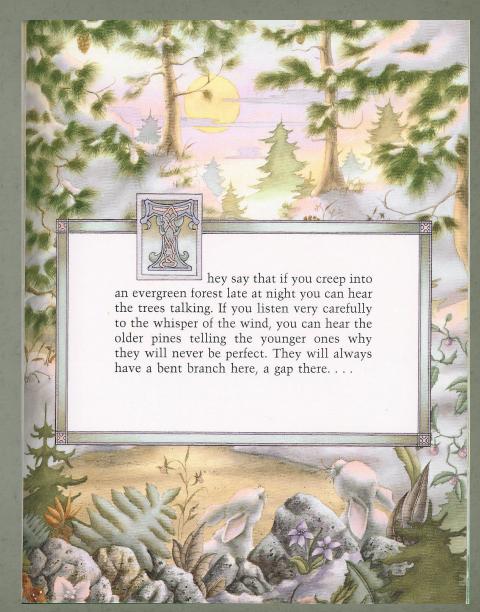
WHY CHRISTMAS TREES AREN'T PERFECT

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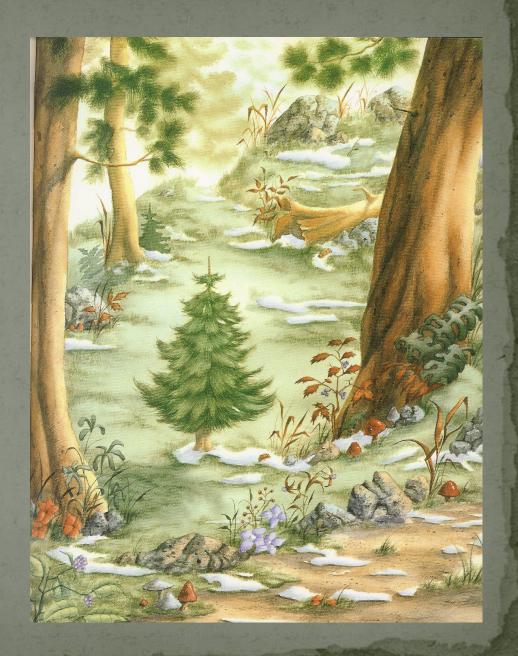
PERFECT!

me grow.

Perfect! I must be perfect! From pointed top to even spreading skirt. Branches! My fresh green branches Be careful not to bend or snap or hurt. Oh, so gently falls the rain and snow The sun's just right to help



Hear me whisper as I'm learning how To lightly bow and be somehow..... Perfect! I will be perfect So the queen will look at me --And her woodsmen will agree--To choose me as her perfect Christmas tree.







THE CHASE

S: Run! The chase is on
Wild dogs will have you for dinner.
Flee! Hither and yon!
Little Rabbit, will you be the winner?
A: I can run no faster, the wolves dash
near. May I hide in your branches, I
beg you? I fear!

S&A: Run! The chase is on!

Run! The chase is on!

A: But the dark, cold trees (S: Dark, cold trees)

A: Lift their branches from the snow.

S: We will not (A) shelter you from

danger

You might break our lovely branches low.

S: Little Rabbit, Little Rabbit, go! A: Hurry oh hurry oh hurry, oh hurry home!

3. COME LITTLE RABBIT

I will dip my branches down Even though they touch the ground Come to me when fear would rule you. S: I dip (A: my branches down) S: Even though (A: they touch the ground) Come to me when fear would rule you S: Come! A: Come Little Rabbit, come.





THE STORM

S: The icy wind doth blow The blizzard is lashing the forest.

Mother (Father) Wren, don't you know

The danger of this mighty tempest?

A: My feathers are wet, I can barely fly

May I rest in your branches to get warm and dry?

S&A: But the dark cold trees Clench their branches like a fist...and insist:

S: "We will not give you shelter. If we let you in you'll spoil our lovely shape. Go away!"

A: We will not, we will not, we will not, we will not

Let you in, let you in, let you in, let you in

To spoil our shape; spoil our shape; go away! Ssssss!



COME, MOTHER WREN

Here is shelter from the storm You may enter and be warm The icy wind will never find you.

Find shel-(Find shelter from the storm) ter And be warm (Please enter and be warm) The icy wind will never find you.

Come! Come, Mother Wren, come.



HUNGER

He's starving! No food to be found!
Who can help this little brother?
Snow covers the moss on the ground
Little Fawn can't find his mother.

The dark cold trees
Pull their branches away.

"If you eat our soft green
needles then we're beautiful no
more."
He's starving! No food to be
found!
Who can help? Who can help
him?



COME, LITTLE FAWN

You may nibble on my bough

Nothing's more important now

I have food when they refuse you.

Come Little Fawn, come.

You have food..... Come.



YOU ARE NOT PERFECT

Naaaaaah Nah nah nah nah, perfect!
Perfect! I am not perfect.
You/I will never, never, never be the one.
Nah nah nah nah nah nah, ragged!
Ragged! You are/I am so ragged!
Uneven holes! The woodsmen clearly say you're/I'm done.

Ah, so sadly falls the rain and snow (sad, snow)
These breaks we fear (fear) you can't outgrow (grow)
So give up (give up) and hide your shabby self from sight (sight)
We/I know you/I cannot ever get this right and be

Perfect! You/I can't be perfect
You/I can't be best of all the rest
Certainly you/I failed the test
You/I have spoiled your/my chance to be a Christmas tree.
Nah nah nah nah nah nah nah nah. Ah!



Of course I want to be ... a perfect Christmas tree I feel a tear ... from deep inside me.
Of course I want to be ... a happy Christmas tree Come my friends and stand by me.
Come, my friends, come.

LOOK ANEW

Small Pine, Small Pine Two white horses pull the sleigh. Small Pine, Small Pine, The queen has come to have her say.

"Cut this tree that is imperfect Cast it out, away from here."

Oh Queen
Will you turn and look anew
Oh Queen, try Queen
Can you guess
what's good and true?



Tiny tracks encircle Small Pine Feathers softly cling, apart Tender needles give their softness Understanding fills her heart (A: understanding)

Oh Small Pine, Small Pine (ah)
You're my choice, my perfect tree.
Oh kind Small Pine,
You may come and live with me.

In your drooping nibbled limbs
I feel my father's loving arms;
Mother's lap as still she holds me;
Christ's eternal love so strong.

You will become a perfect tree.... Ah!



MAKE WAY

Make way, the queen has come
To the forest so beat the drum
Good folk now follow along
With perfect tree and chorus strong...
Sing our song!

To the great hall, away
Where we can dance and sing and play
Around our Christmas tree
A thousand candles for you and me...
Come and see!

Place the golden angel high Borrow starlight from the sky By yule log a-blazing so warm Come one and all, Small Pine adorn On Christmas morn... For Christ is born!

