

THE MODERN AGE

Comic Poems and Drawings

Roger Hayman



Cecile View 2025

The Modern Age
Comic Poems and Drawings by Roger Hayman
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TWO FISH PIES

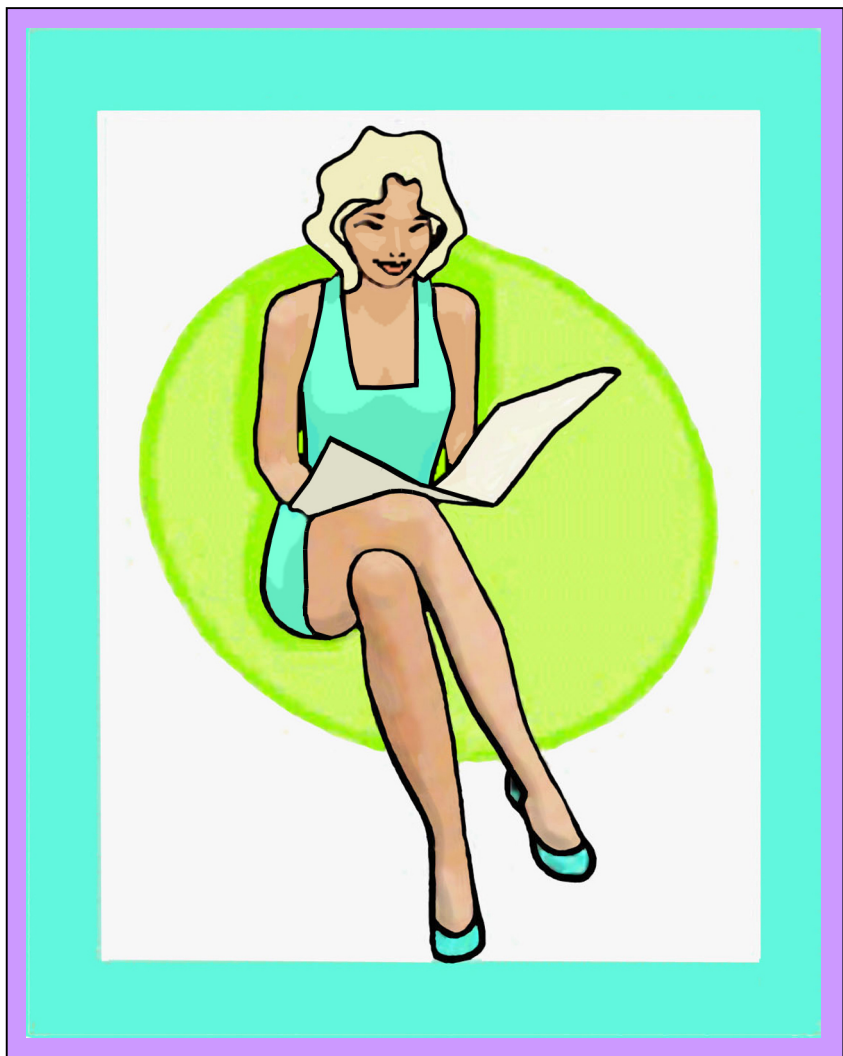


Two fish pies they have stars in their eyes
If they think we should pay their prices
At the Old Ship Inn they lure you within
Where extravagance is in crisis
Food for sparrows and not for the plenty
Two snacks two drinks and I busted a Twenty

It's my holiday week but the outlook is bleak
As I know they are making a killing
Those in my company
Are prone to gluttony
Not tricked by a mystery filling
It's bad enough with me and Heidi
If I had two kids I'd be home by Friday

Three years on I return with a foursome
The portions mean and the prices awesome
Food for the meagre and not for the thrifty
Four snacks, four drinks and I busted a fifty

DREAM GIRL



In a class of her own
A beautified zone
From her head right down to her toes
A melt-you-down smile
And buckets of style
And classiness etched on her clothes

A fountain of charm
You walk arm in arm
And frequent the best entertainment
In a fabulous gown
She's the star of the town
Her boobies defying containment

In nightspot or club
Bistro or pub
Her panache and charm does commend her
You meet up for bites
And smoke Marlborough lites
And take home your nouveau Crouch Ender

Chatty and trim
You fix her a gin
And find she never bores you
With power to stay
She goes all the way
Loves you to death and adores you!

FOURTRAK



v Some are tinted blueberry crush
Others a tropical gold
White ones always come in a rush
And red ones a sight to behold

