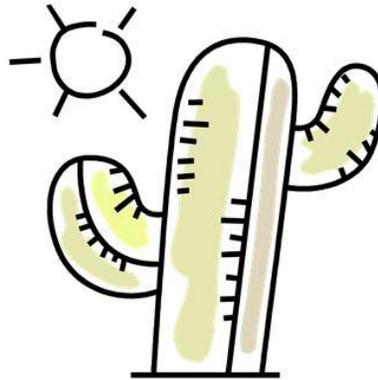


*Cowboy*  
**CHRISTMAS**  
**THE MUSICAL**  
A Holiday Program

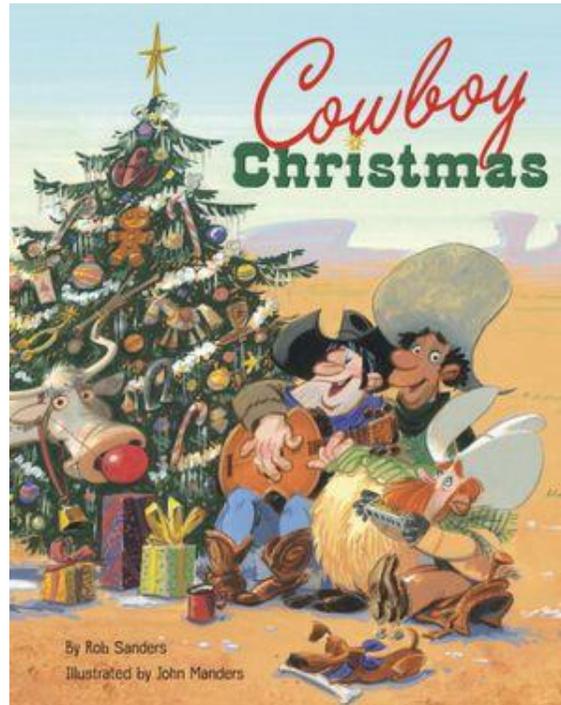


Based on *Cowboy Christmas*  
By Rob Sanders  
Illustrated by John Manders

Published by Golden Books an Imprint of  
Random House Children's Books

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# **INTRODUCING:**



**BY ROB SANDERS**

**ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MANDERS**

ISBN 978-0-375-86985-3

Available at [Amazon.com](http://Amazon.com), [Barnesandnoble.com](http://Barnesandnoble.com), and book stores near you!

Also available in Kindle and NOOK editions.

# *Cowboy* **CHRISTMAS** **THE MUSICAL**

## A Holiday Program

### **THE CHARACTERS**

**NARRATOR:** Dressed in cowboy gear, the narrator sits in a rocking chair with a copy of the book, *Cowboy Christmas*. The narrator is the voice that carries the story from scene to scene, but he/she does not interact with the other characters.

**DWIGHT:** A cowhand. One of the three Circle D Ranch dudes.

**DARRYL:** A cowpuncher. Another of the Circle D Ranch dudes.

**DUB:** A cow wrangler. The third of the Circle D Ranch dudes. Not the sharpest cowboy on the range, but lovable.

**COOKIE:** The cowboy's cook and the voice of reason for the boys. He is all-business and gets the job done.

**SANTY:** The man in the red suit . . . but this Santa also wears cowboy boots and looks a lot like Cookie.

#### **THE TUMBLEWEED CHORUS:**

A choir of kids dressed as cowpokes who provide the music for the program.

