



**De
Bijloke**

Muziekcentrum

Dreaming of a Whitacre Christmas

LIEDTEKSTEN

Eric Whitacre, Brussels Philharmonic & Vlaams Radiokoor

MYKOLA LEONTOVYCH

Carol of the Bells

Hark! How the bells, sweet silver bells
All seem to say, "Throw cares away"
Christmas is here, bringing good cheer
To young and old, meek and the bold
Ding, dong, ding, dong, that is their song
With joyful ring, all caroling

One seems to hear, words of good cheer
From everywhere, filling the air
Oh, how they pound, raising the sound
O'er hill and dale, telling their tale
Gaily they ring, while people sing
Songs of good cheer, Christmas is here
Merry, merry, merry, merry Christmas
Merry, merry, merry, merry Christmas
On-on they send, on without end
Their joyful tone to every home

Luister! Hoe de klokken, zoete zilveren
klokken
Lijken te zeggen: "Gooi je zorgen weg"
Kerstmis is hier, en brengt vreugde
Voor jong en oud, zachtmoedig en dapper
Ding, dong, ding, dong, dat is hun lied
Met vreugdevolle klanken, allemaal
kerstliederen
Men lijkt woorden van vreugde te horen
Van overal, die de lucht vullen
Oh, hoe ze klinken, het geluid steeds
luider
Over heuvels en dalen, hun verhaal
vertellend
Vrolijk luiden ze, terwijl mensen zingen
Liederen van vreugde, Kerstmis is hier
Vrolijk, vrolijk, vrolijk, vrolijk Kerstmis
Vrolijk, vrolijk, vrolijk, vrolijk Kerstmis
Ze gaan door, zonder einde
Hun vreugdevolle klank naar elk huis

ERIC WHITACRE

Lux Aurumque

Lux,

Calida gravisque pura velut aurum

Et canunt angeli molliter

modo natum.

Licht,

Warm en zwaar als puur goud

Engelen zingen zachtjes

voor de pasgeboren baby.

TRADITIONAL

O Tannenbaum

O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum,
Wie treu sind deine Blätter!
Du grünst nicht nur zur Sommerzeit,
Nein, auch im Winter, wenn es schneit.

O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum,
Du kannst mir sehr gefallen!
Wie oft hat nicht zur Weihnachtszeit
Ein Baum von dir mich hoch erfreut!

O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum,
Dein Kleid will mich was lehren:
Die Hoffnung und Beständigkeit
Gibt Mut und Kraft zu jeder Zeit!

O denneboom, o denneboom
hoe lief zijn mij u blad'ren
Het groeit niet slechts in zomertijd
Als sneeuw op d'aarde ligt gespreid

O denneboom, o denneboom
ik houd u trouw in waarde
Gij hebt zo vaak in Kerstmistijd
Door zooveel schoons mijn hart verblijd

O. denneboom, o denneboom
wat wil uw kled mij leeren
Gij bloeit en groeit te allen tijd
En voorspelt ons standvastigheid

MICHAEL PRAETORIUS
Es ist ein Ros' entsprungen

Es ist ein Ros entsprungen
Aus einer Wurzel zart
Wie uns die Alten sunen
Von Jesse kam die Art
Und hat ein Blümlein 'bracht
Mitten im kalten Winter
Wohl zu der halben Nacht

Das Röslein, das ich meine
Davon Jesaia sagt
Hat uns gebracht alleine
Marie, die reine Magd
Aus Gottes ew'gem Rat
Hat sie ein Kind geboren
Welches uns selig macht

Das Blümelein so kleine
Das duftet uns so süß
Mit seinem hellen Scheine
Vertreibts die Finsterniss
Wahr Mensch und wahrer Gott
Hilft uns aus allem Leide
Rettet von Sünd und Tod

Lob, Ehr sei Gott dem Vater,
dem Sohn und heiligen Geist!
Maria, Gottesmutter,
sei hoch gebenedeit!
Der in der Krippen lag,
der wendet Gottes Zoren,
wandelt die Nacht in Tag.

