

# THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS (LIGHTS)

On the first day, we switched on, and had a lovely do  
Then the lights up on Church Hill blew.  
On the second day, a juggernaught fetched a few down  
Ten bulbs just outside Harold Brown's.  
On the third day it rained a storm, high winds and sleet  
And the Platt string ended up in the leat.  
On the fourth day, some kids, or a bunch of loutish fellers  
Nicked a dozen bulbs just behind the cellars.  
On the fifth day, the lights on the gig went out  
And ditto the string from Mark Prout.  
On the sixth day of Christmas, it blew a hurricane  
Up the street chugged the Playgroup's little train.  
On the seventh day the line blew outside the Liberal Club  
And the tree wasn't yet in its tub.  
On the eighth day of Christmas, we mended quite a few  
Then the line up from Tony and Pat blew.  
On the ninth day of Christmas, the weather had us beat  
And bang went the lights in Middle Street.  
On the tenth day of Christmas, I nearly went insane  
When Mark Prout's blew up once again.  
On the eleventh day of Christmas, the weather really bad  
Three strings went, and I started to go mad.  
'What about the twelfth day?' I hear you say-  
On the twelfth day, a gibbering lunatic, frothing  
At the mouth, and capering on the cliffs,  
Looking for a launch pad to eternity, was  
Led away by the men in white coats,  
I hope to be in till AFTER next Christmas.

**Eric Stokes**