

Gift Of The Magi

Squirrel Nut Zippers

My heart is sad, my soul is weary
Though Christmas day is fast appear
I have no silver I have no gold
To buy my wife a gift this year

To see her sad on Christmas morning
Is a thing I cannot bear
I'll pawn the watch my father gave me
To buy a comb for her hair

Oh Mother, Mother what shall I do?
Though Christmas day is fast appear
I have no silver, I have no gold
To buy my love a gift this year

For I am poor and I'm a beggar
Not a cent have I, no dime I claim
I'll trade the golden hair that is our pleasure
Buy for your watch a golden chain

Darling, darling today is Christmas
What has become of your golden hair?
For I've traded our only treasure
These silver combs for you to wear

Darling, darling we've lost our treasure
My gift to you is a golden chain
Though we've pawned away our only pleasures
These gifts we give are not in vain

The wise men came on Christmas morning
Their gifts of love they came to bear
From that day on always remembered
Our own true love forever share