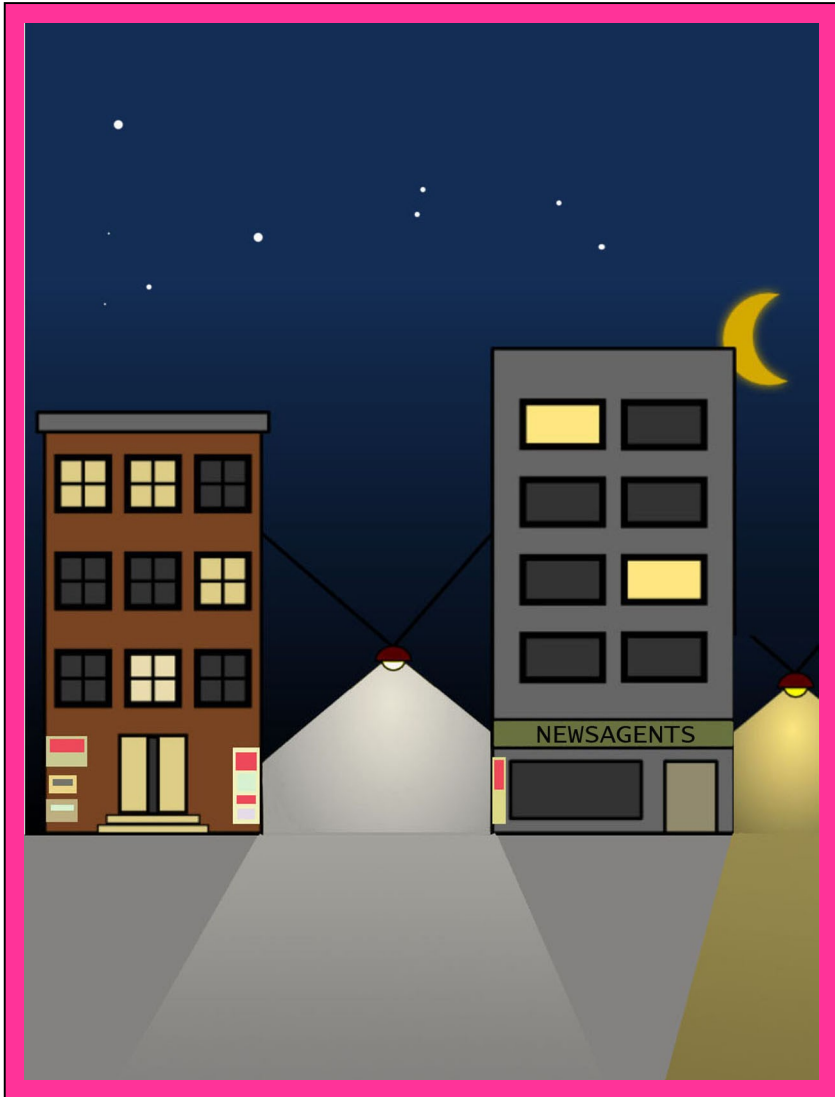
Personalised plates and chromium wheels
No GT injection is quicker
Come on inside and see how she feels
You can't fail to notice my fourtrak-club sticker

Seated up high with ego inflated
Tyres balloon under the load
My mobile of course is voice activated
That's in case the airbags explode

It takes Homebase flatpacks with ease
As it comes with an extra large hatch
I wear baggy shorts that come over my knees
With my ponytail and silly hat to match

Walnut and Wilton sumptuous hide
Tele-map, six speed, seven seater
A broadband scanner and a route planner
You get a good ride in my Fourtrak four litre

POSTERS AT NIGHT



Sodium beams of the lamps at night
Give way to mercury vapour light
That brighten the posters on shop pilasters
Telling of doom and impending disasters
The road to wealth and utmost survival
Beaten up bands and Mikado revival





Authors note:

Up until about 2000 we drank in the magnificent main bar of the “Queens”. We tried unsuccessfully to resist the change of use to a restaurant although the rumoured pizzeria never happened. The small bars remain but it is not the same. Maybe one day the owners will see sense and return it to it’s former use or even a mixed use with restaurant so that we can again enjoy a pint in our favourite bar. “The Pizzeria” is dedicated to the action group The Friends of the Queens.

The Pizzeria
Lit up like a pier
With lights you can see for a mile
You have what suffices
In whole bits or slices
And two for one deals on trial

The Pizzeria
There's loads round here
With plenty to stuff your face
The carton just oozes
With all things you chooses
And splatters all over the place

The Pizzeria
Though very near
Delivers come rain or snow
With toppings to try on
A plain or Hawaiian
At over a pound a throw

The Pizzeria
IS very dear
But has many special offers
In the price
Coke and ice
Goes down the necks of scoffers

The Pizzeria
Open all year
The sauces fill a huge vat
Drips on cheeses
And goes where it pleases
Try it and really get fat

The Pizzeria
Do a light bun veneer
The curry one really revulses
The Meatfeast's rock hard
The Barbeque's charred
And the Vegan is riddled with pulses

The Pizzeria
The Queens pub's in fear
They say it must move with the changes
From a pub to an eater
But Oh Margarita!
Exchange all the beer pumps for ranges?

The Pizzeria
I'd rather a beer
All that dough and spices extend you
Though the Queens pub still reigns
Ensure one thing remains
That pizza is off the menu

THE "I" AND THE "T"



The dot on the "I" was detail
But the line on the "T" was OK
So the dot was sold at retail
And the "T" brought in on a tray

Said the "T" to the "I" in passing
I've just had a terrible thought
It seems to me quite awful
to think that your dot's been bought

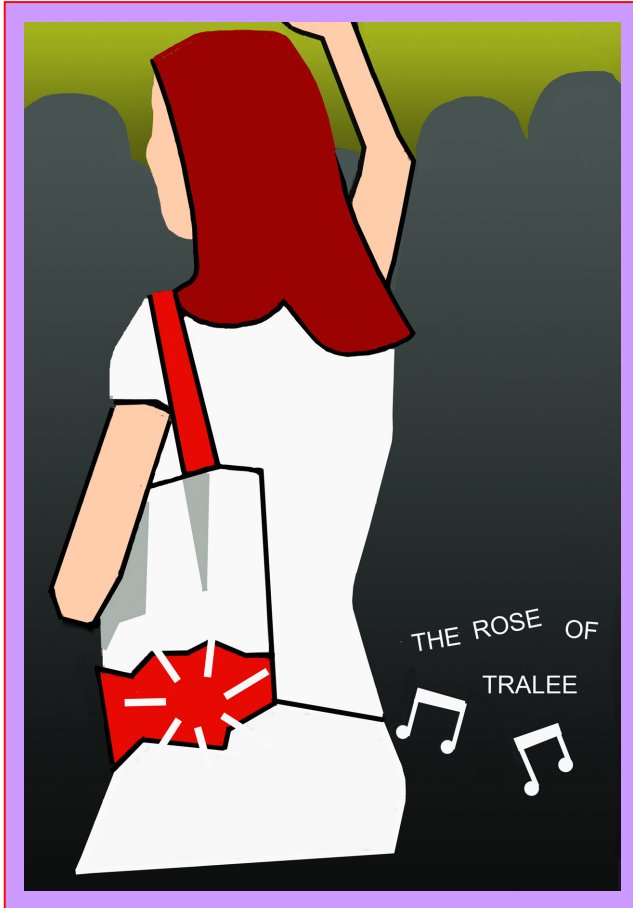
Said the "I" to the "T" stop foreboding
Make use of the tech-nol-o-gy
It makes sense to me the off-loading
And I get ten per cent of the fee!

