

1. **O Come / Wake Up**

—Oakeley/Wade, arr. Hawthorne

God of God, Light of Light;  
Lo, He abhors not the virgin's womb!  
O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant.  
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.  
Come and behold Him, born the king of angels.  
O come, let us adore Him (3x) Christ, the Lord.

Wake up, Bethlehem! Wake up, Galilee!  
Wake up, Pharisees! He is coming,  
He's coming to set you free.  
[O come all ye faithful...]  
Wake up, Jerusalem! Wake up, Samaria!  
[Joyful and triumphant.]  
Wake up the Gentiles! O, Come!

2. **Ding-Dong Merrily on High**

Engl., Woodward, arr. Hawthorne

Ding-dong merrily on high.  
In Heaven the bells are ringing.  
Ding-dong, verily the sky  
Is riven with angels singing  
Gloria, hosanna in excelsis! (2x)

[Jazz scat singing...]  
Doobidee ding-dong.. And a-merrily too,  
Ring the bobbity-bells!...  
Ding-a-ding-a-dong-a dinga....singa  
Ding-donga, chime, rhyme it....  
Ring those Christmas bells!

3. **We Three Kings**—Hopkins, arr. Hawthorne

4. **I'm Allergic to Your Christmas Tree, Honey** (Secular)  
— Hawthorne

I'm allergic to your Christmas tree, Honey.  
Can't stay here any longer, it's true.  
Pine trees just do a number on my tear ducts,  
So if I'm pining, I'm not pining for you.

1. It's not because you told me lies.  
It's not because of your goodbyes.  
It's not because I needed you.  
Not 'cause you never had a clue.

2. Before I go, I'll wish you cheer  
[It's getting late.]  
Praying you'll have a good New Year.  
[Thanks for the date.]  
If you ever grow up, we'll see—  
[It's so simple...]  
Could be you'd like artificial trees. [Artificial.]

I'm allergic to your Christmas tree, Honey.  
[Pass the tissues.]  
Can't stay here any longer, it's true. [Don't have no issues.]  
Pine trees just do a number on my tear ducts.  
[Gonna miss you.]  
So if I'm pining, I'm not pining for you.  
Not pining for you. [Pining for you.]  
Not pining for you. [Pining for you.]

5. **Wait for the Light**— Hawthorne

Wait for the light, wait for the light.  
Don't stumble in darkness, God's timing is right.  
Like the wisemen who watched for glimmers from heaven,  
Follow in the night with the light you've been given.

1. You're telling me that Christmas isn't easy for you.  
Your soul seems so heavy with the hurt you've been through.  
"What's the meaning to this madness in a world marred by pain?"  
But there's a seed of hope in your life, just like at Bethlehem.

2. The Maker of the heavens wants you close to His heart,  
The cries from a manger show He did His part.  
He didn't take the easy way—He grew day by day.  
When He did so much to win you, is it so hard to pray?.

3. The smallest step will start you on a journey of peace,  
To dwell with Messiah in His healing release.  
Every wiseman has a choice and an appointment to keep.  
Every sheep needs a shepherd, and the Shepherd loves His sheep.

4. The Shepherd's life was on the line with His sacrifice.  
He tore my sin's pain away when He paid sin's price.  
There's no wall between the two of us. I journey with my Friend.  
He's the Father saying "welcome," and the joy of journey's end.

5. What secret kept the wisemen moving so many miles?  
They knew it worth a king's ransom to see a King's smile.  
To be in His presence crowns the walk of any road,  
To hear Him speak peace and to give Him your load.  
(continued next page)

## WAIT FOR THE LIGHT *(Album description and info on last page)*

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*(Wait for the Light, continued)*

6. After not so many years, this baby conquered the grave,  
And His friends wrote the truth in a book you can have.  
Don't waste His life—don't waste your own.  
Take a look in the Book. Use the light you've been shown.

