

All Come Home

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From the **All Come Home** CD

There's nothing like a good cigar
Underneath the Christmas star
Fine whiskey, friends and greeting cards
Around the burning barrel
Wrapping paper up in smoke
Give the fire another poke
Cock and bull and salty jokes
Tell 'em at your peril

And we've all come home from the great unknown
Yes, we've all come home once more

There's nothing like a noisy place
Filled with family, friends and grace
You'll seldom see a stranger's face
Come across the threshold
Cheering on the season's end
With New Year's just around the bend
Cap it with a loud "Amen"
And clap 'em on the shoulders

And we've all come home...

There's nothing like December white
Underneath the heavens bright
With time enough before the light
To raise a final carol
Christmas comes but once a year
Let's make a promise now my dears
To meet again next time right here
Around the burning barrel

And we'll all come home...

Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming from tender stem hath sprung,
of Jesse's lineage coming, as men of old have sung.
It came, a flow'ret bright, amid the cold of winter,
when half-spent was the night.

(Es Ist Ein Ros Entsprungen, ca. 1500, Translated by Theodore Baker, 1894)