O Jesu, bis zum Scheiden
Aus diesem Jammertal
Laß dein Hilf uns geleiten
Hin in der Freuden Saal
In deines Vaters Reich
Da wir dich ewig loben
O Gott, uns das verleihe

Er is een roos ontsproten
Uit een tere wortel
Zoals de ouderen ons vertelden
Van Jesse kwam de soort
En bracht een bloemetje voort
Midden in de koude winter
Ongeveer halverwege de nacht

De roos die ik bedoel
Waarover Jesaja spreekt
Heeft ons alleen gebracht
Maria, de zuivere maagd
Uit Gods eeuwige raad
Heeft zij een kind gebaard
Dat ons gelukkig maakt

Het bloemetje zo klein
Dat zo zoet ruikt
Met zijn heldere schijn
Verdrijft het de duisternis
Waar mens en ware God
Helpt ons uit alle leed
Redt van zonde en dood

Lof, eer zij God de Vader,
de Zoon en de Heilige Geest!
Maria, Moeder van God,
wees hoog geprezen!
Hij die in de kribbe lag,
keert Gods toorn,
verandert de nacht in dag.

O Jezus, tot aan het afscheid
Van deze tranendal
Laat uw hulp ons begeleiden
Naar de zaal der vreugde
In het rijk van uw Vader
Waar wij u eeuwig loven
O God, schenk ons dat

SHAWN KIRCHNER

Brightest and Best

Hail the bless'd mom, see the great
Mediator
down from the regions of glory descend!
Shepherds go worship the babe in the
manger,
lo, for his guard the bright angels attend.

Brightest and best of the stars of the
morning,
dawn on our darkness and lend us thine
aid.
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are
shining,
low lies his bed with the beasts of the
stall.
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.

Shall we not yield him, in costly
devotion,
odours of Edom and off'rings divine,
Gems of the mountains and pearls of the
ocean,
myrrh from the forest and gold from the
mine?

Gegroet, gezegende moeder, zie de grote
Middelaar neerdalen uit de regionen van
glorie!
Herders aanbidden het kind in de kribbe,
zie, want de stralende engelen waken
over hem.

Helderste en beste van de
morgensterren,
breek aan in onze duisternis en schenk
ons uw hulp.
Ster van het Oosten, die de horizon siert,
leid ons naar waar onze jonge Verlosser
ligt.

Koud op zijn wieg glinsteren de
dauwdruppels,
laag ligt zijn bed bij de dieren in de stal.
Engelen aanbidden hem terwijl hij
sluimert,
Schepper, Monarch en Verlosser van
allen.

Zullen we hem niet, in kostbare
toewijding,
de geuren van Edom en goddelijke offers
brengen,
edelstenen uit de bergen en parels uit de
oceaan,
mirre uit het bos en goud uit de mijn?

ERIC WHITACRE / ROBERT FROST
Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Van wie deze bossen zijn, denk ik te weten.
Zijn huis staat echter in het dorp;
Hij zal me hier niet zien stoppen
Om te kijken hoe zijn bossen zich met sneeuw vullen.

Mijn kleine paard vindt het vast vreemd
Om te stoppen zonder boerderij in de buurt
Tussen de bossen en het bevroren meer
Op de donkerste avond van het jaar.

Hij schudt aan zijn harnasbellen
Om te vragen of er een vergissing is.
Het enige andere geluid is het ruisen
Van een zachte wind en donzige sneeuwvlokken.

De bossen zijn mooi, donker en diep,
Maar ik heb beloften na te komen,
En mijlen te gaan voordat ik kan slapen,
En mijlen te gaan voordat ik kan slapen.

ERIC WHITACRE
The Boy who Laughed at Santa Claus

I. The Boy Who Laughed At Santa Claus

In Baltimore there lived a boy,
He wasn’t anybody’s joy.
Although his name was Jabez Dawes,
His character was full of flaws.

In school he never led his classes,
He hid old ladies’ reading glasses,
His mouth was open when he chewed,
And elbows to the table glued.
He stole the milk of hungry kittens,
And walked through doors marked NO
ADMITTANCE.
He said he acted thus because
There wasn’t any Santa Claus.

There isn’t any Santa Claus!

Another trick that tickled Jabez
Was crying BOO at little babies.
He brushed his teeth, they said in town,
Sideways instead of up and down.
Yet people pardoned every sin,
And viewed his antics with a grin,
Till they were told by Jabez Dawes,
“There isn’t any Santa Claus!”

Like whooping cough, from child to
child,
He sped to spread the rumor wild:
“Sure as my name is Jabez Dawes
There isn’t any Santa Claus!”
Slunk like a weasel or a marten
Through nursery and kindergarten,
Whispering low to ev’ry tot,
“There isn’t any, no there’s not!”