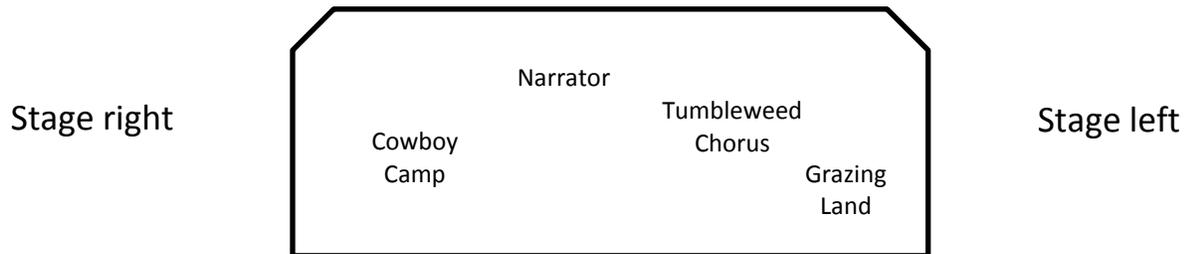
# THE SETTING

Center stage is a rocking chair where the narrator sits.

Stage right is the cowboy camp, the main setting. The camp is on a cattle range somewhere out West. A campfire with cooking utensils is in the center of camp. Logs around the fire serve as seats for the boys. In the background sits a Chuck Wagon with *Circle D Ranch* painted on the side.

Stage left is the Tumbleweed Chorus.

To the left of the chorus is the grazing land where the cowboys go each day to mind the herd. Silhouettes of cows can be seen. A few cactus dot the area.



# THE PROPS

## General (used in most scenes)

- Rocking chair
- Chuck wagon (possibly a cardboard cut-out enlarged from clip art)
- Campfire
- Logs for cowboy seats
- Plates, cups, pan, coffee pot, etc.
- Three bedrolls for cowboys
- Risers for the choir
- Cow shapes and cactus (possibly cardboard cut-outs enlarged from clip art)

## Scene 1

- Dinner bell or triangle

## Scene 2

- Tall cactus (artificial, of course)

- Rope/lasso
- Hay or straw
- Empty corn cans strung with rope

#### Scene 4

- Bowls, spoons, spatula, skillet, and other baking utensils
- Pitcher of molasses
- Can of beans
- Burnt cookies

#### Scene 6

- Antlers made from sticks with straps to attach to Dub's head
- Bandana with a cowbell attached
- Ropes of Christmas garland

#### Scene 7

- A decorated Christmas tree that can be rolled into place
- Wrapped presents
- Picnic baskets filled with Christmas dinner
- Add as many holiday decorations as you wish: Stockings with the cowboys' names, wreaths, swags of garland, and so on.

#### Scene 9

- Santa hat

## **THE MUSIC**

All music used in this program is in the public domain. You can easily find instrumental recordings or sheet music for each song.

## **NO-FUSS VERSION**

Is your holiday plate just a little too full to take on the full version of *Cowboy Christmas the Musical*? No worries. You can present the program with just a narrator and a chorus—no props, no actors, no lines to memorize. Provide a copy of *Cowboy Christmas* by Rob Sanders and John Manders for your narrator. You can easily find which pages in the book match each scene in the musical. Ask the narrator to read (in his or her best country voice) each section one by one, stopping to allow the Tumbleweed Chorus to perform their songs. Easy as pie, don't ya think?!

## **A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR**

For more activities and teaching resources related to *Cowboy Christmas*, visit my web site at [www.robsanderswrites.com](http://www.robsanderswrites.com). Teachers and authors are invited to follow my blog at [www.robsanderswrites.blogspot.com](http://www.robsanderswrites.blogspot.com). I am available for school visits, teacher training, writing camps, and to serve as narrator for your Cowboy Christmas musical! Email me at [Rob@robsanderswrites.com](mailto:Rob@robsanderswrites.com).

# **TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS**

By Bob Nolan, Public Domain

## **THE TUMBLEWEED CHORUS AND COWBOYS:**

I'm a roaming cowboy, riding all day long,  
Tumbleweeds around me sing their lonely song.  
Nights underneath the prairie moon,  
I ride along and sing this tune.

