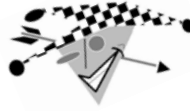




The Wise One

(Nottebart)

Do you know my name? Have you seen me out?
In the winter's air
Going house-to-house while I prowl about
You call me Santa Claus, you call me Pere Noel
You call me Old Saint Nick
Or maybe Father Christmas as I ring the bell
Now there once were wise men three
And the one they came to see
Had to deal with what they brought him
Can you guess how it unfolds
As the story gets retold
For the countless who have sought him
Shall I bring you myrrh? Shall I bring you gold?
Or maybe frankincense
Or maybe just a morale from a tale so old
Can you bring me wealth? Can you bring me fame?
Can you give me health?
Or maybe just some kindness in the wise one's name



Yuletide Fool

(Nottebart/Reis/Woodruff)

Well that's it, you ain't gettin' nothin' for Christmas
That's it, I'm sick and tired of this business
You might find it shocking when you look in your stocking
'Cause that's it
Well I'm through, I won't be your Yuletide fool
I tell you I'm done with this! You stepped out of line
and there's rules
You've been naughty not nice, I don't have to check twice
'Cause that's it.
You can make your excuses and play me like Cupid
Talk about truces, but Santa ain't stupid
That's it!
I don't need no wise men to tell me
I told you before, no more "Ho, Ho, Ho, Ho"
That's it
That's it, you ain't getting nothing for Christmas
That's it,.. enough of your business
I'm growing quite weary of your sugar plum fairy
That's it



Snow Fall

(Nottebart)

Sky return to grey and I return to you
Snow fall lasts all day and grey returns to blue
We could count them all,.. never know their worth
Well some things seem so small
Like snow falls on this earth
Tree begin to bend and limb begin to break
Strength that will not lend against the tiny flake
We could count them all and never know their worth
Well some things seem so small
Like snow falls on this earth
Bless them as they drop alone on Christmas day
Only when they stop will someone think to say
"We could count them all and never know their worth"
Well sometimes we're so small
Like snow falls on this earth

Angels We Have Heard On High**

(Traditional)

Angels we have heard on high,
Sweetly singing o'er the plains,
And the mountains in reply
Echoing their knocked-out strains.
Gloria... in excelsis Deo
Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your joyous strains prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be?
Which inspire your heavenly song?
Gloria... in excelsis Deo
Come to Bethlehem and see
Him whose birth the angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee
Christ, the Lord, the new-born King.
Gloria... in excelsis Deo

Christmas on Death Row*

(Haney/Nottebart)

The air is getting colder and Christmas getting close
And I've hated enough to kill and killed enough to boast
Don't you bother sending Christmas cards, ..won't get 'em anyway
I've no remorse, but don't tell Mama hell got in my way
Don't bother with an epitaph, it's written in her tears
And I don't think I'll be spending
Christmas on death row this year.
The lawyers took the loop-holes and they tied them in a noose.
The hands upon the clock, well they are struggling to get loose
Better bullet proof the hour glass, time's all I've left to kill
And take this cup away from me 'cause it will only spill
It's not the Ghost of Christmas Past
But my own that haunts me here
And I don't think I'll be spending
Christmas on death row this year
Harden your heart as the guard unlocks your cell
And you take that lonesome look with me into the gates of hell
Sign on the door..."No hope to all who enter here"
And I don't think I'll be spending
Christmas on death row this year
So don't you pacify with prayer books
Don't you cull me with your hymns
Don't confuse me with your choices
'Cause I've always chosen sin
But as long as you have made the trip, Padre, put in for some grace
I don't believe I've got the guts to ask it face-to-face
Does it matter that I've never really ever been sincere
'Cause I don't think I'll be spending Christmas on death row this
year





Silent Night**

(Traditional)

Silent night, holy night!
All is calm, All is bright
Round yon Virgin, Mother and Child
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace, sleep in heavenly peace.
Silent night, holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar
Heavenly hosts sing Al-le-lu-ia!
Christ the Saviour is born! Christ the Saviour is born!
Silent night, holy night!
Wondrous star, lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Alleluia to our King!
Christ the Saviour is here, Jesus the Saviour is here!
Sleep in heavenly peace



Lights In The Dark

(Nottebart)

In the dark, on the floor, in the living room
Looking up through the lights on a tree
Colors leave the trace
Floating in the space
Lifting me
Drifting me
Then the tune
Takes me there
I feel the music is using me
As the measure plays carols in time
Tiny little sparks
Fleeting in the dark
Drifting me
Lifting me
Then the tune
Takes me there



The Other Side

(Nottebart)

Standing still on a hill free of timber
Frozen stones in the mid morn winter's air
Bless the sun, bless the stars, bless the moon,..we've come so far
To the other side
Sighted disc on horizon's of orange
Threading beams through the megalithic hall
Bless the light, bless the day, bless my soul,..we've come this way
To the other side
Now we're all a bit undone
About the rituals we keep
Though we all do tend to come
From such a distance
Lying down in a field and facing westward
Baiting shadows from the tree line over there
Bless the hills, bless the night, bless the journey and the flight
To the other side

We Wish You A Merry Christmas**

(Traditional)

We wish you a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year
Good tidings we bring to you and your kin
Good tidings for Christmas and a Happy New Year

Oh, bring us some figgy pudding
Oh, bring us some figgy pudding
Oh, bring us some figgy pudding and a cup of good cheer
We won't go until we get some
We won't go until we get some
We won't go until we get some, so bring some right here

The Best of a Year

(Nottebart)

Come take ye the cup of good cheer
No slings, no arrows, no tears
I'll wish you the best of a year
Let go what you can of your fear
No outrageous fortunes my dear
Hope sits by the fire in here
And I'll wish you the best of a year
I'll make you a deal, you make me one too
A blessing on me for a blessing on you
And I'll call you a "friend"
Large slice of contentment with beer
Save room on your plate for sincere
Next chance at some feasting's unclear
But hope sits by the fire in here
And I'll wish you the best of a year