“There isn’t any, there is no Santa Claus.”
He said, “There isn’t any, not there’s not!
There isn’t any Santa!”
Poor Jabez Dawes, poor Jabez Dawes
Said it because he’s full of flaws.
Poor Jabez Dawes, he said that there
wouldn’t, couldn’t ever be a Santa.

Poor Jabez Dawes, boy full of flaws,
Broke all the laws ‘bout Santa Claus.
Poor Jabez Dawes acted because
there would not, could not be a Santa
Claus!

II. The children wept all Christmas Eve

The children wept all Christmas Eve
And Jabez chortled up his sleeve.
No infant dared hang up his stocking
For fear of Jabez’ ribald mocking.
He sprawled on his untidy bed,
Fresh malice dancing in his head,
When presently with scalp a-tingling,
Jabez heard a distant jingling;
He heard the crunch of sleigh and hoof
Crisply alighting on the roof.

What good to rise and bar the door?
A shower of soot was on the floor.
What was beheld by Jabez Dawes?
The fireplace full of Santa Claus!

III. Then Jabez fell upon his knees

Then Jabez fell upon his knees
With cries of “Don’t,” and “Pretty
please.”
He howled, “I don’t know where you read
it, But anyhow, I never said it!”

“Jabez,” replied the angry saint,
“It isn’t I, it’s you that ain’t.
Although there is a Santa Claus,
There isn’t, wasn’t, couldn’t ever be a
Jabez Dawes!”

Said Jabez then with impudent vim,
“Oh, yes there is; and I am him!
Your magic don’t scare me, it doesn’t”
—
And suddenly he found he wasn’t!

From grimy feet to grimy locks,
Jabez became a Jack-in-the-box,
An ugly toy with springs unsprung,
Forever sticking out his tongue.

The neighbors heard his mournful
squeal;
They searched for him, but not with zeal.
No trace was found of Jabez Dawes,
Which led to thunderous applause,
And people drank a loving cup
And went and hung their stockings up.

All you who sneer at Santa Claus,
Beware the fate of Jabez Dawes,
The saucy boy who mocked the saint.
Donner and Blitzten licked off all his
paint.

I. De jongen die lachte om de kerstman

In Baltimore woonde een jongen,
Hij was voor niemand een vreugde.
Hoewel hij Jabez Dawes heette,
Was zijn karakter vol gebreken.

Op school was hij nooit de beste van de
klas, Hij verstopte de leesbrillen van
oude dames, Hij kauwde met zijn mond
open, En leunde met zijn ellebogen op
tafel. Hij stal de melk van hongerige
katjes, En liep door deuren met het
bordje ‘TOEGANG VERBODEN’.
Hij zei dat hij zich zo gedroeg omdat
De kerstman niet bestond.

De kerstman bestaat niet!

Een andere grap die Jabez leuk vond,
Was ‘BOE’ roepen tegen kleine baby’s.
Hij poetste zijn tanden, zeiden ze in de
stad, Zijwaarts in plaats van op en neer.
Toch vergaven de mensen hem al zijn
zonden, En keken ze met een glimlach
naar zijn capriolen,
Totdat Jabez Dawes hen vertelde:
“De kerstman bestaat niet!”

Als kinkhoest verspreidde hij het gerucht
snel van kind tot kind:
“Zo zeker als mijn naam Jabez Dawes is,
Bestaat de kerstman niet!”
Hij sloop als een wezel of een marter
Hij sloop als een wezel of een marter
Door de crèche en de kleuterschool,
En fluisterde zachtjes tegen elk kind:
“Hij bestaat niet, nee, hij bestaat niet!”

“Hij bestaat niet, er is geen kerstman.”
Hij zei: “Hij bestaat niet, nee, hij bestaat
niet! Er is geen kerstman!”
Arme Jabez Dawes, arme Jabez Dawes,
Hij zei het omdat hij vol gebreken zit.
Arme Jabez Dawes, hij zei dat er nooit
een kerstman zou zijn, dat kon niet.

Arme Jabez Dawes, jongen vol gebreken,
Hij overtrad alle wetten over de
kerstman.
Arme Jabez Dawes handelde omdat
er geen kerstman zou zijn, dat kon niet!