And surely one fateful morning
The "T" found a letter on the mat
We've cut down your time
And sold off your line
But we are very sorry about that

The "I" and the "T" stood there plainly
Their characters gone in a flash
And looked at themselves somewhat vainly
Identity turned into cash

Now the system's not something you tell off
It's mean and cool as a breeze
So, if your caught in an "I"-dot sell-off
Make sure you take care of the "T"s!

THE MOBILE PHONE



In silent or in speaker mode
At your home or on the road
Economy or back lit
Your mobile is essential kit

On the tube it is a crush
Where did you pack it in all the rush
Then you hear the ring tone tag
Buried deep in your eco bag

And when you're at that interview
The alarm goes off at a ten-to-two
Then the bank is on the phone
Telling the world you can't have a loan

Pick up some booze at the market stall
Better give your darling a call
What shall it be red or white....?
And are we having chicken tonight?

Sat-nav, ipod, goodies galore
One charge will last a week or more
Touch screen, radio, mp3
The ring tone plays The Rose of Tralee.

Get discounts on all your fares
Buy and sell your stocks and shares
Get a bargain with Ebay buyer
Weekend break....with car hire.

At the races, shopping in stores
Golf club, theatre, Mother in laws
Pimlico, Paris, Venice or Rome
You're sure to connect with your mobile phone

THE FRUIT MACHINE



Author's note:

Fruit machines often use TV quiz games as themes. This poem is based on "Play Your Cards Right". The idea is that from a given card you have to guess whether the next one will be higher or lower.

The fruit machine
Is there to be seen
With all its flashing lights
There's a hundred pot
And you spank the slot
With passion that excites

You're at a loss
But don't give a toss
How short that tenner lasted
Reaching far
For the final bar
'cause you're a greedy bastard

Again and again
You changed up a ten
The barman called you a crackpot
You're out of cash
On your final bash
But you've got a gamble jackpot

Your luck has ran
But you don't give a damn
For dreams are made in heaven
A wins in sight
If you play your cards right
So you go low on a seven

With mystic reels
The fruity deals
Consigning you to fate
With one last ditch
The pregnant bitch
Dishes up an eight

The fruit machine
Is there to be seen
With all its flashing lights
There's a hundred pot
But you've spanked your lot
With passion that excites

CONFUSED



Pachabel or Albinoni
Pasta tubes or macaroni
Is it Handel, is it Bach
Lightly rough or smooth and dark
Going forward, getting back
PC or Apple Mac
Bull and Bush, Bald faced Stag
Pig and Whistle, Lamb and Flag
Sideboard or chest of drawers
Interesting or crushing bores
Take a punt or gondolier
Overseas or overhear
Taking pride or take the piss
Betrayal sealed with a kiss
Lamp black or apple white
Misty dusk or morning light
Dictatorship, democracy
Truthfulness hypocrisy
Full and final incomplete
Down and out in Upper Street
Maid of Honour, Queen of Sin
Roundabout or go straight in
Reach new depths and plumb the sky
Are you confused? Well so am I!

THE SEAGULL



I bought an ice cream in St. Ives
A seagull stole it before my eyes

I bought a burger from a stall
A seagull stole it wrapper an'all

My lottery ticket was in my hand
A seagull stole it and swallowed a
grand

I found a fiver in the road
A seagull stole it the rotten toad

My mobile had a sticky end
A seagull stole it to phone a friend

The biggest break I ever got
A seagull stole it and the pot

I had a plan to be a millionaire
A seagull sold it to Ryanair

And what became of my windfall?
That bastard seagull stole it all

PIGEONS



Authors note:

- *The “Devil’s Trill Sonata* -

The Violin Sonata in G minor commonly known as the Devil’s Trill Sonata is a piece for solo violin (with figured bass accompaniment) by Giuseppe Tartini (1692–1770), and is difficult to play.

It’s composituion starts with a dream. It is said that Tartini told the French astronomer Jérôme Lalande that he dreamed The Devil appeared to him and asked to teach him to play. When Tartini had finished teaching he handed the devil his violin to test how well he could play. The devil’s playing amazed Tartini with it’s quality. He wrote the tune down and and it became “The Devil’s Trill Sonata”.

Pigeons perch on my cills
So I shoo them away with cold Pils
And also Martini
With strains of Tartini
Now instead of warbling they TRILLS!

