

Christmas Songs

"Christmas Day In The Cookhouse"

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'Twas Christmas Day in the cookhouse
And the place was clean and tidy
The soldiers were eating their pancakes...
I'm a liar... that was Good Friday.

In the oven a turkey was sizzling
And to make it look posh, I suppose,
They fetched the Battalion Barber,
To shingle it's parson's nose!

Potatoes were cooked in their jackets,
And carrots in pants - how unique!
A sheep's head was baked with the eyes in,
As it had to see them through the week.

At one o'clock 'Dinner Up' sounded,
The sight made an old soldier blush,
They were dishing out Guinness for nothing,
And fifteen got killed in the rush!

A jazz band played in the mess-room,
A fine lot of messers it's true,
We told them to go and play Ludo,
And they all answered 'Fishcakes' to you!

In came the old Sergeant Major,
He'd walked all the way from his billet,
His toes were turned in, his chest was turned out,
With his head back in case he'd spill it.

He wished all the troops 'Merry Xmas,'
Including the poor Orderly Man;
Some said 'Good Old Sergeant Major,'
But others said 'San Fairy Arm.'

Then up spoke one ancient warrior,
His whiskers a nest for the sparrows,
The old man had first joined the army
When the troops used to use bows and arrows.

His grey eyes were flashing with anger,

He threw down his pudden' and cursed,
'You dare to wish me a Happy New Year,
Well, just hear my story first.

Ten years ago, as the crow flies,
I came here with my darling bride,
It was Christmas Day in the Waxworks,
So it must be the same outside.

We asked for some foo

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