**II. De kinderen huilden de hele
kerstavond**

De kinderen huilden de hele kerstavond
En Jabez grinnikte in zijn vuistje.
Geen enkel kind durfde zijn sok op te
hangen Uit angst voor Jabez’ schunnige
spot. Hij lag languit op zijn rommelige
bed, Met nieuwe kwaadaardigheid in zijn
hoofd, Toen Jabez plotseling, met een
tintelend hoofdhuid, Een vaag gerinkel
hoorde; Hij hoorde het gekraak van een
slee en hoeven Die helder op het dak
landden.

Wat had het voor zin om op te staan en
de deur te barricaderen?
Er lag een laag roet op de vloer.
Wat zag Jabez Dawes?
De open haard vol met kerstmannen!

III. Toen viel Jabez op zijn knieën

Toen viel Jabez op zijn knieën
En riep: “Niet doen” en “Alsjeblieft”.
Hij huilde: “Ik weet niet waar je het
gelezen hebt, Maar hoe dan ook, ik heb
het nooit gezegd!”

“Jabez,” antwoordde de boze heilige,
“Ik ben het niet, jij bent het niet.
Hoewel er een kerstman bestaat,
Is er geen, was er geen, en kan er nooit
een Jabez Dawes zijn!”

Toen zei Jabez met brutale kracht:
“Oh, ja, die is er wel, en ik ben het!
Je magie maakt me niet bang, echt niet”
—
En plotseling merkte hij dat dat niet zo
was!

Van smerige voeten tot smerige lokken,
Jabez werd een duiveltje uit een doosje,
Een lelijk speeltje met versleten veren,
Dat voor altijd zijn tong uitstak.

De burens hoorden zijn treurige gekrijs;
Ze zochten hem, maar niet met veel
enthousiasme.
Er werd geen spoor gevonden van Jabez
Dawes,
Wat leidde tot daverend applaus,
En de mensen dronken een liefdesbeker
En gingen hun kousen ophangen.

Jullie allemaal die smalend doen over de
kerstman,
Pas op voor het lot van Jabez Dawes,
De brutale jongen die de heilige bespotte.
Donner en Blitzten likten al zijn verf eraf.

FRIC WHITACRE

Gift of the Magi

I. Long Ago (Chorus)

Long ago three wise men sought
A winter star due west.
Being first, and doubtless wise,
Their gifts were doubtless best.

Here now a tale of innocence,
Retold in simplest rhyme,
A man and wife who loved, and learned
To give at Christmastime.

II. Did Someone Say Coffee (Della and Jim)

Della sits at a small mirror, combing her long, beautiful hair.

Della: Jim... My darling... I think it might snow tonight.
Jim: *(Offstage, in the other room)* Della, have you seen my watch?
Della: Wouldn't it be magical if it snowed for Christmas?
Jim: *(Offstage)* It must be a quarter-to-eight already.
Della: Jim, I made us some coffee.

Jim enters.

Jim: Did someone say coffee?
Della: Someone did. Good morning, Mister Young.
Jim: Good morning, Mrs. Young.
Della: I like it when you say that.
Jim: I like it too. Have you seen my watch?
Della: Maybe.
Jim: Maybe?
Della: Close your eyes.
Jim: Please, Della.
Della: Now hold out your hands.
Jim: Don't be a tease, Della.
Della: Now open.
Jim: *(Looking at the watch)* Seven forty-six. Right on time, every time.
Della: Jim, I was thinking: tomorrow morning we could go ice skating. If we get there early enough it's free. Just you and me on Christmas morning.

Jim: Della, wait. They... they offered me a double shift tomorrow.

Della: Oh Jim, On Christmas Day?

Jim: I know, I know. But it pays time and half, so I couldn't say no.

Della: No, of course not. Come, sit down and let's have that coffee.

Jim: It's almost eight, Della.

Della: So?

Jim: So I'll be late, Della.

Della: And they can wait, Jim. After all the time you've given them, they can give you five minutes with your wife.

III. A Little More (Della and Jim)

Jim: It's such a hard city,
With such terrible weather,
And we keep working and working,
The days disappear.
And you're such a good woman,
Della: Go on, go on.
Jim: You're so thoughtful, so smart,
Della: Now that's true.
Jim: And I want only the best for you Della.
Della: And I've got it right here.
Jim: I don't mind working hard, you know. It's what we should do — work hard. But maybe, with as hard as we work... Just a little more money, just a little bit more. We could buy a new flat

Della: With a nursery?

