

Unknown

"Christmas Goose"

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The Christmas Goose

SOURCE: Bob Pfeffer

SOURCE'S SOURCE: Lani Herrmann (1985? FSGW Getaway)

COMMENTS: A capella; group harmony needed on chorus

TEXT:

CHORUS (sung after each verse & twice at the end):

All around the greenwood so early in the morn
The merry merry huntsman blows his silver bugle horn.

It was at an inn in Manchester, "The Cornstalks" was
the sign,
A famous public where commercials used to sleep and
dine.
A traveler one Christmas eve, as long had been his
use,
Called in to spend his holiday and choose his
Christmas goose.
Well, he sipped his glass of sherry and he smoked his
mild cigar
And chatted with the landlord and the customers at the
bar
And not a thought of wickedness did enter in his head
Until the chambermaid came down to light him to his
bed

He followed her right close behind, he squeezed her
on the stairs
He kissed her by the chamber door before he said his
prayers
He gave to her a guinea to prevent her bein' vexed
And then he blew the candle out, and you can guess
the next.

Next morn this gay Lothario discharged his little bill
He tipped the boots and tossed the landlord for a
parting gill
And where he went to afterwards I really couldn't say
Suffice he came to choose his goose the very next
Christmas day.

Next Christmas time came round again, which filled his
heart with glee
He rambled 'round from town to town, and strange
sights did he see
Until he come to Manchester, and put up for the night
At "The Cornstalks", which twelve months before had
filled him with delight.
Well, he sauntered in the coffee room, as jaunty as
could be
Where many a rooster like himself was waitin' for his
tea
He ordered up the very best the landlord could
produce
And called the waiter back to say, "Now don't forget
the goose!"

Right speedily a tray was brought with eatables galore
And by the selfsame chambermaid he'd kissed twelve
months before
But when he looked beneath the cloth, no eatables
were piled
Instead of eatables he found a big fat bumping child.

Enraged at hearing others laugh, "What is this here?"
says he
"Come sit you down beside me, sir, and I'll tell you,"
says she.
"Last year you was so generous, nay, do not think it
strange.
You gave to me a guinea; well, I've brought you back
your change."

@Xmas @harmony @seduction @baby
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