6. **Unto Us a Boy is Born / Here Betwixt Ass and Oxen Mild / Coventry Carol** — Praetorius, Fr. & Engl. arr. Hawthorne

7. **While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night**  
— Handel, arr. Hawthorne

8. **What Child is This?** — Old Engl/Dix., arr. Hawthorne  
*[Cries akin to birth pangs in Hebraic-sounding mode]*

1. What child is this who laid to rest on Mary's lap is sleeping?  
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,  
While shepherds watch are keeping?  
This, this is Christ the King,  
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing.  
Haste, haste to bring Him laud, the babe, the Son of Mary.

2. Why lies He in such mean estate  
Where ox and ass are feeding?  
Good Christian, fear; for sinners here,  
The silent Word is pleading.  
The nails and the spear, they shall pierce Him through,  
The cross be borne for me and for you.  
Hail, hail, the Word made flesh, the babe, the Son of Mary.

3. So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh.  
Come, peasant and king, to own Him.  
The King of kings salvation brings.  
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.  
Raise, raise the song on high.

The virgin sings her lullaby.  
Joy, oh joy, for Christ is born, the babe, son of Mary!...

9. **Comfort and Joy** (Hawthorne, Original instrumental  
w/ arr. of God Rest You Merry Gentlemen, Engl.)

God rest you merry, gentlemen.  
Let nothing you dismay.  
Remember the Messiah was born on Christmas day  
To save us when we were gone astray.  
O, tidings of comfort and joy!...  
The long-awaited Messiah was born on Christmas day.  
O tidings of comfort and joy!

10. **Jesus Loved Babies** — Hawthorne

Jesus loved babies enough to become one,  
Tiny and frail, born to Mary, so young.  
A manger beneath him, a swaddling of cloth,  
Jesus loved, and He loved enough.

Jesus loved children enough to become one,  
Growing in Nazareth, so misunderstood.  
One Father in Heaven, one step-dad on earth.  
Jesus loved, and He loved enough.

Jesus loved poor men enough to become one,  
Homeless and wandering, out seeking His sheep.  
He left all the riches of Heaven above.  
Jesus loved, and He loved enough.

Jesus loved sinners enough to befriend them.  
Perfect and holy, redemption to win,

He died to awaken my dead spirit to life.  
Jesus loved, and He loved enough.

Do you love Jesus enough to believe Him?  
Do you care about Him enough to find out  
Who this baby was, and what He became?  
If you trust in His name, you will never be the same!  
My Lord Jesus, He loves you, He died thinkin' of you.

(Repeat Verse 1)...  
Jesus loved, and His love is always...  
O, say it brother, say it with me! With me, sister!  
It's always, it's always, always...enough!

11. **Mother's Christmas Night** — Hawthorne

Candle glow on brimming eyes  
She whispers softly "Silent Night ♪"  
—Too much heart within her voice  
Too much sorrow, too much joy,  
Too much love and too much toil,  
But Mother wants to keep her poise.  
"Silent night, holy night,"  
Mother's Christmas night.

Precious wrinkles everywhere,  
With a crown of snow-white hair,  
Frosty like the chilly night,  
Her face, a map of life lived right.  
She's a gift of gifts to me,  
Much better than anything under the tree.  
*(continued next page)*

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*(Mother's Christmas Night, continued)*  
Silent night.... We're loving Him tonight,  
My mom and I on Christmas night.

Oh, Mother, teach me to slow down,  
To love the little things,  
To feed the birds, to rest a spell,  
And to feel more love than words can tell.  
Help me be a child again,  
To have a laugh and to pretend.

Mama, thanks for many years  
Thanks for grace that dried our tears,  
Praying hard and working long,  
Thanks for hope that sang a song.  
Life is hard with winter here, but  
Keep on singing, Mama, dear.  
Sing in the night, wait for the light,  
Love Him Christmas night.

12. **The First Noel.** — *Sandys/Gilbert, arr. Hawthorne*

13. **Jesus Loves Me** — *Warner/Bradbury, arr. Hawthorne*  
Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so.  
Young and old to Him belong. They are weak, but He is strong.  
Yes, Jesus loves me, (x3). The Bible tells me so.

Jesus loves me when I'm good, when I do the things I should.  
Jesus loves me when I'm bad, though it makes Him very sad.  
Yes, Jesus loves me,...Listen, ' cause it tells us so.  
Jesus loves me still today, walking with me on my way.  
Wanting as a friend to give light and love to all who live.  
Yes, Jesus loves me.... The Bible says He loves me so.