Jim: Of course, and get off the ground floor.

(Both): In a place of our own.
Jim: We should have what we need without working our hands to the bone.

Della: Another cup, Mr. Young?

Jim: Della, please. It's such a beautiful city, 'Specially this time of year, And we'll keep working and working, Building a life.

(Both): Together.

Della: And you're such a dream of a husband,
Jim: Go on, go on.
Della: So dashing, so smart,
Jim: Now that's true!

Della: And you're my family now, Jim, forever my husband...

Jim: My beautiful wife...

(Both): Always together!

Della: I feel the same as you Jim, It's what we should do — work hard.

But maybe,

With as hard as we work...

Just a little more money,

Just a little bit more. Every night we'll have steak

Jim: And martinis?

Della: Of course, on a dining room table for four.

(Both): Just a little bit more of the good life, Makes a life that is worthy to live,

Jim: It's not asking too much to be paid For the lives that we give.

The bell chimes eight o'clock...

Jim: *(Looks at watch)* What time do you start today?

Della: Not 'till nine. Go — I'll stay and clean up.

Jim: Okay.

Della: Jim... don't forget your scarf.

Jim: Thank you.

Della: Listen — I've got an idea. Since we can't have Christmas tomorrow, let's do it tonight.

There's still some turkey in the ice box.

He lingers for a moment, touching her hair.

Jim: Oh Della, you deserve so much more than this.

Della: Oh Jim, anywhere with you.

IV. Almost Time (Chorus)

A busy city street, shoppers frantically making last-minute purchases.

Time. Time. Time.

It's almost time,

It's almost time,

It's almost time for Christmas!

It's almost time for Christmas!
Just one more day 'till Christmas!

And now we gotta go! (Go go go go go go go).

Morning

Angels adorning

Offer a warning

Time to get the

Present you waited to buy.

Noelling

Carols compelling

Shopkeepers yelling

Selling you what

Ever you shoulda been buying way back in July.

Merry

Prices are scary

Shoppers are wary

Dashing away.

Jolly

Waiting is folly

Gitme that holly

Golly gee we're

Finally here at the very last day.

Before Christmas!

And the bustle never ends,

Christmas! Christmas!

And the hustle never ends.

We're so

Cheerful

Suddenly fearful

Verging on tearful

Minutes disappear at a pace beyond

Swift.

Festive

Something suggestive

Not indigestive

Searching high and

Low for the ultimate gift.

Joyous

Lenders enjoy us

Vendors annoy us

Yapping away

Frantic

Something romantic

Something gigantic

If there is an

End of the world then today's

the penultimate day!

It's almost Christmas!

And the magic day arrives!

Christmas! Christmas!

Yuletide pressure ruins lives!

So... we gotta go! (Go go go go go go go).

V. The Perfect Gift (Chorus)

Della enters, walking amongst the shoppers, looking longingly in the store windows.

For months and months young Della's dreamed

Of what she'd buy for Jim.

A present worthy of the love

And life she has with him.

And though they live by humblest means,
Her heart outshines her thrift,
For there amongst the well-heeled crowd
She finds the perfect gift.

VI. The Perfect Gift (Aria)

Della suddenly stops in front of a store window, her eye catching a gold watch fob.

Della:

Ah!

A beautiful chain for his watch,
Made of gold!

Can you imagine how nice it would look on him?

Can you imagine?

When he's wearing his vest,
Fully dressed for the day,
It'd hang from his pocket just so —

Not too low —

And even the wealthiest guest in the store

Impressed by the chain as they walk through the door

Would say,

"Now that's the way one should invest."

And that's how you know

That gold is the best.

His day'd be full,
So his mind'd be full

Talking to customers,

Much to discuss.

But every time he checked the time

He'd think of me,

Of us.

And the gold!

It's perfect,

Just perfect.

Salesman: Can I help you young lady?

Della: Oh no, thank you. I'm just looking.

Salesman: Looking at this watch chain, I see. She's a beauty alright.

Let's see. Only twenty dollars, miss.

Della: Oh. Thank you, but I've already got a gift for my husband.

Salesman: Well, maybe next year. Merry Christmas.

Della: Merry Christmas.

Twenty dollars!

That's rent for a month!

That's bread for a year!

If I worked two more jobs

And then stood here and begged 'till next Christmas

I couldn't afford it.

We couldn't afford it.

Jim would have adored it.

