In the Bleak Midwinter

Words and Music by Christina Rosetti (1872) and Gustav Holst (1906)
Ding, Dong, Merrily on High

Words and Music by George Ratcliffe Woodward (16th century French carol)
Toyland

Words by Glen McDonough and Music by Victor Herbert
**Boswell’s Lights**

Boswell’s got his strings of lights out  
Plastic candles, Santa’s sleigh  
Waving snowmen, dancing reindeer  
His whole life is on display

Life size manger lit by floodlights  
Plywood shepherds kneel and pray  
Piped in sounds of barnyard mooing  
And it’s only Labor Day

   Cars line up for blocks like a parade  
   People saw it first on the TV  
   All of the neighbors bought the blackout shades  
   If you couldn’t before, by gosh, now you’ll see  
   Merry Christmas, power company!

Boswell’s got the need to do it  
Like an addict needs a fix  
Ten below, and he’s still adding  
New things from his bag of tricks

Twelve foot blow up candy canes  
Wooden soldiers, silver bells  
And on the roof a neon sign says  
“Ho Ho Ho” “Immanuel”

   Chorus

   Joy is what you make it  
   So stop on by some winter’s night  
   Boswell may not have the answers  
   But he’ll help you see the light

   Chorus

   Merry Christmas from Boswell and the power company

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Esta Noche

Traditional Spanish carol
The Present

Snow falls, night falls
You call me home
My turn to burn
What’s on the stove

Kids’ sleds, bunkbeds
Ride out the storm
Tree lights blink bright
The fire is warm

I have got a special present for you if you just close your eyes
You’re the only one who I will let unwrap it, it’s a surprise
Merry Christmas

Kids played all day
In drifting up snow
Soaked boots, snowsuits
Piled on the floor

Remember December
When we were kids, too?
We met, I said,
I’d marry you

Chorus

Kids, Santa will be here tonight
But only if you’re sleeping tight

Dreams might take flight
To a land full of toys
Baseballs, new dolls
For girls and boys

My wish, your kiss
Christmas is here
Kids sleep so deep
They will not hear

Merry Christmas

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Away in a Manger

Words by unknown, Music by William J. Kirkpatrick (1895)
Fool

Look up the light
The darkest of nights
A sliver of heaven gets through

And where it lands
I can’t understand
A child, how could it be you?

Only a fool
Or only a rube
Would make this the sign of the times

How can I pray
If you answer this way
With the sound of one poor baby crying?

You’re a fool
You’re a fool
To say there is room at the inn
For people like us
And if you would think twice
You’d realize
This world wants none of your love

Your world’s full of war
What are we fighting for?
A chance to be first in the pack

Now you’re telling me
That the way to be free
Is to fight for the chance to be last?

Chorus

And this baby of yours
 Wants nothing, of course
But a parent to cradle him tight
No need to be king
Of anything
On this quiet, most silent of nights

So I stand here now
I can’t kneel or bow
At this manger of insanity
But if it is true
And, child, the light is in you
Would you ask God to spare some for me?

You’re a fool
You’re a fool
To say there is room at the inn
For somebody like me
And if you would think twice
You’d realize
You’re wasting your love
Can’t you see?

Chorus

Look up the light
The darkest of nights
A sliver of heaven gets through

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Silent Night

Words and Music by Joseph Mohr and Franz Gruber
Joseph’s Lullaby

Baby sleeping right beside me
Waking to a brand new day
On my cheek, the breath of heaven
If only I could keep you safe,
Hush, hush

They think you were born to lead them
You will save them by the sword
They will not want you to teach them
What it is you came here for
Hush, hush

        Hush now, don’t cry
        Every heart must break sometime
        I’ll hold you tight
        Until the world has broken mine
        Hush

When you’re gone they’ll take your name
And use it for a battle cry
In the end, what will it gain?
Except that countless more will die
Hush, Hush

        Chorus

        There, I’ve told you your life’s story
        Lifted up and beaten down
        They don’t want your kind of glory
        But not all kings will wear a crown
        Hush, hush

        Chorus

        Baby sleeping right beside me
        Baby sleeping right beside me

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O Come Little Children

Words by Christoph Von Schmid, Music by Johann Abraham Peter Schulz
Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas

Words and Music by Ralph Blane and Hugh Martin
EMI Feist Catalogue, Inc./ASCAP
Cowboy Santa

Santa was bored with the North Pole
Santa, he needed a change
So he snuck out one night
Singing, “yippii-yi-yi!
I’m going to my home on the range!
I’m tired of the elves all complaining
And teaching those reindeer to fly
And wearing this old red suit
On my regular route
I just want to be one of the guys!”

Santa wants to be a cowboy
Roping doggies, sleeping under the moon
Everyone at the North Pole
Is hoping and praying
That Santa will hurry home soon
Or Christmas will surely be ruined

He showed up at the Bar T in Montana
They gave him ‘relaxed fit’ Lee jeans
He broke every bronc just by sitting down on them
And he ate all of Cookie’s baked beans

But one night playing guitar ’round the campfire
Cookie said, “Santa, we’re so glad you’re here
But every cowboy and kid
Needs the magic you give
I heard they’re canceling Christmas this year, because…”

Chorus

Well, old Santa, he had one step on Cookie
‘Cuz when he looked up at that North Star each night
Oh, how he missed Mrs. Claus
And the elves with their flaws
He said, “I’m heading back home come daylight”

Well, the reindeer and elves raised the rafters
When he pulled on that comfy red suit
And sang, “yippiee-yi-yi
Rudoph, take to the sky
It’s time to do
What we were both born to do!”
But that jingle was from the spurs on his boots
Chorus

Yo-de-lay-di-o, yo-de-lay-di, yo-de-lay-di-o, ho, ho, ho, ho

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