

On the First Day of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas my true love said to me
I'm glad we've bought a turkey and a proper Christmas tree

On the second day of Christmas much laughter could be heard
As we tucked into our turkey – a most delicious bird.

On the third day of Christmas we'd friends in from next door
The turkey tasted just as good as on the day before.

On the fourth day of Christmas outside the snowflakes flurried
But we were nice and warm inside – we ate the turkey – fried.

On the seventh day of Christmas my true love gave a wince
When he sat down to dinner and was given turkey mince.

On the eighth day of Christmas the dog ran off for shelter
I served up turkey pancakes and a glass of Alka Seltzer.

On the ninth day of Christmas poor Dad began to cry
He said he couldn't stand the strain of eating turkey pie.

On the tenth day of Christmas the air was rather blue
And everybody grumbled at eating turkey stew.

On the eleventh day of Christmas the Christmas tree was moulting
Mince pies as hard as rock and the turkey quite revolting.

On the twelfth day of Christmas at last Dad smacked his lips
The guests had gone, the turkey too – we dined on fish and chips!