

Cohocton Carols for a New Season

Hark the herald turbines come!

Hark the herald turbines come:
Shame upon the newfound bums!
Peace is gone and hills gone wild,
nature no longer reconciled.
Joyful, all ye leaseholders rise,
join the invasion of our skies.
With UPC's host proclaim:
"Giants are rising in Cohocton!"
Hark the herald turbines come:
Shame upon the newfound bums!

Deck the hills

Deck the hills with towers of folly
Folly, la, folly la; la, la, la.
Each one's a reason to be sorry
Folly, lolly, la; li, la, la, la.
Build them now and pay tomorrow
Folly, la, folly la; la, la, la.
Look inside, you'll find them hollow
Folly, lolly, la; li, la, la, la!

Go, tell it around the Town

Go, tell it around the Town,
Over the hills and everywhere
Go, tell it around the Town,
That UPC's turbines are here.

While windwatchers kept their watching
Over silent fields by night
Behold throughout the heavens
There rose an unholy sight

Go, tell it around the Town,
Over the hills and everywhere
Go, tell it around the Town,
That UPC's turbines are here.

The leaseholders feared and trembled,
When lo! above the earth,
Rang out the investors' chorus
That hailed our developer's mirth.

Chorus, etc.

Twelve Days of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas,
Money love sent to me
A false prophet named Mr. Swartley.

On the second day of Christmas,
Money love sent to me
Two doting Towners,
And a false prophet named Mr. Swartley.

On the third day of Christmas,
Money love sent to me
Three Watching Halls,
Two doting Towners,
And a false prophet named Mr. Swartley.

On the fourth day of Christmas,
Money love sent to me
Four empty hearings,
Three Watching Halls,
Two doting Towners,
And a false prophet named Mr. Swartley.

On the fifth day of Christmas,
Money love sent to me
No PILOT agreements,
Four empty hearings,
Three Watching Halls,
Two doting Towners,
And a false prophet named Mr. Swartley.

On the sixth day of Christmas,
Money love sent to me
Jack and Wayne crowing,
No PILOT agreements,
Four empty hearings,
Three Watching Halls,
Two doting Towners,
And a false prophet named Mr. Swartley.

On the seventh day of Christmas,
Money love sent to me
SCIDA sidestepping,
Jack and Wayne crowing,
No PILOT agreements,
Four empty hearings,
Three Watching Halls,
Two doting Towners,
And a false prophet named Mr. Swartley.

On the eighth day of Christmas,
Money love sent to me
UPC still lying,
SCIDA sidestepping,
Jack and Wayne crowing,
No PILOT agreements,
Four empty hearings,
Three Watching Halls,
Two doting Towners,
And a false prophet named Mr. Swartley.

On the ninth day of Christmas,
Money love sent to me
Ninety holes a-digging,
UPC still lying,
SCIDA sidestepping,
Jack and Wayne crowing,
No PILOT agreements,
Four empty hearings,
Three Watching Halls,
Two doting Towners,
And a false prophet named Mr. Swartley.

On the tenth day of Christmas,
Money love sent to me
Ten towers arising,
Ninety holes a-digging,
UPC still lying,
SCIDA sidestepping,
Jack and Wayne crowing,
No PILOT agreements,
Four empty hearings,
Three Watching Halls,
Two doting Towners,
And a false prophet named Mr. Swartley.

On the eleventh day of Christmas,
Money love sent to me
Taxpayers paying,
Ten towers arising,
Ninety holes a-digging,
UPC still lying,
SCIDA sidestepping,
Jack and Wayne crowing,
No PILOT agreements,
Four empty hearings,
Three Watching Halls,
Two doting Towners,
And a false prophet named Mr. Swartley.

On the twelfth day of Christmas,
Money love sent to me
Twelve lawsuits building,
Taxpayers paying,
Ten towers arising,
Ninety holes a-digging,
UPC still lying,
SCIDA sidestepping,
Jack and Wayne crowing,
No PILOT agreements,
Four empty hearings,
Three Watching Halls,
Two doting Towners,
And a false prophet named Mr. Swartley.

'Twas the night

'Twas the night before Christmas,
When all through the Town
Not a creature was stirring, not even a clown;
The towers had risen on each hilltop bare,
In hopes that St. Liberty soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of windmills danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap,
When out on the hill there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of mid-day to objects aglow,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a giant wind tower, and eight other ones near,
With a clever crane operator, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Clip.
More rapid than eagles his turbine nacelles came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by
name:

Now, Bumper! now, Thumper!
Now, Swisher and Cracken!
On, Quantum! On Stupid!
On, Drummer and Fritzen!
To the top of the sky! to the top of the hill!
Now hoist away! hoist away! hoist away all!

Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!