



Look, there is the steamer,
from far away land.
It brings us Saint Nicholas,
he's waving his hand.
His horse is a-pranching,
on deck up and down.
The banners are waving,
in village and town.

And Pete there is smiling;
he tells everyone.
The good kids get candy,
the bad ones get some.
Oh dearest Saint Nicholas,
if Pete and you could.
Just visit our house
for we all have been good.