See them tumbling down,  
Pledging their love to the ground!  
Lonely, but free, I'll be found,  
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

Cares of the past are behind,  
Nowhere to go, but I'll find,  
Just where the trail will wind,  
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

I know when night has gone,  
That a new world's born at dawn!  
I'll keep rolling along,  
Deep in my heart is a song,  
Here on the range I belong,  
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

# SCENE 1

*(As the narrator introduces each character, that character enters and begins milling around camp. Cookie cooks. The cowboys settle in around the campfire.)*

**NARRATOR:** Thank you, Tumbleweed Chorus, and thank you ladies and gentlemen for joining us this evening. Pull up a rocker, sit for a spell, and enjoy yourself, as we make some holiday memories together.

Around this time every year, I think back to three ole cowboy pardners of mine who had a Christmas they would never forget. The dudes from the Circle D Ranch—Dwight, Darryl, and Dub—were drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds and a bunch of ornery cattle. Of course, their cook, Cookie, was there, too. Now this wasn't the first time these cowpokes had been stranded out on the range for months at a time. But this was the first time they had been stuck out on the range during Christmas. As you'll soon see, this was not going to be any ordinary Christmas. These buckaroos were about to find themselves smackdab in the middle of a cowboy Christmas.

**DWIGHT:** Three days 'til Christmas, boys.

**DARRYL:** Yep, Dwight. And we're stuck out here with these cows.

**DUB:** *(Moaning)* Santy Claus will never find us out here on the range.

*(Cookie stirs the beans.)*

**DWIGHT:** Ain't gonna be no presents.

**DARRYL:** Ain't gonna be no stockin's.

**DUB:** *(Groaning)* Worst of all, there ain't gonna be no Santy Claus.

**COOKIE:** *(Ringing a dinner bell)* Time for supper, cowhands.

*(Cookie doles out bowls and spoons and grabs a large pan from the fire.)*

**DWIGHT:** I had some mighty fine Christmases back in the day. As a matter of fact, when I was knee-high to a grasshopper, my daddy chopped down an evergreen for our Christmas tree, shook off the snow, and hauled it inside. We decorated that tree with strings of popcorn and icicles as shiny as silver spurs.

*(Cookie serves beans and cornbread.)*

**COOKIE:** (*Mumbling*) You could decorate a tree if ya wanted, Dwight.

**DWIGHT:** That's a fact!

**DARRYL:** We'll help ya, buddy.

**DUB:** (*Whooping*) Santy loves Christmas trees!

*(The cowboys exit stage right. Cookie cleans up from supper as the chorus sings. The cowboys do not reappear until after the song.)*

# **O CHRISTMAS TREE**

Traditional German Folksong, Public Domain

## **THE TUMBLEWEED CHORUS:**

O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree,  
Your branches green delight us.  
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree,  
Your branches green delight us.  
They're green when summer days are bright;  
They're green when winter snow is white.  
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree,  
You're branches green delight us.

O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree,  
You give us so much pleasure.  
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree,  
You give us so much pleasure.  
How oft at Christmastide the sight,  
O green fir tree, gives us delight!  
O Christmas Tree, O Christmas Tree,  
You give us so much pleasure.

## SCENE 2

**NARRATOR:** Decorating a Christmas tree doesn't sound all that difficult, but then again, you've never had to decorate one out on the range. Fortunately for our buckaroos, cowboys are problem solvers. When Dwight couldn't find an evergreen like in his memory, he did the next best thing. Dwight lassoed the only tree he could find—a cactus.

*(On cue, Dwight pulls in the cactus he has lassoed and places it near the campfire.)*

**NARRATOR:** You've probably already guessed that there were none of those fancy Christmas tree icicles out on the range. But Darryl had an idea.

