

Verse 1:

Once upon a Christmastime,
Each year the story's told,
Someone brings happiness
To children young and old.

In his far off frozen home,
Working the whole year through,
Building toys for girls and boys,
He makes their dreams come true.

Repeat verse 1

Verse 2:

On and on the story goes as true as-- true can be,
Each year it comes again beneath the Christmas tree.
Within the heart of ev'ry child, a tale that's as old as time----
For happy ever aftering is once upon a Christmas--
Once upon a Christmas,
A storybook Christmas,
Christ--mas-- time.

Once Upon a Christmastime



Snow Day

I get up. I can't believe my eyeballs.
Outside, ev'rything is white.
Inside, I hear it on the radio.
We're gonna have a snowball fight.
'Cause it's a

Snow day! Playing in the white stuff.
Snow day! Sledding down a hill.
Snow day! Working on a snowman.
Snow day! Think I'll name him Phil... Phil?

My mom says I gotta put my coat on.
She says I could catch a cold.
I think I'm bundled up a little tight.
I feel just like an Eskimo.
Cause it's a

Snow day! Playing in the white stuff.
Snow day! Sledding down a hill.
Snow day! Working on a snowman.
Snow day! Think I'll name him Phil... Phil?

The day's done. I walk back home all frozen.
Cold hands; my mittens are wet.
Cold feet; I lost a boot back in the snow.
But I would do it all again.
It was a

Snow day! Playing in the white stuff.
Snow day! Sledding down a hill.
Snow day! Working on a snowman.
Snow day! Think I'll name him Phil... Phil?

Snow day! Playing in the white stuff.
Snow day! Sledding down a hill.
Snow day! Working on a snowman.
Snow day! Think I'll name him Phil... Phil?

(pretend to make a snowball)

Yell: Snow!



Cranberries. Why do other foods stare when I'm with you?
Other foods, they don't even come close. They just won't do.
Turkey doesn't understand. Pumpkin pie just looks away.
I love you jellied! I love you whole! I'd even make cranberry souffle!

Cranberries! Whoa, my cranberries!
Could they be jealous of our love?
Don't they understand?
We were meant to be. Whoa, my cranberries!
Until the end of time, you'll be mine!

Cranberries. I know other foods think you're just okay.
But without you, any hope of our love ends in dismay.
Mashed potatoes start to cry. Stuffing doesn't have a clue.
I love you jellied! I love you whole! I'd even make cranberry fondue!

Cranberries! Whoa, my cranberries!
Could they be jealous of our love?
Don't they understand?
We were meant to be. Whoa, my cranberries!
||: **Until the end of time, you'll be mine!** :|| (repeat 3 times)

Cranberries!

Cranberries Forever



(snap) Rock the holly, (snap) rock the ivy, (snap) rock the mistletoe.
Decorate the tree for ev'ryone to see, oh!
Rock the ribbons and bows!

(snap) Rock the tinsel, (snap) rock the garland, (snap) rock the evergreen.
Put it on the walls, it's time to deck the halls, oh!
Rock the holiday scene!

**Rock around the Christmas tree, we'll rock the day away.
Just keep rockin', it will be a rockin' holiday!**

Repeat verse 1

Repeat verse 2

(clap)

**Rock around the Christmas tree, we'll rock the day away.
Just keep rockin', it will be a rockin' holiday!**

Repeat verse 1

Repeat verse 2

Put it on the walls, it's time to deck the halls, oh!
Rock the holiday sce-e-e-ene!
Rock the holiday scene!



Rock the Holly

Part 1 & 3

Dashing through the snow
In a one horse open sleigh.
O'er the fields we go!
Laughing all the way!
Bells on bobtail ring
Making spirits bright!
Oh, what fun it is to sing a
Sleighting song tonight! Oh!

Jingle bells! Jingle bells!
Jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a
One horse open sle--igh!
Jingle bells! Jingle bells!
Jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a
one horse open sleigh!

PART 3 ENDING

Oh, what fun it is to ride in a
One horse open sleigh!

Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle! Whoosh! Splat! Whee!

I Hear Those Jingle Bells



Part 2

Just the other day, I was walkin'
Home from school, and it started to snow!
Oh! It was so fluffy, I just
Had to stop and build a snowman.
Then, I heard a jingling, jingling,
Comin' at me. It was comin' fast!
Look out! Whoosh! Splat!
I dove into my snowman's belly!

I hear those jingle bells.
Doesn't matter that they're not really here
anymore.
I could do without that
Jingle, jingle, jingle.
I hear those jingle bells.
I wish that they would knock it off for now.
I would gladly have them
back again next year!

Verse 1

You think you own whatever land you land on;
the earth is just a dead thing you can claim;
but I know every rock and tree and creature
has a life, has a spirit, has a name.

Verse 2

You think the only people who are people
are the people-- who look and think like you,
but if you walk the footsteps of a stranger,
you'll learn things you never knew you never knew.

Chorus: (sing 2 times)

Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon,
or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned?
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain?
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?

Colors of the Wind



I have a little dreidel,
I made it out of clay;
And when it's dry and ready,
Then dreidel I shall play.

O dreidel, dreidel, dreidel,
I made it out of clay;
O dreidel, dreidel, dreidel,
Now dreidel I shall play.

My dreidel's always playful,
It loves to dance and spin.
A happy game of dreidel,
Come play, now let's begin.

O dreidel, dreidel, dreidel,
It loves to dance and spin.
O dreidel, dreidel, dreidel,
Come play, now let's begin.

My Dreidel



You might think that elves are cute, and yes, that much is true.
They're really good at elfish things, but that's not all they do.
They move. They groove. They love a hip hop beat.
They just can't help it when it starts. It goes right to their feet.

They like to da-a-ance all through the ye-e-ear.
It puts the pointy points onto their e-e-ears.
They like to moo-oo-ove out in the sno-o-ow.
It puts the pointy points onto their to-o-o-o-oes.

You might know that elves are good at making lots of toys.
They work and work to make them nice for all the girls and boys.
But wait! There's more! They love a hip hop beat.
They just can't help it when it starts. It goes right to their feet.

They like to da-a-ance all through the ye-e-ear.
It puts the pointy points onto their e-e-ears.
They like to moo-oo-ove out in the sno-o-ow.
It puts the pointy points onto their to-o-oes.

They like to da-a-ance all through the ye-e-ear.
It puts the pointy points onto their e-e-ears.
They like to moo-oo-ove out in the sno-o-ow.
It puts the pointy points onto their to-o-o-o-oes.



Hip Hop Elves