Well, maybe next year...

But the gold,

How it shined,

So simple,

Refined.

This kind of a gift takes a

lifetime to find.

The kind of a gift that has meaning,

That kind of a gift that has weight,

The kind to be cherished at eighty years old,

Made of gold!

It's perfect,

Simply perfect.

It would have been perfect for him,

For Jim.

VII. An Unexpected Turn (Chorus)

The bells of Christmas peal and sound

A hollow, aching chord.

Each silver chime reminds her of

The things she can't afford.

And while the gift costs more than

She might ever hope to earn,

Della's day's about to take

An unexpected turn.

VIII. In the Salon

Della works in a hair salon owned by Sheila. Inside it is bustling with women, half of them clients, half of them employees.

Sheila: You're late.

Della: I'm sorry.

Sheila: Yeah, I'm sorry too.

Mrs. Sinclair has been waiting for you.

Della: Sorry, who?

Sheila: Surely you remember our Mrs. Sinclair?

The lovely, sophisticated Mrs. Sinclair.

You colored her hair once, a beautiful hue.

Della: Oh yes, now I remember.

Mrs. Sinclair: It turned blue.

Sheila: But today she's come by for a different affair.

Della: Oh? What can I do for you, Mrs. Sinclair.

Mrs. Sinclair: Well, I'll just say it: I want your hair.

Della: Sorry?

Mrs. Sinclair: Your hair.

I need it.

For Christmas.

Della: For Christmas?

Mrs. Sinclair: For Christmas.

A time to keep family peace.

I can't stand my sister

So the hair's for my niece.

For Christmas, a holiday

I've come to adore.

I'll give you ten dollars.

Della: Ten dollars?

Mrs. Sinclair: Not one penny more.

Della: It's not for sale.

Mrs. Sinclair: Everything is for sale, my dear. Make it twelve.

Della: That's all that a woman like you can afford?

Mrs. Sinclair: Ah... negotiations. And... I'm bored.

Fifteen dollars then. A person of your

worth might call that 'a steal'?

Della: Make it twenty bucks even, lady, and you've got a deal.

Mrs. Sinclair: Yes. Fine.

I'll come back at two.

Make sure that it's clean.

And not blue.

Sheila starts preparing Della to wash and cut her hair.

Sheila: *(Whistles)* Twenty dollars. *(Use the twenty dollars motif).*

You got moxie kid, I'll give you that

much. Promise you won't blow it on

presents and such.

Della: I'm going to buy the perfect gift for Jim. A gold chain for his watch!

Sheila: *(Sighs)* There's a sucker born every minute. Listen:

IX. Christmas is Good for Business

Sheila:

People will defend

Why they overspend,

Try to justify the spending

As a means to an end,

They tend to wallow in the guilt

And then they overextend

Pretend the present that they're sending

To a family friend

Won't offend,

Might amend,

Might begin to pay a dividend.

They think 'my family's all I got',
They think I better spend a lot,

They write a letter to a debtor who'll

lend 'em a lot,

But while they try and buy a friend,

What they will never comprehend,
Is that the game'll never end,
Because you can't.

Buy.

Friends.

But I don't care!

I just cut the hair!

And then I take my share!

'Cause Christmas is good for business.

Della: But I'm giving Jim the chain because I love him.

Sheila: Oh my sweet, summer child.

Girls, let's go...

Every year,

Holiday cheer,

Becomes exasperation,

Desperation,

Holiday fear.

You see 'em shoppin' 'till they're droppin'
See the dollar disappear.

While they're sheddin' a tear.

Oh dear,

Cashier,

Severe,

She's here.

To let you know that it appears that your

account's in arrears,

Gotta ration 'cause the crashin' of the

company's near,

Still they're buyin' while they're cryin'
'Sayonara career'!

Reindeer?

Pain, dear.

You gotta use your brain, dear.

The season is the reason

That the people go insane, dear.

— Holiday magic if

I'm being sincere:

Is when the

Big.

Checks.

Clear.

But I don't mind!

These poor saps are blind!

And now my pocket's lined!

'Cause Christmas is good for business.

And so your daughter gets a locket

And your son gets Davy Crocket

And the price is such a shock it

Seems like you are drinkin' rocket

Fuel. But believe me I don't knock it

'Cause the money in your pocket

Is now sittin' in my pocket.

And you're sittin' taking stock

And thinkin'!