

*Melody: På loftet sidder Nissen (Tak til Google translate)*

The attic sitting elf with his Christmas porridge,  
his Christmas porridge, so good and sweet,  
He nods, and he eats, and he is so happy  
for Christmas porridge is his best food.  
But all around are all the little rats  
and the Scots, and the Scots:  
"We will want some Christmas goodies,"  
and the dancer, dancing around in circles.

But nissefar he threatens her big happen:  
"Now you see that coming of the place,  
I will have my Christmas porridge in peace,  
and no, no, I will share with. "  
But the rats jumping and dancing,  
and the svinser and svanser,  
they are looking after the porridge, and stops  
and they are the pixie close the ring.

But nissefar he's a little spitfire,  
and with his body he makes a jump:  
"I'll get the cat if you do not stop,  
when the cat comes, it gonna be 'stop. "  
Then all the rats so scared  
oh, so afraid, oh so afraid,  
they turned and danced a few times,  
and one, two, three, then they are gone!

