

Squirrel Nut Zippers, Gift Of The Magi

Jim: 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

Katharine:

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

Jim:

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

Katharine:

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

All:

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