

I've Got a Name for the Newborn Child

Hiss Golden Messenger

Oh, oh, sing and then back to work, yes, back again
Now's the time to pick the fruit, do with a pale branch, do
Green corn in the field, river running like a wheel
There's a child on the way and he's a child of God

I've got a name for the newborn child
I've got a name for the meek and mild
I've got a name, you know it well
Sitting on the rock on Christmas Day

And oh, oh, peace on you, throw off the yoke and drink a few
The Peacock Fiddle Band's in town and summer's on the way
Sing a song "swee-dee-dee," full-tilt river, switchback sea
Got so drunk on brandywine the scales fell away

I've got a name for the newborn child
I've got a name for the meek and mild
I've got a name, you know it well
Sitting on the rock on Christmas Day

I'll dance 'til the stones roll away
Yeah I'll dance 'til the dimming of the day
And when the truth has been revealed to be nothing we can see
Rise up, rise up, I've got something to say

And oh, oh, raise the sail, for this is something special
Light the way with a little flame to keep the dark away
Daybreak, sound the horn, lay the dead and raise the born
Goodbye blackened abattoir, hello yellow dawn

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