

# Saint Nick

Songbird Cooper / Mikah MacEacher

= 80

C FMaj7 G C C FMaj7

Voice

A strange man lived in a Turk-ish town His

4 G7 C C Fmaj7 G7 C

coat a sun-set red His beard so white like a snow-y night And so the leg-end says His

7 Am Fmaj7 G C

heart burst with so much love that he al-most seemed a-glow Vowed to

9 Am Fmaj7 G C

spare no cost on the poor or lost, He'd help them but they'd nev-er know It was

11 Am Fmaj7 G C

him, Saint Nick, who healed the sick At heart with a spe-cial sur-prise

13 Am Fmaj7 G C

Sa-cred rites when the North wind bites Bring-ing fuel to de-light the eyes With

15 Am Fmaj7 G C

treats in boots for des-ti-tutes For moth-ers in wi-dow black weeds

17 Am Fmaj7 G C

Chil-dren with sor-rows, lone-ly to-mor-rows, or an-y-one else in need