LABELS

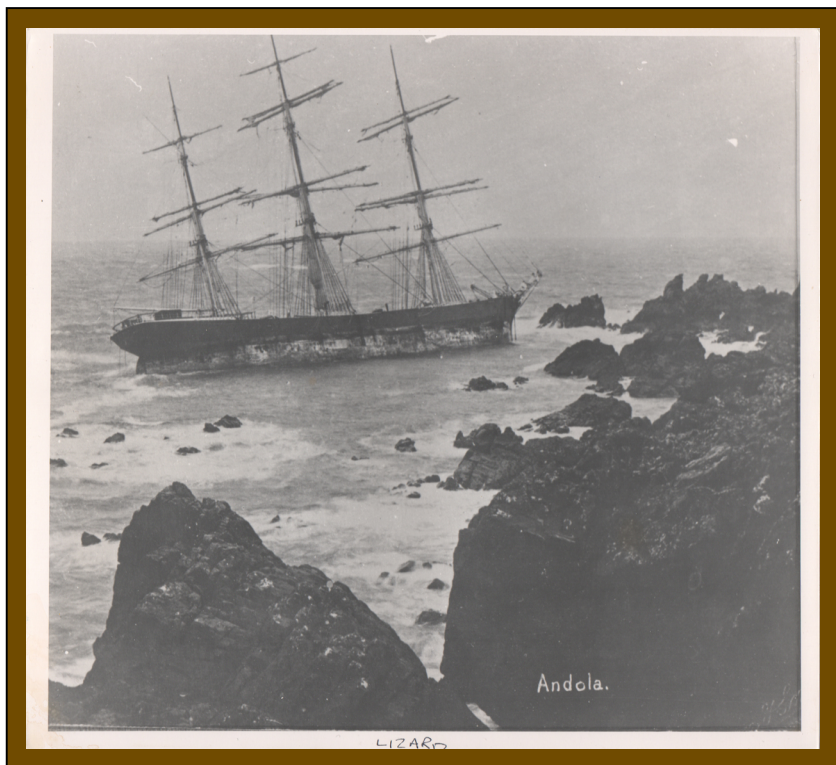


Labels pop up from the nape of your neck
To the top of the seat of your pants
You check out the size
Get a surprise
And tuck them in given a chance
Labels are lovely, greeting, inviting
You wash them in warm, it says so in writing

Motifs on tee shirts, not labels at all,
Sometimes leave you in doubt
Incredibly small
Embroidered an' all
Are they wearing them inside out?
It wasn't a label, how could I mistake it
It's kind of unreal to think that they fake it

Genuine articles can cost you dear.
Remember labels expose you.
It looked good all right
But you lost it one night.....
Returned by someone who knows you.
And it wasn't Armani, Gucci or Klein.....
But bought round the corner for
One-ninety nine!

THE WRECKING OF THE BARQUE ANDOT A



The Andola inside "The Manacles", Lizard Cornwall 1895

Authors note:

The Manacles name is derived from the Cornish word Maen Eglos meaning church rocks. It stretches 1.5 miles out to sea and is mostly submerged. Over 100 ships have been wrecked on this shore. The Manacle bell buoy was anchored there to warn sailors of the danger.

She arrived at Falmouth with her cargo of wheat
But the crossing from Seattle took 6 months to complete
Encountering storms of such force
The brave captain Passmore showed great resource

It was January Eighteen Ninety Five
With little time for his crew to revive
The captain told a woeful tale
And without a refit set out to sail

They cleared Falmouth in the evening tide
But with contrary winds had a terrible ride
The captain urged on his weary crew
But the tacks on the Andola just grew and grew

Larger and larger the tacks were so wide
They were crossing the channel from side to side
And when they spotted the Lizard light near
They realised their progress was backwards - oh dear!

So they tacked again for one more go
And then it started to snow
Then the captain heard the "Manacle Bell"
And realised all was not well

With no time to manoeuvre or the crew to regroup
The captain and crew were soon in the soup!
As they struck a rock aptly called the "Sharks Fin"
The ship lay doomed and the sea poured in

Though the Captain lit a distress flare
The coastal lifeboat was already aware
But the flare only fizzled and needing some more
Sent the ships boy down to the store

Carrying a fizzling flare, a silly thing to do
He dropped it in the rocket box and the whole lot blew
As he tried to flee he let out a cry
As shrapnel hit him in the thigh

As the charthouse roared into flame
The captain said no one was to blame
And handled it all with great accord
As the lifeboat got them all aboard

.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY



Authors note:

A protest poem.

In the late 1990's the poet John Fry organised short poetry sessions on Tuesdays in the Elbow Room Crouch End (now The Henry Reader) where anyone could recite their own or other material. So popular was it that the original 20 minutes became 2 hours.

It was supported by the bar administration but after a while the pub owners tried to call a halt. Maybe they thought that there could be some commercial interest rather than just entertainment. Who knows? Anyway a petition of 70 signatures ensured the evenings carried on but only for a short while as it stopped soon afterwards as people moved on and the pub administration changed.

I began writing poems for the occasion and many are included here.

I'll support you till I die
Said the spider to the fly
Feeling free to voice your poem's just the thing
And the nights were like a gala
In the spiders parlour
And all those who were there could have a
fling

Many poems were quite new
Some were epic too
And often were recited to ovation
They had boldness and precision
Coolness, zest and vision
And was the heart of all the conversation

There were poems that you strum
With thoughts of things to come
And champions of causes most celeb
Although much time went past
Things weren't meant to last
As the spider got himself caught in a web

The spider said in sad repose
I'm sorry but we have to close
The shroud of silence drifts above our heads
Your free spirits roamed around
With sculptures cast in sound
And dilatants lay sweetly in their beds

Now the fly just said I'll go
And get another show
But there's just one final thought before I'm gone
All I've said here in the past
In the test of time will last
I wish you all good luck and carry on!

IN TURNHAM GREEN



In Turnham Green a sunlit spire
With Jackie Norris and his buyer
Also there is Tommy Weir
Scoffing chips and swigging beer.

And Martha Smith displays her bangles
Round her neck an ipod dangles
Reggae, New Wave, chills and grooves
The bangles clatter as she moves.