**DARRYL:** *(With excitement)* Hay-cicles!

*(Darryl pitches clumps of hay onto the cactus.)*

**NARRATOR:** Of course, Dub wanted to help. So Dub did what only Dub would do.

*(Dub enters clanking empty corn cans and hangs them on the cactus. The other cowboys are flabbergasted.)*

**DUB:** *(Explaining to the other cowboys)* No corn popper.

*(The cowboys stand back to admire their work.)*

**TUMBLEWEED CHORUS:** *(Singing)* O cactus tree. O cactus tree . . .

**DWIGHT:** Ain't much.

**DARRYL:** Downright ugly.

**DUB:** *(Whining)* Santy can't put presents under that.

**COOKIE:** Off to bed, cowpokes.

*(The cowboys moan and groan their disappointment about the cactus as they gather their bedrolls around the campfire. They crawl into the bedrolls as the lights dim. The chorus sings as the cowboys sleep.)*

# **JOLLY OLD SAINT NICHOLAS**

Composer unknown, Public Domain

Additional lyrics by Rob Sanders

## **TUMBLEWEED CHORUS:**

Jolly old Saint Nicholas,  
Lean your ear this way!  
Don't you tell a single soul,  
What I'm going to say:  
Christmas Eve is coming soon;  
Now, you dear old man,  
Whisper what you'll bring to me;  
Tell me if you can.

When the clock is striking twelve,  
When I'm fast asleep,  
Into camp you'll quickly come,  
With your pack you'll creep;  
All the stockings you will find  
Hanging in a row;  
Mine will be the shortest one,  
You'll be sure to know.

Dwight wants a pair of boots,  
Ole Dub wants a sled;  
Darryl wants a checkered shirt,  
Yellow, blue, and red.  
Now I think I'll leave to you  
What to give the rest;  
Choose for me, dear Santy Claus;  
You will know the best.

## SCENE 3

*(Lights up. Cowboys wake and put away their bedrolls. They ride their horses to stage left—beyond the chorus—and act out the narrator’s words.)*

**NARRATOR:** *(Pausing to allow cowboys to act out each portion)* The next day, the cowboys roped steers, wrestled longhorns, and wrangled up strays. After a long day of cowboyin’, they herded the cattle back to camp. That night, they circled ’round the campfire again.

*(As the cowboys circle around the camp fire, Cookie serves supper.)*

**DARRYL:** I have some right-fine memories of Christmas with my family. Every year, Granny made homemade sugar cookies and baked them in the wood stove. When the cookies cooled down, Granny and I heaped on sticky frosting and shook on sugary sprinkles. Those were the best cookies I ever ate.

*(Cookie begins to serve coffee to the cowboys.)*

**COOKIE:** *(Mumbling)* You could make sugar cookies, Darryl.

**DARRYL:** Straight shootin’ I could! Good thinkin’, Cookie!

**DWIGHT:** We’ll lend a hand, Darryl.

**DUB:** *(Enthusiastically)* Santy loves cookies!

*(The boys begin to gather what they need to make cookies as the chorus sings.)*

# HERE WE COME A-COOKIN'

Based on *Here We Come A Caroling*, Old English Wassail Song, Public Domain  
Additional lyrics by Rob Sanders

## TUMBLEWEED CHORUS:

Here we come a-cookin'  
In the great outdoors,  
Here we come a-bakin',  
Cookies, cakes, and S'mores.

*Chorus:*

Love and joy come to you,  
And to you hot cocoa, too.  
And God bless you and send you lots of tasty treats,  
And God send you lots of tasty treats.

We are just simple cowboys,  
We wrangle, ride, and rope,  
And when we bake our cookies,  
We measure, mix, and hope.

*(Chorus)*

God bless the Camp Cook of this bunch,  
Likewise the cowpokes, too.  
And all the longhorns,  
Who through the pastures graze along.

*(Chorus)*

And all your kin and kinfolk  
That dwell both far and near.  
We wish a Merry Christmas  
from here to your frontier.

*(Chorus)*

# SCENE 4

*(The cowboys act out what the narrator says as they make cookies.)*

**NARRATOR:** *(Pausing after each sentence to allow the cowboys to act out their scene)* Darryl measured, mixed, rolled the sugar cookie dough. Then he cut out cookies and fried them . . . to a crisp. Dwight frosted the cookies with sticky . . . molasses. And Dub did what only Dub would do . . . he sprinkled *beans* on every single cookie.

