

Merry gents and leddies.

Christmas isn't my favourite time of year. These old 17th century Presbyterians had the right idea when they tried to abolish it. You might recognise the tune here as being mostly "Hark, the herald angels sing".

There's tinsel tat in aw the shops,
Fae noo tae then it never stops.
By jings, it's gettin hard tae mind
We've juist left Hallowe'en behind!
God rest ye, merry gents an leddies.

Fae noo until December's end
Ye are required tae spend an spend.
An if ye dinnae hae a lot,
Ye must spend what ye huvnae got!
God rest ye, merry gents an leddies.

An tae renege ye neednae try,
For it's compulsory tae buy
The bairns their smart-phones an computers.
What though yer bank account it bloaters!
God rest ye, merry gents an leddies.

Then every advert on the telly
Shouts, "Pack yer face an stuff yer belly!"
Diet an exercise be damned!
Juist heck on till yer guts is crammed!
God rest ye, merry gents an leddies.

Folk noo in careless prodigal way
Licht up their hoose an gairden tae,
An must, though overload it causes,
Hae ten rid flashin Santa Clauses.
God rest ye, merry gents an leddies.

Across the land at office pairties,
Drink makes Don Juans o tremblin fearties;
An every boss some colleague rushes
Intae the press, amang the brushes!
God rest ye, merry gents an leddies.

Sae binge on alcohol's delights,
Festoon yer hoose wi fairy lights.
Guzzle an grunt an fart an frolic –
Get hertburn, chlamydia, an colic!
God rest ye, merry gents an leddies.

Wi nuthin left tae ca yer ain,
Ye still may get bluid oot a stane.
Wipe worry fae yer anxious broo.
Yer credit cairds will see ye through!
God rest ye, merry gents an leddies.

Take heed, each pair deludit sap,
That's faw'n for this commercial crap,
That lets yersel be bled bone dry
Tae land in debt till next July:
 Whae wis it set the guid example,
 An turfed the traders oot the Temple?
 I'll tell ye noo, tae save debatin,
 'Twas he whaes birth ye're celebratin!
 God rest ye, merry gents an leddies.