The gardener plants and then he hoses
Petunias, dahlias, marigolds and roses
Bells ring out and he stops to listen
He's got tattoos and drives a Nissan

The office guys take off their jackets
Talking shop, flash cigarette packets
They talk of profits and office scandal
The gardener whistles a tune by Handel

As office guys surround the flowers
A clock in the spire sounds the hours
And so to them this is a signal
Back to the rooms of Jones and Bigal

Cans and wrappings go to the tip
As Tommy takes another sip
And hands the can to Bob McQueen
It's three fifteen in Turnham Green

TROLLEY RAGE



Authors note:

Trolley rage was a common term when this poem was written in the early twenty-teens but now it is rare.

*In a world where smart machines think for us,
supermarkets are survivors of places where people
can meet and talk to others and everyone is usually
friendly as if they know that the social contact is
good and worth preserving. Otherwise, we become
isolated just like the smart machines that are
taking over our lives.*

*As checkouts become automated, till staff are few.
That is a shame. Call me old fashioned if you like
but I say keep checkouts live!*

*The last line of the poem gave me the title of this
book.*

Set the scene for trolley rage
A facet of the modern age
Collect your beast from the trolley compound
For a gilded cage deposit a pound

Go marching down the central isle
Don't rush, as it will take a while
For you to seize your prey
And the mega-store is open all day

Spicy sausage, the choicest ham
Caesar salad, coffee and jam
Piled high your goods are spilling
And look at how that checkout's filling

A precarious load not any more
Repacked skilfully there's room galore
Pumped up ready and full of zeal
Time for one more cut-price deal

Swing right then left crash what a jolt
The audacious woman say's it's my fault
"No it's not just use your eyes
And see what you've done to my bargain buys"

So I move on and go with the flow
And race to the shelves where the prices are low
Better be quick, the goods sell fast
With a nudge and shove I grab the last

The trolley is full and the checkout is beckoning
My credit is good by my reckoning
And now at the till my heart starts to sink
As the credit card-reader goes on the blink.

With checkout closed what can I do
Do I drag myself to the end of a queue?
And then an idea comes to me in a flash
As I storm past the checkout and throw down the cash

Deal of the day, buy one get two free
Sell-date bargains are a jamboree
For these great deals I will beg steal or borrow
And “Today’s Special”? So is tomorrow!

But I’m getting more than my “Five-a-day”
I get back my pound from the trolley bay
And quit the scene for trolley rage
A facet of the modern age

THE HOT AIR ARTIST



The title for this poem came to me when I was completing a crossword. Having almost finished it I got to the “cheating” stage where you look up a similar word to the clue in an online crossword solver

The word I put into the “cheat box” was “talkative” and there it was way down in the 14 letter response. A title for a poem if ever there was one!

I immediately wanted to write the poem down but I was away from home, it was past midnight and I did not have a pen or paper. Also I had an old phone with no memo pad on it. Anyway found half a pencil at the back of a drawer and wrote it down on a crumpled paper bag. By six in the morning the poem was complete!

He's a loudmouth and a scholar
With tales that shock and stun
A murder mystery solver
A raconteur bar none
He beats the bookies, taxman too
He knows just what to say
He lost his shirt in Monaco
And won it back next day

He's not a half-glass-empty man
For him the glass is full
He'll talk the hind leg off a donkey
And the nose-ring from a bull
Not knowing about a subject
He goes on undeterred
He'll talk about a shaggy dog
And you'll hang on every word

He sees off cryptic crosswords
And complex maths for fun
He swims ten thousand metres
And runs a marathon
He crushes most opponents
At tennis, squash or pool
And won't take any prisoners
Or suffer any fool

He doesn't hire brokers
And won't pay any fees
And no one sees him passing
They only feel the breeze
He never wears a life belt
Or clings to any raft
He's never needed any loan
Or had an overdraft

He needs no ambition,
Pinnacle or quest
And is no control freak
It's just he knows what's best
But like a raging torrent
That runs through open locks
He's a garrulous, bombastic
Outrageous chatterbox!

THE CROSSING (VIEWED THROUGH A PUB WINDOW)



Authors note:

The scene is the actual view from the pub window of the Maynard Arms Crouch End. (apart from the two barrel planters in place of a wall and seats which would have obscured part of the crossing).

All the characters in the poem actually passed over the crossing in the course of a pint or three whilst I was at the window.

Hire-bike stranded all alone
Scan to go and pay by phone
Pub supplies from Valley Farms
Turn up at the Maynard Arms

Pizza rider with delivery
Joggers out in brightest livery
Lady cyclists show a thigh
Sadly only passing by

Look-alikes come mother and daughter
The former showing more than she oughter
Media products make many a claim
They may not work but their hair's the same

There's a couple and baby Jim
With a liquid remedy for him
Mum and Dad then pour it down
Quaffing pints of "Rusty Brown"

The big Ferrari stops at least
At the crossing the awesome beast
And to impress, it roars away
A tattoo's cheaper any day

A DPD van, Royal Mail
With Health-Home-Beauty on it's tail
A flash of light, a sonic blast
The Hour-Delivery van goes past

Jonny Wiggins points a finger
Spotting something through the wind'a
Cousins, sisters, Dad and Mum
On the crossing chewing gum

There's William, Donna, Ben and Kirsty
At a pace because they're thirsty
Better shift before they pass
I see I have an empty glass

Folks in suits or on vacation
Gather for a swift libation
Local tap or latest craze
Cheers to you and happy days!

PROSECCO BLOND



Author's note

This was an actual scene in a pub and just retold. A good night out by all!

