought the children sleeping.)
Sing Fol-de-rol-dol-diddle-lol-day,
Saint Nicholas — his roundelay.

Old Saint Nick
With his usual trick
Came upon the roof with a terrible clatter;
And Dolly and Sue,
And Polly and Prue,
And Jonathan too,
Knew what was the matter.
(But of course they didn't wake up at the clatter.)
Sing Fol-de-rol-dol-diddle-lol-day,
Saint Nicholas — his roundelay.



Little Miss Polly,

Dreamed of a dolly,
Hung by the wrist to a Christmas tree,
And a candy boar,
With an echoing roar
From the e-qua-tor
To the frozen sea.
(An astonishing boar, 'twixt you and me.)
Sing Fol-de-rol-dol-diddle-lol-day,
Saint Nicholas — his roundelay.

Ah, Christmas Day!
The old folks say
They sleep through the night and it doesn't matter;
For Dolly and Sue,
And Polly and Prue,
And Jonathan too,
Make up for the clatter
Of Nick in the night, that's the truth of the matter.
Sing Fol-de-rol-dol-diddle-lol-day,
Saint Nicholas — his roundelay.

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