

## Once upon a December:

Dancing Bears

Painted Wings

Things I almost remember.

And a song someone sings

Once upon a December.

Someone holds me safe and warm.

Horses prance through a silver storm.

Figures dancing gracefully across my memory.

Someone holds me safe and warm.

Horses prance through a silver storm.

Figures dancing gracefully across my memory.

Far away,

Long ago,

Glowing dim as an ember,

Things my heart

Used to know

Things it yearns to remember

And a song someone sings

Once upon a December

## Still holding my hand:

I was sure that I would never escape  
The story I had written for me

I couldn't find a way out  
I couldn't see beyond the clouds  
That swirled around me  
Then one day I opened my eyes  
And looked up to find that the sky  
Had turned blindingly blue  
And right by my side there was you  
Quietly taking your stand  
And you were holding my hand

I believed that I (I believed)  
Would never be able to rely (that I would never find)  
On anybody else (anybody else)  
And I was sure that I (I was)  
Would just have to learn to survive (sure that I would always)  
All by myself (be all by myself)  
And one day I opened my eyes (one day I opened my eyes)  
And looked up to find that the sky  
Had turned blindingly blue  
And right by my side there was you  
Quietly taking a stand  
And you were holding my hand

You were holding my hand!  
You were just there for me  
Quietly taking a stand  
Changing the end of my story for me  
You were there as I battled my fears  
I fell and you helped me to stand  
When the storm finally cleared  
You were there  
You were still holding my hand  
You were still holding my hand

You kicked down the doors for me (kicked down the doors for me)

You helped me understand (you helped me understand)

There was another version of me

You were still holding my hand (when I grow up)

You were just there for me (I will be braver)

Quietly taking a stand (after all)

Changing the end of my story for me

You were still holding my hand

You were just there for me

Quietly taking a stand

Changing the end of my story for me

You were still holding my hand

### SONG 3 – IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER

In the bleak midwinter  
Frosty wind made moan  
Earth stood hard as iron  
Water like a stone  
Snow had fallen  
Snow on snow on snow  
In the bleak midwinter  
Long, long ago  
God Heaven cannot hold him  
Nor the earth sustain  
Heaven and earth  
shall flee away  
when he comes to reign  
In the bleak midwinter  
A stable place sufficed  
The Lord God Almighty  
Jesus Christ  
Angels and archangels  
May have gathered there  
Cherubim and Seraphim  
Thronged the air  
But his Mother only  
In her maiden bliss  
Worshipped the beloved  
With a kiss  
What can I give him?  
Poor as I am  
If I were a shepherd  
I would bring a lamb  
If I were a wise man  
I would do my part  
But what I can I give him  
Give him my heart  
Give my heart