

When Santa got stuck up the chimney,
He began to shout:
“You girls and boys
won’t get any toys,
if you don’t pull me out!”

“My beard is black,
there’s soot in my sack,
and my nose is tickling too!”

When Santa got stuck up the chimney,
“Aaachooo, achoo, achoo!”



Away in a manger,
no crib for a bed
the little Lord Jesus
lay down His sweet head.
The stars in the sky
looked down where He lay,
the little Lord Jesus
asleep on the hay.



Father Christmas, Father Christmas
He got stuck, he got stuck
Coming down the chimney, coming down
the chimney
What bad luck, what bad luck!



Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are.
Up above the world so high,
like a diamond in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!

Baa baa black sheep, have you any
wool?
Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full!
One for the master, one for the dame,
and one for the little boy who lives down
the lane