Prosecco Blond, Prosecco Blond
Good times now and beyond
Bubbles rising taking flight
Small and clean, round and bright
A glass of fizz and only a fiver
To match the bottle of Godiver

Prosecco Blond, Prosecco Blond
Of flirting they are very fond
They check the company that they keep
And steer clear if probing's deep
Avoiding any kind of oddity
They've got the tee shirt "Prised commodity"

Prosecco Blond, Prosecco Blond
Two together closely bond
And when a guy says, "How's your day?"
With teasing smiles they will say
"We are good - and you too?"
"Great to meet two girls like you"

Prosecco Blond, Prosecco Blond
With magic of a wizard's wand
And power of a magnum force
Never shy or brusque of course
They sign off with "Cheers and chow"
"Nice to meet you bye for now"

THE DODGY AGENT



Authors's note

Good agents are fine. We rely on them for honesty and good advice. A dodgy one can be a nightmare.

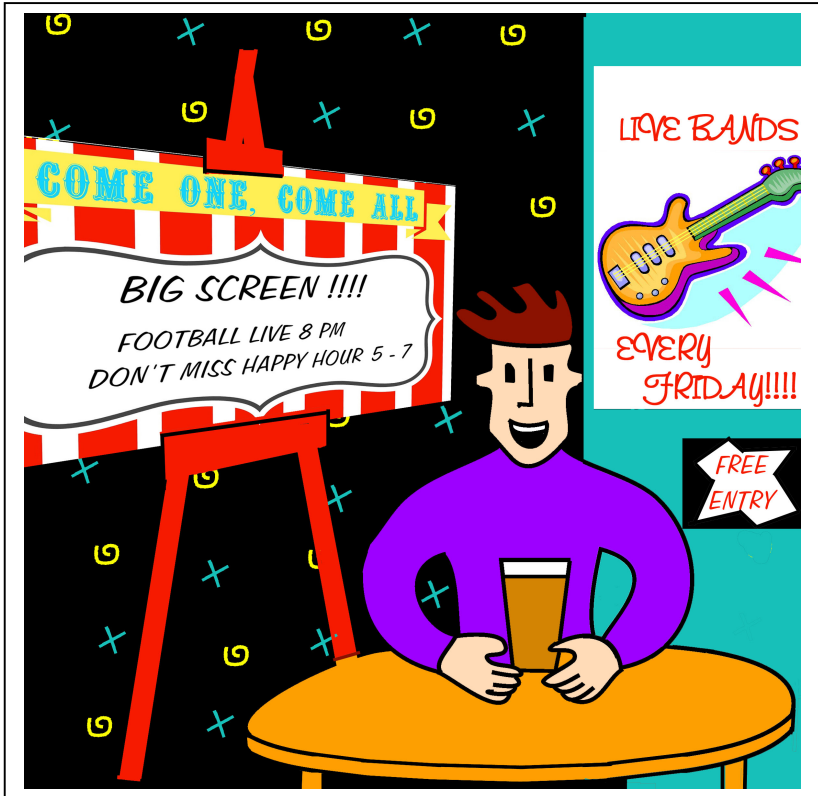
The dodgy agent will impress with things that sing and dance
Then send you down the river and not give half a glance
You went with good intentions like all suckers do
Falling for the kind of deal that's too good to be true

You're looking for a semi so you go there for a view
And they inflate the asking price to twice the size of you
You say the ceiling's falling in and the décor's grotty
And what's their bonus on the deal? Two weeks in Lanzerote

You fancy a new building and visit several blocks
They look just like a parcel with nothing in the box
Mortgage, cash-back, freebees and the cheapest rates en suit
And a bag of Haribo, now there's a tasty treat

What have they to offer, a question you will ask
Help, advise I'm looking for, are you up there for the task?
A generous package, fancy deals and bundles to confuse
It may be clear what you will gain but check what can you loose

THE FREELOADER



Author's note

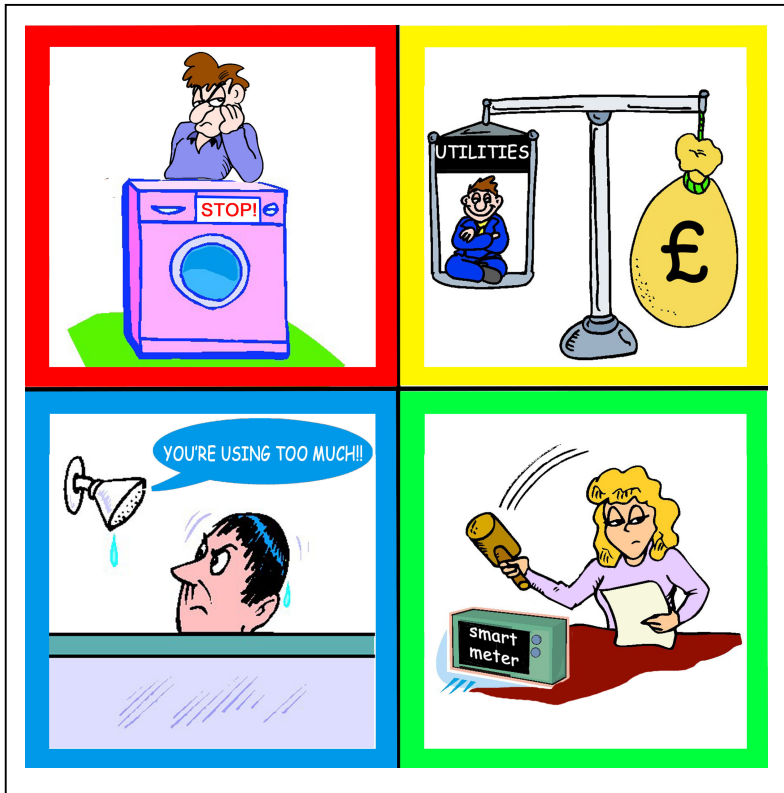
There's nothing wrong with a freeloader. We have probably been one at some time. Just mention live band or big screen and with free entry they will be there!