Jesus loves me. He will stay close beside me all the way.  
Thou hast bled and died for me.  
I will henceforth live for Thee.  
Yes, Jesus loves me,...the Bible, it tells me so.  
It tells me so.

14. **King of the Wind** — *Hawthorne*  
*Harmonica played by Carol Sissel*

Gently, wind, blow gently on Him.  
He is the one, infinite Son.  
Heaven's boy, Messiah and joy.  
He is the King of the wind.

Sweetly, maid, sing sweetly to Him.  
He is the one, infinite Son.  
Savior boy, His presence enjoy.  
He is the King of our hearts.

Sapling tree, bow kindly to Him.  
He is the one, He is the one.  
One day, too, He'll bow beneath you.  
He'll be the King on a cross.

Swathing bands, bring comfort to Him.  
His is the one, God's only Son.  
Holy boy, the grave He'll destroy.  
He'll break the bands of death.

Winds from every corner of earth,  
Come kiss the Son, God's only Son.

He'll breathe the Holy Spirit on us.  
This baby, the king of the wind,  
This king of the wind, (2x)

15. **Down From His Glory**  
— *Booth-Cliborn/ arr. Hawthorne*

Down from His glory,  
Ever living story,  
My God and Savior came,  
And Jesus was His Name.  
Born in a manger,  
To His own a stranger,  
A Man of sorrows, tears and agony.

O how I love Him! How I adore Him!  
My breath, my sunshine, my all in all.  
The great Creator became my Savior,  
And all God's fullness dwelleth in Him.

What condescension,  
Bringing us redemption;  
That in the dead of night,  
Not one faint hope in sight,  
God, gracious, tender,  
He laid aside His splendor,  
Stooping to woo, to win, to save my soul.

Without reluctance, Flesh and blood His substance,  
He took the form of man, revealed the hidden plan,  
O glorious mystery, sacrifice of Calvary,  
And now I know You are the great "I Am."

WAIT FOR THE LIGHT

16. **Saw You Never**

— *Alexander/French/arr. Hawthorne*

Saw you never, in the twilight,  
When the sun had left the skies,  
Up in Heav'n the clear stars shining  
Through the gloom, like silver eyes?  
So of old the wise men, watching,  
Saw a little stranger star,  
And they knew the King was given,  
And they followed from afar.

Heard you never of the story  
How they crossed the desert wild,  
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,  
Till they found the holy Child?  
How they opened all their treasure,  
Kneeling to that infant King;  
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,  
Gave the myrrh in offering?

Know ye not that lowly Baby  
Was the bright and morning Star?  
He Who came to light the Gentiles,  
And the darkened isles afar?  
And we, too, may seek His cradle;  
There our hearts' best treasures bring;  
Love, and faith, and true devotion  
For our Savior, God and King.

17. **Sweet Little Jesus Boy** — *MacGimsey, arr. Hawthorne*

Sweet little Jesus boy, they made You be born in a manger.  
Sweet little Jesus boy, didn't know who You was.  
Didn't know You'd come to save us, Lord, To take our sins away.  
Our eyes was blind; We couldn't see.  
We didn't know who You was.

Long time ago, You was born, born in a manger low,  
Sweet little Jesus boy.  
This world treat You mean, Lord, treat me mean too.  
But that's just how things is down here.—  
We don't know who You is.

You done told us how. We is tryin'.  
Master, You done showed us how, even when You's dyin'.  
Just seem like we can't do right—Look how we treated You!  
But, please Sir, forgive us Lord. We didn't know 'twas You.

Sweet little Jesus boy, born so long ago.  
Sweet little Jesus boy, and we didn't know who You was.

18. **Christians Awake** — *Byron/Hawthorne*

Christians awake, salute the happy morn  
Whereon the Savior of the world was born.  
Rise to adore the mystery of love  
Which hosts of angels chanted from above.  
With them, the joyful tidings first begun  
Of God incarnate and the virgin's son.

