

**Loreena Mccennitt****"Full Circle"**

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I walk the streets of Dublin town  
It's 1842  
It's snowing on this Christmas Eve  
Think I'll beg another bob or two  
I'll huddle in this doorway here  
Till 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.

The horses on the cobbled stones pass 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 curch 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.

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 hour  
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.

Dickens Dublin Transcript  
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 his man... and he said have you any room and  
he said 'Not but  
there's an old stable over there that I owned... If you  
want to get into  
it...And they went over and the Lord came down from  
heaven at twelve  
o'clock and loads of beautiful angels was with them...  
and when they were  
walkin....

These three wise kings... um... they were all from  
different countries. And  
they always looked up at the sky and they looked up  
this ni

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