From opening to closing bell
Nurse a pint and all is well
Camra tokens filling glasses
Complimentary entry passes
Bargain bitter's very good!
Best pint in the neighbourhood

A freebee at the latest gig
Pop out now and have a cig
They lead the good life have a puff
And make sure they get enough
Of things they like they can afford
There's no way they're getting bored

Before they pay they count their change
And don't exceed what's in their range
But do they enjoy? Of course they do
Just the same as me and you
But best of all, what they do well?
Nurse a pint to closing bell!

THE SMART APPLIANCE



Author's note:

From smart white goods that think for themselves to utility providers monitoring your meter they are invasive and a security risk.

The ever evolving smart appliance
Unworthy product of modern science
Your washing machine that fails to spin
Just because there's too much in
Decides to do just what it oughter
It's obsessed with saving water
Fit to drive you to insanity
And utter outbursts of profanity

With a mind of it's own you get the hump
On which way the cat will jump
It sees you coming and knows you well
Elusive as the Pimpernel
It's no friend there's nowt on board
But as a dictator wins an award
It's better than the smartest pro
And won't run down or stop and go

It saves us money so don't scoff
At the end of the day were better off
So the providers make you believe
The scope is enormous for them to deceive
Your meter in cahoots with supplier
They only want your bills to go higher
It's always right, needs no correcting
And foisted on the unsuspecting

THE RETAIL PARK



Plenty of room in the S-U-V
Buy-to-go and park for free
Drive right up to your favourite store
The pound shop that will charge you more
From bins to blinds there's many a deal
Like a Woolies with a modern feel

Next door is a techno store
4K, 5G, 6 gigabyte more
Plenty for the gamer to choose
Sign up now you cannot loose
Never miss a text or tweets
With home entertainment console suites

To the sports shop's marble halls
Brollies, trainers and footballs
Greet you at the open door
And tee shirts that you can't ignore
Designer labels, I'm a fan
A fiver buys a Pierre Cardin

To Costas for a tea and bun
Chill out now, and have some fun
With cars and people old and new
My window seat has the perfect view
Did the reviews, the rest was a hoot
And I brought own bags to boot!

THE PUB REMEMBERED
(VISITED FOR THE LAST TIME BEFORE
“LOCK-DOWN” DUE TO
CORONAVIRUS)



Down the local, come what may
Text a friend along the way
Get a cocktail and one free
Just a pint is great for me

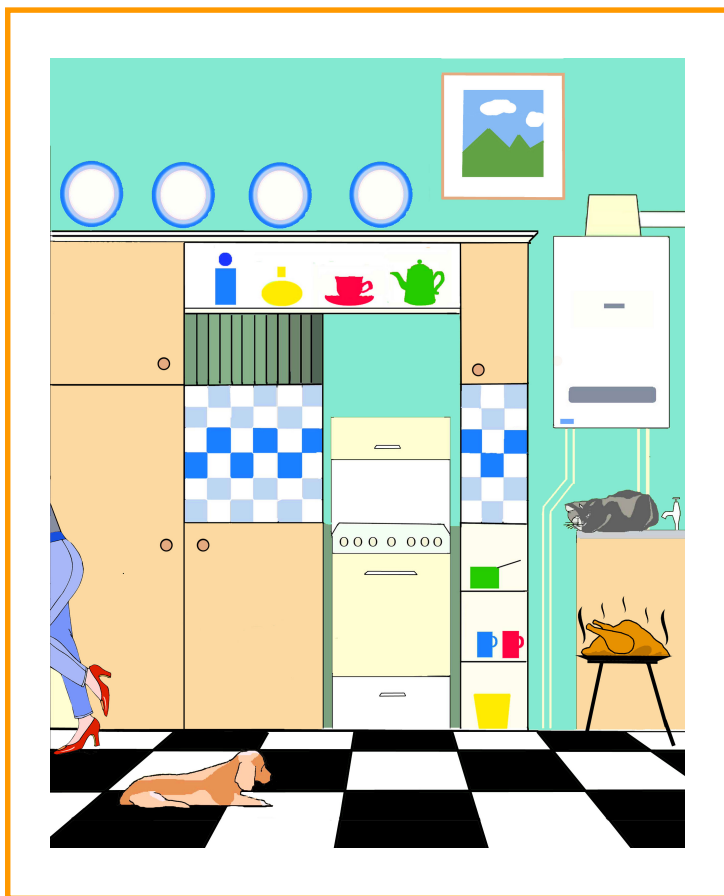
On the terrace, fit to freeze
Coming up, a pint to please
Of Spikey's Special Vintage ale
Before the ship is set to sail

A little peckish? Have a think
Get a pizza with a drink
Roam around the complex deals
Can't have this with that, it feels

Two bodies on the door there stood
Keep safe and snug, the great and good
No nonsense at the door at all
One is tubby, one is tall

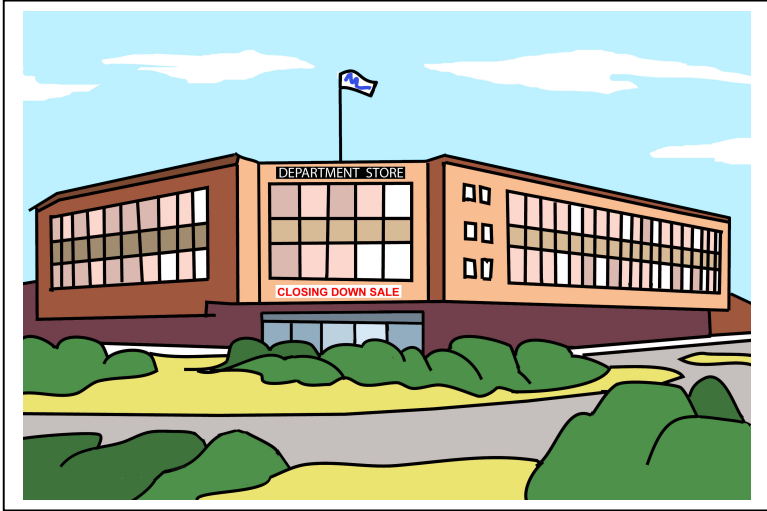
Come with me my friends and fans
Before you sit at home with cans
Let's meet up and have a snifter
At the local, the ideal lifter