**DUB:** *(Explaining to the audience)* No sprinkles.

**NARRATOR:** Finally, the cowboys sampled the burned sugar-molasses-bean cookies.

*(The cowboys sample the cookies. They spit, choke, and gag.)*

**DARRYL:** These don't taste one bit like Granny's cookies.

**DWIGHT:** They're downright awful.

**DUB:** *(Sighing)* Santy ain't gonna like 'em.

**COOKIE:** Off to bed, cowpunchers. Tomorrow's Christmas Eve.

*(Once again the cowboys get their bedrolls, griping and complaining as they prepare for bed. While the cowboys settle in around the campfire, the lights dim, and the chorus begins to sing.)*

# **SILENT NIGHT**

By Franz Xaver Gruber and Joseph Mohr, Public Domain  
Additional lyrics by Rob Sanders

## **TUMBLEWEED CHORUS:**

Silent night, cowboys sleep tight.  
All is calm, all is bright.  
'Round the fire stay warm tonight.  
Cows are lowing, safe and contrite.  
Sleep dear cowboys, sleep tight.  
Sleep dear cowboys, sleep tight.

## SCENE 5

*(As the lights come up, the cowboys roll up their bedrolls and head out on their horses. They end up stage left of the chorus and act out the narrator's words.)*

**NARRATOR:** Well, you've probably figured out by now that come sun up, the boys had to get back to work. The Circle D dudes headed out to high country with their mangy, mooing cattle. All day long they herded bovine, and haggled with misfits. At the end of a long, hard day they dragged themselves back to camp. Later that night, they moped 'round the campfire again.

**DUB:** Dwight, thanks for telling us about your Daddy and that Christmas tree your family always had. And Darryl, your Granny's cookies sound mighty fine. I've got me some Christmas memories, too. As a matter of fact, I remember when Pa turned our hay wagon into Santy's sleigh and Momma stitched reindeer costumes for the horses. Daddy would drive that sleigh around and around our house. The bells would jingle and sleigh tracks would cut through the snow.

*(Cookie dishes up dessert.)*

**COOKIE:** *(Mumbling)* You could do all that, if you had half a mind to.

**DWIGHT:** *(Joking)* Or had half a mind!

*(Dwight and Darryl break into laughter.)*

**DUB:** *(Ignoring the others)* Darn tootin' I could! That's a great idea, Cookie!

**DWIGHT:** Not with our horses you don't.

**DARRYL:** That goes double for me.

*(Dub exits stage right feeling dejected. The other cowboys sit around the fire as the chorus sings.)*

# **JINGLE BELLS**

By James Lord Pierpont, Public Domain

## **TUMBLEWEED CHORUS:**

Dashing through the snow,  
In a one horse open sleigh,  
O'er the fields we go,  
Laughing all the way;  
Bells on bob tails ring,  
Making spirits bright,  
What fun it is to laugh and sing  
A sleighing song tonight.

Jingle bells, jingle bells,  
Jingle all the way!  
Oh, what fun it is to ride  
In a one-horse open sleigh!  
Jingle bells, jingle bells,  
Jingle all the way!  
Oh, what fun it is to ride  
In a one horse open sleigh!

## **SCENE 6**

*(Dub enters wearing branches on his head, a bandana and cowbell around his neck, and Christmas garland tangled around his body.)*

**NARRATOR:** Dub lashed twigs on the herd's heads, tied bandannas to their tails, and dangled cowbells 'round their necks. Then he had the other cowpokes take a gander.

*(Dub points off stage and he and the other cowboys imagine they can see the decorated cows.)*

**DARRYL:** Those heifers look ridiculous!

**DWIGHT:** Downright pitiful!

**DUB:** *(Sniveling)* Nothing like Santy's reindeers.

**COOKIE:** Off to bed, cow wranglers. Tomorrow's Christmas, and my day off.

*(Again the cowboys bed down around the campfire, the lights dim, and the chorus sings.)*

# **SILENT NIGHT**

(Reprise)

By Franz Xaver Gruber and Joseph Mohr, Public Domain

Additional lyrics by Rob Sanders

## **TUMBLEWEED CHORUS:**

Silent night, cowboys sleep tight.

