

bread it is white and our ale it is brown: Our bowl is made of the
fill it up now un - to - the brim. Come, fill it up that we
we hope your soul in - heav-en shall rest. But if you bring us a

ma - ple tree, So - here my good fel - low, I'll drink to thee.
may all see, With the was - sail - ing bowl, I'll drink to thee.
bowl too small, Then down shall go but - ler and bowl and all.

Jolly Old Saint Nicholas

Anonymous

Anonymous

1. Jol - ly old Saint Ni - cho - las, Lean your ear this way! Don't you tell a
2. When the clock is strik - ing twelve, When I'm fast a - sleep, Down the chim - ney
3. John - ny wants a pair of skates; Su - sy wants a sled; Nel - lie wants a

sin - gle soul What I'm going to say; Christ - mas Eve is com - ing soon;
broad and black, With your pack you'll creep; All the stock - ings you will find
pic - ture book; Yel - low, blue and red; Now I think I'll leave to you

Now, you dear old man, Whis - per what you'll bring to me; Tell me if you can.
Hang - ing in a row; Mine will be the short - est one, You'll be sure to know.
What to give the rest; Choose for me, dear San - ta Claus, You will know the best.

Transpose down a 3rd:
Key of G