THE DINER PARTY



Kitty the cat and Spock the spaniel
When spying the chicken with awe
Seized their chance when the host for a moment
Dashed off to answer the door

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DEPARTMENT STORE



Author's note

*The picture is of the Debenhams store
Southampton. A magnificent building of a bygone
age once called "The biggest store in the South"
demolished to make way for housing.*

What happened to the department store
From beds to bicycles, goodies galore
Contenders out there are only a dream
With panties to pizzas and stuff in between

Go to Sainsbury's your mega store giant
Recycling assured and eco-compliant
Healthy options, multi-buys too
Buy three items when one will do

The department store had hierarchy of staff
Naked dummies put out for a laugh
I look back to the days in their prime
But I'll go with the flow and get it on line

TOM THE CAT

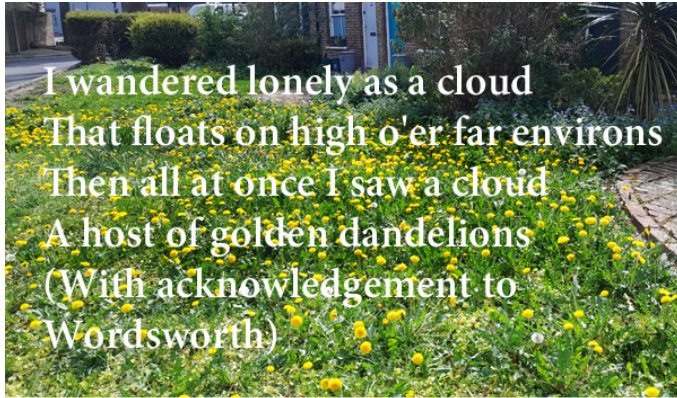


What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.
No time to stand on the kitchen mat
And stare as long as Tom the cat

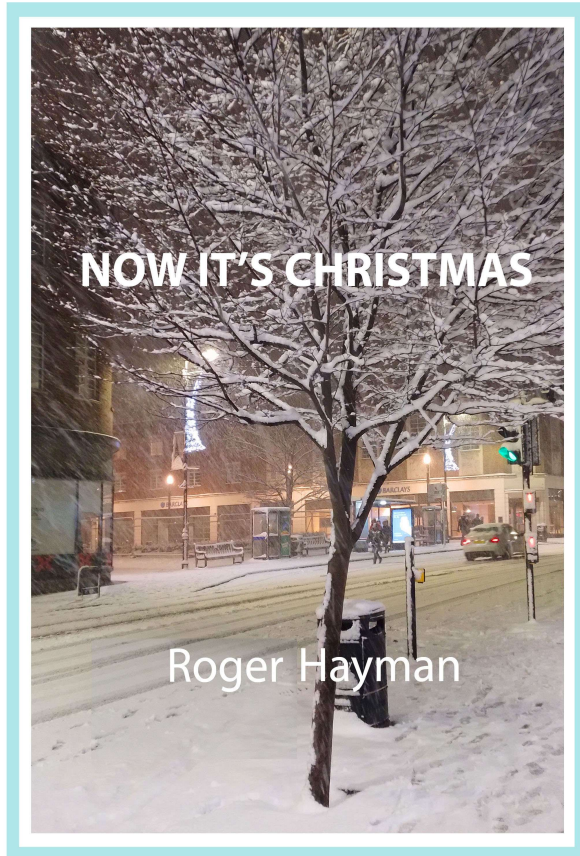
With acknowledgement to
William Henry Davies

This neighbour's cat reminds me of
Tom from Tom and Jerry!

THE CLOUD



A SONG



Come on everybody now it's Christmas
Put up the decorations and bring around the sleigh
The snowy hills and Christmas bells just hear you say
Christmas time for everyone is here

And Santa Clause is filling up his snow cart
Lots of things for you and me and all and sun-da-ry
So sing a song and let's hold hands around the tree
For Christ time for everyone is here....so

Come on everybody now it's Christmas
Put up the decorations and bring around the sleigh
The snowy hills and Christmas bells just hear you say
Christmas time for everyone is here

Are you taking down your stocking now it's Christmas
Put logs upon the fire bring coal in from the snow
So sing a song as it's not long for all to know
Christmas time for everyone is here

So come along and dance away the year!

Now it's Christmas

Roger Hayman

$\text{♩} = 145$

Ped. Ped. Ped.

5

Come on every body now it's Christ mas put

ppp

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

10

up the dec or rat ions and bring around the sleigh The snowy hills and

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

15

Christ mas bells just hear you say Christ mas time for

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

2

19

ev ery one is here And are San-ta-clause is you taking down your

Ped. _____ Ped. _____

23

filling up his snow cart lots of things for you and me and
stocking now it's Christ - mas put logs upon the fire bring

28

all and sun-da-ry so sing-a-song and let's hold hands a-round the
coal in from the snow so sing-a-song as it's not long for all to

33

D.S. al Coda

tree know for - Christ mas time for eve - ry one is here so
know - Christ mas time for eve - ry one is here so

37

Coda

come a-long and dance a - way the year!

