



Grumpy in Greccio

Grumpy in Greccio

Sung to the melody of "Deck the Halls"

Men:

Build the fires and feed the cows, Blah, blah, blah, blah...
Sweep the barn and clean the hay mow, Blah, blah ...
In this season, all annoys, Blah, blah, blah, blah...
And they preach about great joys, Blah, blah...

Women:

Mix and roll and make the pies, Blah, blah...
Candies, cookies, hear me sigh, Blah, blah...
Fire the oven, wash the pans, Blah, blah...
When oh when can I rest these hands, Blah, blah...

All:

Chop a tree and trim it up, Blah, blah, blah...
Clean the chimney, shine the cups, Blah, blah, blah...
Pay the butcher and wool spinner, Blah, blah, blah...
Catch the goose and pluck it for dinner, Blah, blah...
Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, BLAH!

Sung to: We Wish You a Merry Christmas

Oh where could a goose be hiding
Oh where could a goose be hiding,
Oh where could a goose be hiding,
When it should be right here!

5. So now when it is Christmas
Don't lose your way once more,
Know that our God is near us
And let your voices soar.*
Forest and boulders,
echoing our singing.

*All other Songs are of public domain

Sung to Go, Tell It on the Mountain

Go, tell it on the mountain,
Over the hills and everywhere;
Go, tell it on the mountain,
That Jesus Christ is born.

1. The people of the village
Of Greccio that night,
They came with hearts full heavy,
But left a-shining bright.*

2. Lord John, he brought the creatures,
The ox, the cow, the sheep
And sent them up the mountain,
Although the dark was deep.*

3. Each one came with their troubles,
But still they climbed and prayed,
They heard the holy Gospel
Yet no child there was laid.*

4. And Francis spoke so gently,
Of how our Lord was born.
So humble as a boy-child,
Still with us every morn.*

A goose on the loose,
Is not all that bad.

A goose that's for feasting,
Should hide if its wise.

I'd best find the goose that's hiding,
I'd best find the goose that's hiding,
You'd best find the goose I raised well,
If you want a feast!

I'm searching without a rest, dear,
I'm searching without a rest, dear.
I'm waiting to hear the best, dear.
I'm waiting right here!

Sung to Jolly Old St. Nicholas

Oh my friends a shadow falls
O'er dear Greccio,
As the day of joy draws near,
Spirits seem so low.
Christmas Eve is coming soon,
Oh what shall be done?
Whispers tell the saddest news,
Gifts are not begun.

Mama's tired and Papa's mad,
This is not the way,
Faces should not wear a frown,
Skies should not look gray.
All the wishes have been made,

Many months ago.
But the time has sped away,
And now we're filled with woe.

Making dolls seemed easy then,
But the time has flown.
How can I make up for it,
Weary to the bone.
Others think it just a lark,
Doing all I do,
They don't seem to understand,
Now I ask, "Do you?"

Sung to Silver Bells

In the valleys, up the hillsides, now the great race is on,
Every housetop and front yard and doorway.
Fathers climbing, Mothers shining, kids run hither and yon.
And on every street corner you hear,

Mine's the best, Our's is great,
You need more lights in your windows.
Chop more greens, tie more bows,
If we're to shame all the rest.

Hang the berries, string the popcorn, hurry we must do more,
Than our neighbors, or cousins, or strangers.
Check the south streets, east and west streets, look up far
to the north.
Checking others will lead us to say,

And love me I pray
Bless all the dear children
In Thy tender care
And take us to heaven
To live with Thee there

Sung to the melody of "O Come All Ye Faithful"

O come all you people,
leave your heavy hearts,
O people of Greccio,
now come to the cave.
Come see the God who
now comes to be one with us.

O come to welcome our God
O come to welcome our God
O come to welcome our God. He's here, now with us.

Leave from the darkness,
lift your torch of light,
Join now both man and beast
all formed by our God.
Forest and boulders,
echoing our singing.

Sung more than once...chorus of O Come All Ye Faithful

O come to welcome our God
O come to welcome our God
O come to welcome our God He's here, now with us.

So to bring to life, pa rum pa pum pum,
And stop the strain and strife, pa rum pum pum pum
He is the Prince of Peace, pa rum pa pum pum
So let all quarrels cease, pa rum pa pum pum
rum pa pum pum, rum pa pum pum,
Let us honor Him, pa rum pa pum pum
When we come.

Away in the Manger

Away in a manger
No crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down His sweet head

The stars in the sky
Look down where He lay

The little Lord Jesus
Asleep on the hay
The cattle are lowing
The poor baby wakes
But little Lord Jesus
No crying He makes
I love Thee, Lord Jesus
Look down from the sky
And stay by my side
'Til morning is nigh

Be near me, Lord Jesus
I ask Thee to stay
Close by me forever

Mine's the best, Our's is great,
You need more lights in your windows.
Chop more greens, tie more bows,
If we're to shame all the rest.

licensing@sonymusicpub.com grants gratis for this use. No recording.

Sung to Hark the Herald Angels Sing

Hark! The people will not sing,
Glory to the newborn king.
They have jobs all stacked and piled,
What about the precious Child?
Joyful hearts should burst with song,
But it seems that all is wrong.

All this madness we must stow,
And change our hearts in Greccio.
All this madness we must stow,
And change our hearts in Greccio.

Gifts God gives us every day,
But we lose them in the fray,
Now he gives us His own Son,
How this gift we dare to shun?
Set aside the rush and noise,
Turn instead to heavenly joys.
Come and praise our little Lord,
Open your hearts in one accord.
Come and praise our little Lord,
Open your hearts in one accord.

Sung to We Wish You a Merry Christmas

We may not have goose this Christmas,
We may not have goose this Christmas,
We will not have goose this Christmas,
 But rabbit we have!
A rabbit for Christmas feasting,
A rabbit for Christmas feasting,
A rabbit for Christmas feasting,
 No, this will not do!

Sung to Jolly Old St. Nicholas

Faces glum on all my boys,
 I so soon shall see,
When they find no toys at all,
 Underneath the tree.
Husband you will break their hearts,
 New playthings they need.
Christmas morn will be a shame,
 No new toys indeed.

You're so busy and so tired,
 Thinking selfishly
If you'd lend a hand sometimes
 I'd be filled with glee.
But the children so it seems,
 Will be angry too,
They expect their gifts galore
 Now the blame's on you.

Sung to Silver Bells

This is trying, oh so trying, to keep up with the rest,
 Who have made their homes so very lovely.
Golden tinsel, sparkling snowflakes, we have none of the best
 Oh the shame that I feel in my heart!

Pitiful, pitiful,
Who cares what neighbors are saying?
 Just so sad, feeling bad,
 Can't we do better than that

All this fussing, all this whining, makes my poor old head ache
 It's just so sad and unnecessary.
Save some money, save some back ache and please for my sake,
 Can't we just put up nothing this year?

Pitiful, pitiful,
Who cares what neighbors are saying?
 Just so sad, feeling bad,
 Why must we be in this race

licensing@sonymusicpub.com grants gratis for this use. No recording.

Sung to the melody of The Little Drummer Boy

Come make ready, pa rum pa pum pum
Approach on bended knee, pa rum pa pum pum
Our simple gifts we bring, pa rum pa pum pum
To lay before the King, pa rum pa pum pum,
 rum pa pum pum, rum pa pum pum,