

Christmas Memories Singalong

1. FROSTY THE SNOW MAN

Frosty the Snow Man was a jolly, happy soul,
With a corncob pipe and a button nose and two eyes made out of coal.
Frosty the Snow Man is a fairy tale, they say;
He was made of snow, but the children know how he came to life one day.
There must have been some magic in that old silk hat they found,
For when they placed it on his head,
He began to dance around.
Oh, Frosty the Snow Man was alive as he could be,
And the children say he could laugh and play just the same as you and me.

2. SANTA CLAUS IS COMIN' TO TOWN

You better watch out; you better not cry;
Better not pout; I'm telling you why:
Santa Claus is comin' to town.

He's making a list and checking it twice;
Gonna find out who's naughty and nice:
Santa Claus is comin' to town.

He sees you when you're sleepin';
He knows when you're awake;
He knows if you've been bad or good;
So be good for goodness sake.

Oh! You better watch out; you better not cry;
Better not pout; I'm telling you why:
Santa Claus is comin' to town.

3. HERE COMES SANTA CLAUS

Here comes Santa Claus, Here comes Santa Claus,
Right down Santa Claus Lane.
Vixen and Blitzen and all his reindeer are pulling on the rein.
Bells are ringing, children singing;
All is merry and bright.
Hang your stockings and say your pray'rs,
'Cause Santa Claus comes tonight.

4. I SAW MOMMY KISSING SANTA CLAUS

I saw Mommy kissing Santa Claus
Underneath the mistletoe last night.
She didn't see me creep
Down the stairs to have a peep;
She thought that I was tucked up in my bedroom fast asleep.
Then, I saw Mommy tickle Santa Claus
Underneath his beard so snowy white;
Oh, what a laugh it would have been
If Daddy had only seen Mommy kissing Santa Claus last night.

5. HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE CHRISTMAS

Have yourself a merry, little Christmas;
Let your heart be light.
From now on, our troubles will be out of sight.

Have yourself a merry, little Christmas;
Make the Yuletide gay.
From now on, our troubles will be miles away.

Here we are as in olden days,
Happy golden days of yore;
Faithful friends who are dear to us
Gather near to us once more.

Through the years we all will be together.
If the Fates allow.
Hang a shining star upon the highest bough,
And have yourself a merry, little Christmas now.