

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

words and music by Tom Lehrer

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, '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 heartfelt the spirit,
Sentiment will not endear it.
What's important is the price.

Hark, the *Herald Tribune* sings,
Advertising wondrous things.
God rest you merry, merchants,
May you 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.