

WHEN GOOD OLD KRIS COMES'ROUND

Moderato

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1. Eyes so bright, now shut tight, Wea-ry heads at rest,
 2. Sun's rays peep, rouse from sleep, Happy girls and boys;
 3. Din - ner's done, night has come, Tired and worn are they;

Dream of sleds, and wax-doll heads, And toys they love the best;
 Just half dressed, they do their best To man - u - fac - ture noise.
 Doll all crack - ed, clean dress black - ed, Drum-head torn a-way;

By and by, ver - y sly, A jol - ly fel - low comes,
 Oh, what fun, they've be - gun Their stock - ings to un - load,
 Gun won't shoot, horn won't toot, Blocks all lost but ten:

Drops his pack from off his back, And pulls out dolls and drums.
 Ev-ry-thing from a mon-key-on-a-string To a bright tin hopping toad.
 Nev-er fear, just wait one year, Old Kris will come a-gain.

O-jol-ly Old Saint Nick, The world is glad you've come, For while you're near Smile

chas-es tear, And sun-shine lights the home. Fill well the stocking, And leave with-

out a sound; No girl or boy but thrills with joy When good Old Kris comes round.