

## Tom Lehrer

### "Christmas Carol"

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Christmas time is here, by golly,  
Disapproval would be folly.  
Deck the halls with hunks of holly,  
Fill the cup and don't say when.

Kill the turkeys, ducks and chickens,  
Mix the punch, drag out the Dickens.  
Even though the prospect sickens,  
Brother, here we go again.

On Christmas Day you can't get sore,  
Your fellow man you must adore.  
There's time to rob him all the more  
The other three hundred and sixty-four.

Relations, sparing no expense, I'll  
Send some useless old utensil,  
Or a matching pen and pencil.  
("Just the thing I need, how nice!")

It doesn't matter how sincere it is,  
Nor how heart felt the spirit,  
Sentiment will not endear it,  
What's important is the price.

Hark, the Herald Tribune sings,  
Advertising wondrous things.  
God rest ye merry merchants,  
May ye make the Yuletide pay.  
Angels we have heard on high,  
Tell us to go out and buy!

So let the raucous sleighbells jingle,  
Hail our dear old friend Kriss Kringle,  
Driving his reindeer across the sky.  
Don't stand underneath when they fly by.

Actually, I did rather well myself this past Christmas.  
The nicest present I received was a gift certificate  
good at any hospital for a lobotomy... rather thoughtful.

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