All is calm, all is bright.

'Round the fire stay warm tonight.

Cows are lowing, safe and contrite.

Sleep dear cowboys, sleep tight.

Sleep dear cowboys, sleep tight.

## **SCENE 7**

*(As the lights come up, the cowboys get up and head out with the cattle—stage left. Their action will take place away from camp. Cookie exits stage right. Santy soon enters stage right and begins decorating the camp for Christmas. The cowboys, Cookie, and the chorus do not see Santy. As Santy decorates, the cowboys say their lines from out in the grazing land.)*

**NARRATOR:** On Christmas morning, the cowboys drove the cattle out to graze. Cookie headed into town to enjoy his day off.

**DARRYL:** Well, boys, another day, another cow.

**DWIGHT:** Looks like we missed Christmas all together.

**DUB:** *(Whimpering)* And Santy Claus missed *us* all together.

*(The cowboys move exit left as the chorus begins to sing, and Santy completes his decorating.)*

# DECK THE CAMP

Based on *Deck the Halls*, Traditional Welsh tune, Public Domain  
Additional lyrics by Rob Sanders

## TUMBLEWEED CHORUS:

Deck the camp with boughs of holly,  
Fa-la-la-la-la, la, la! Yee-haw!  
'Tis the season to be jolly,  
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la! Yip-eee!

Hang the ornaments on the tree,  
Fa-la-la-la-la, la, la! Yee-haw!  
Add a star for all to see,  
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la! Yip-eee!

Cook the turkey and the goose,  
Fa-la-la-la-la, la, la! Yee-haw!  
Hang the stockings by the spruce.  
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la! Yip-eee!

Quickly now they're almost here.  
Fa-la-la-la-la, la, la! Yee-haw!  
Soon we'll share some cowboy cheer,  
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la! Yip-eee!

Yip-eee, Yip-eee, I! Yip-eee! YEE-HAW!

.

## SCENE 8

*(Santy exits stage right.)*

**NARRATOR:** The cowboys spent Christmas day mending fences, minding the herd, and feeling miserable. Near sunset, the boys rounded up the cattle and shuffled towards camp.

*(The cowboys enter stage left, cross in front of the chorus, but stop before reaching camp. Bells jingle off stage.)*

**DUB:** Hey! Did ya'll just hear jinglin' bells?

**NARRATOR:** The cowhands listened. *(Cowboys cup hands to ears)*

**DARRYL:** I think I smell something mighty fine.

**NARRATOR:** The cowpokes sniffed. *(Cowboys sniff in unison)*

**DWIGHT:** Do ya'll see somethin' glowin' down at camp?

**NARRATOR:** The cowboys stared. *(Cowboys hold a hand over their eyes and gaze towards camp. Then they rush into camp to see the surprise.)*

**SANTY:** *(Entering stage right.)* Ho! Ho! Ho!

**DUB:** Santy Claus?

**SANTY:** Merry Christmas, boys!

**DUB:** Yeehaw! Santy, you found us all the way out here!

*(The cowboys and Santy hug, and Santy distributes gifts. As the chorus sings, the boys open their presents and find what they asked for—Darryl: a pair of boots; Dwight: a sled; Dub: a checkered shirt. Santy and the boys enjoy some Christmas goodies, too.)*

# **THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS—COWBOY STYLE**

Based on *The Twelve Days of Christmas*, Traditional English, Public Domain  
Additional lyrics by Rob Sanders

## **TUMBLEWEED CHORUS:**

On the first day of Christmas my true love gave to me,  
A ten-gallon white cowboy hat.

On the second day of Christmas my true love gave to me,  
Two leather boots,  
And a ten-gallon white cowboy hat.

On the third day of Christmas my true love gave to me,  
Three plaid shirts,  
Two leather boots,  
And a ten-gallon white cowboy hat.

