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The Twelve Days After Christmas

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The first day after Christmas,
my true love and I had a fight.
And so I chopped the pear tree down
and burnt it just for spite;
Then with a single cartridge,
I shot that blasted partridge
my true love, my true love,
my true love gave to me.

The second day after Christmas,
I pulled on the old rubber gloves
And very gently wrung the necks
of both the turtle doves
My true love, my true love,
my true love gave to me.

The third day after Christmas,
my mother caught the croup;
I had to use the three French hens
to make some chicken soup.

The four calling birds were a big mistake,
For their language was obscene.
The five gold rings were completely fake
and they turned my fingers green.

The sixth day after Christmas,
the six laying geese wouldn't lay:
I gave the whole darn gaggle to the R.S.P.C.A.
On the seventh day, what a mess I found:
all seven of the swimming swans had drowned
My true love, my true love,
my true love gave to me.

The eighth day after Christmas,
before they could suspect
I bundled up the
eight maids-a-milking,
Nine pipers piping,
Ten ladies dancing
'Leven lords a leaping,
Twelve drummers drumming...

(spoken)

well, actually, I kept one of the
(Girls)
drummers
(Boys)
maids a-milking

(sung)

And sent them back collect
I wrote my true love,
"We are through, love,"
And I said in so many words,
"Furthermore your Christmas gifts were for the birds!"
(under the word 'birds')
four calling birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear tree.