

Loreena Mckennitt "Dickens' Dublin"

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Joyful mystery, the birth of our Lord... This night our Lady and St. Joseph was going up to get registered and, um, they were going down the road and they met this man and he said, "Have you any room?" and he said, "No, but there's an old stable over there that I owned, if you want to go into it." And they went over and the Lord came down from the heaven at twelve o'clock and loads of beautiful angels was with them, and when they were walkin'...

I walk the streets of Dublin town
It's eighteen forty-two
It's snowing on this Christmas Eve
Think I'll beg another bob or two
I'll huddle in this doorway here
'Til someone comes along
If the lamp lighter comes real soon
Maybe I'll go home with him
Maybe I can find a place I can call my home
Maybe I can find a home I can call my own

These three wise kings, um, they were all from different countries. And they always used to look up at the sky and they looked up this night and saw this beautiful star up in the sky. And when they were going they all met together and they had to pass King Herod's, not that we much care for him. And they went in and he said, "Where ye goin' with yer best stitches on ye?"

The horses on the cobbled stones go by
Think I'll get one, one fine day
And ride into the countryside
And very far away
But now as the daylight disappears
I best find a place to sleep
Think I'll slip into the bell tower
In the church just down the street
Maybe I can find a place I can call my home
Maybe I can find a home I can call my own

And they said, "Did you not hear the news?" and say he

says, "What news?" He says, "This day the Savior is born." And he says to them, "When you find him come back and tell me 'cause I want to go and adore him too." And he was only coddin' them. He wanted to kill him and when they were going, they stopped and they said, "Surely not this old stable that our King is born in. We were expecting a palace."

Maybe on the way I'll find the dog
I saw the other night
And tuck him underneath my jacket
So we'll stay warm through the night
And as we lie in the bell tower high
And dream of days to come
The bells o'er head will call the hours
The day we will find a home
Maybe I can find a place I can call my home
Maybe I can find a home I can call my own
Maybe I can find a place I can call my home
Maybe I can find a home I can call my own

There was these shepherds and shepherds are fellas
that mind the foals and cows and sheeps and little
lambs and all and, um, they hears this beautiful music
up in the sky and they were wondering what was so fun.
An angel disappated them and he said, "I was
wonderin' what was so fun" and he said ye, and he
said, "The savior is born. If yous want to go see him,
follow that star up in the sky," and it was a beautiful
star.

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