Then to the watchful shepherds, it was told,  
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, "Behold,  
I bring good tidings of our Savior's birth,  
To you and all the nations upon earth.  
This day hath God fulfilled His promised Word.  
This day is born a Savior, Christ, the Lord.

He spake, and straightway the celestial choir  
With hymns of joy unknown before conspire.  
The praises of redeeming love, they sang,  
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang.  
"God's highest glory" was their anthem still,  
"Peace upon earth, and unto men goodwill."

Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ  
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy.  
Trace we the babe who hath redeemed our loss,  
From His poor manger to His bitter cross.  
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,  
'Til man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then, may we hope, the angelic hosts among,  
To sing redeemed a glad triumphal song.  
He that was born upon this joyful day  
Around us, all His glory shall display.  
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing,  
Of angels and His blessed saints, the King.

*(More songs on next page)*

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19. **Wild and Sweet**, Nativity Psalm — *Hawthorne*  
Wild and sweet, that's the world that you made, Lord,  
With brave globes of fire hung far in the sky.  
How can we praise a babe who made the stars,  
Unless, like the magi, we deem Him Most High?  
Wild and sweet, wild and sweet, Most High!

Wild and sweet, that's the world that you made, Lord,  
With birdsong of crystal and rhythmic wing.  
What can we give a babe who thought up birds,  
Unless, like the angels, we quiver and sing?  
Wild and sweet, wild and sweet, oh sing!

Wild and sweet, that's the world that you made, Lord,  
With flashings of fin and leviathans deep.  
How can we honor a babe who made oceans,  
Unless we, like Mary, should rock him to sleep?  
Wild and sweet, oh, My Sweet, asleep!

Wild and sweet, that's the world that you made, Lord.  
With pawing and prancing and stampeding hosts.  
How can we serve a babe who made the beasts,  
Unless, we, like John, leap with the Holy Ghost?  
Wild and sweet, celebrate the Holy Ghost!

Wild and sweet, that's the world that you made, Lord,  
With humans created as stewards of earth.  
What can we give the babe who formed this flock,  
Unless, like the shepherds, we tell of His worth?  
Wild and sweet, Maker of the Earth!

King of the heavens and bright angel armies,  
Born of a woman, the Spirit to bring,

Come, be at home in us; shepherd our spirits,  
And bring Your wild sweetness to everything.  
Wild and sweet, Lord of Everything!

20. **Gesu Bambino** — *A Yon, arr. Hawthorne*  
When blossoms flowered 'mid the snows,  
Upon a winter's night  
Was born the child, the Christmas rose,  
The King of love and light.  
The angels sang, the shepherds sang,  
The grateful earth rejoiced,  
And at his blessed feet, the stars  
Their exaltation voiced.  
O come, let us adore Him. (x3)  
Christ, the Lord.

Again the heart with rapture glows,  
To greet the holy night  
That gave the world its Christmas rose,  
It's King of love and light.  
Let every voice acclaim His name,  
The grateful chorus swell.  
From Paradise to earth He came,  
That we with Him might dwell.

O Come,... Venite!  
Venite adoremus, adoremus Dominum.

*Jesus did the radically unexpected. Imagine His holy infinite self being confined to Mary's womb. This album is my attempt to praise in many flavors the many-faceted creativity of a God who came to know people from the inside out. He didn't shrink from hunger, dirt and pain. These songs are my gift to Him, to celebrate His wild and extravagant choice to be truly human. His love is daring. Join me in daring to wonder along with other songwriters from many ages at His beginnings on earth. Feel his young mother's pangs, journey with the magi, leap with the pre-born John the Baptist, praise your King on a wind-swept plain, in a London parlor, in a country church, with a jazz combo, with a children's chorus, and yes, even with a sense of humor. But most of all, praise Him in your heart of hearts, and forever.*

**You can find more of Susan's music free on her website:**  
[www.susansfreechristianmusic.com](http://www.susansfreechristianmusic.com)

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Instruments: keyboard, guitar, flute, clarinet, 25\$-sax, soprano-, alto- and tenor recorder, tin whistles, bodhran (Irish drum), tambourine, harmonica, VST sound.

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