On the fourth day of Christmas my true love gave to me,  
Four pairs of jeans,  
Three plaid shirts,  
Two leather boots,  
And a ten-gallon white cowboy hat.

On the fifth day of Christmas my true love gave to me,  
Five golden buckles,  
Four pairs of jeans,  
Three plaid shirts,  
Two leather boots,  
And a ten-gallon white cowboy hat.

On the sixth day of Christmas my true love gave to me,  
Six branding irons,  
Five golden buckles,  
Four pairs of jeans,  
Three plaid shirts,  
Two leather boots,  
And a ten-gallon white cowboy hat.

On the seventh day of Christmas my true love gave to me,  
Seven cans of baked beans,  
Six branding irons,  
Five golden buckles,  
Four pairs of jeans,  
Three plaid shirts,  
Two leather boots,  
And a ten-gallon white cowboy hat.

On the eighth day of Christmas my true love gave to me,  
Eight bawling calves,  
Seven cans of baked beans,  
Six branding irons,  
Five golden buckles,  
Four pairs of jeans,  
Three plaid shirts,  
Two leather boots,  
And a ten-gallon white cowboy hat.

On the ninth day of Christmas my true love gave to me,  
Nine bucking broncos,  
Eight bawling calves,  
Seven cans of baked beans,  
Six branding irons,  
Five golden buckles,  
Four pairs of jeans,  
Three plaid shirts,  
Two leather boots,  
And a ten-gallon white cowboy hat.

On the tenth day of Christmas my true love gave to me,  
Ten angry bovines,  
Nine bucking broncos,  
Eight bawling calves,  
Seven cans of baked beans,  
Six branding irons,  
Five golden buckles,  
Four pairs of jeans,  
Three plaid shirts,  
Two leather boots,  
And a ten-gallon white cowboy hat.

On the eleventh day of Christmas my true love gave to me,  
Eleven charging longhorns,  
Ten angry bovines,  
Nine bucking broncos,  
Eight bawling calves,  
Seven cans of baked beans,  
Six branding irons,  
Five golden buckles,  
Four pairs of jeans,  
Three plaid shirts,  
Two leather boots,  
And a ten-gallon white cowboy hat.

On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love gave to me,  
Twelve strays to wrangle,  
Eleven charging longhorns,  
Ten angry bovines,  
Nine bucking broncos,  
Eight bawling calves,  
Seven cans of baked beans,  
Six branding irons,  
Five golden buckles,  
Four pairs of jeans,  
Three plaid shirts,  
Two leather boots,  
And a ten-gallon white cowboy hat.

## SCENE 9

*(Cookie prepares to enter. He has a Santa hat sticking out of the back pocket of his jeans.)*

**NARRATOR:** By the light of the Christmas campfire, the cowboys chowed down with Santy, tore open presents, and sang carols around the tree.

Later that night, after Santy had left with a jingle and jangle (*Santy exits stage left*) . . . Cookie galloped back into camp. (*Cookie enters stage right*)

**DWIGHT:** (*Speaking to Cookie*) Howdy, Cookie! Boy, you missed a rip-roarin' good time.

**DUB:** And Santy Claus!

**COOKIE:** Ya don't say.

*(As Cookie settles around the campfire, he turns his back to the audience so they can see the Santa hat in his pocket.)*

**NARRATOR:** The cowboys and Cookie settled 'round the campfire.

**DWIGHT:** Six days 'til New Years Eve.

**DARRYL:** And we're stuck out here with cows.

**DUB:** Do ya think we'll have a party?

**COOKIE:** Could be. Could be. (*He turns to the audience and smiles*)

# **WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS**

Traditional English carol, Public Domain

Additional lyrics by Rob Sanders

## **TUMBLEWEED CHORUS AND CAST:**

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 a sugar cookie;  
Oh, bring us a sugar cookie;  
Oh, bring us a sugar cookie and a cup of cocoa.

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 out here.

We wish you a Merry Christmas;  
We wish you a Merry Christmas;  
We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.  
*YEE-HAW!*