

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Christmas Eve in the Workhouse

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It was Christmas night in the workhouse
And the paupers was having their dinners.
And the preacher he called from the top of the hall--
"Get down on your knees, you sinners.

And them poor paupers knelt in that cheerless room
On their benches hard and wooden.
And the preacher called in a voice of doom--
"Bring on the Christmas puddin."

"Put down your heads," says he with a leer,
"Cause I want you all to think
Of the sins of the flesh that has brung us here,
Tobacco and women and drink."

"And I'm telling youse now and I'm telling youse good.
" And his voice took a dangerous edge.
"No one gets to ate the puddin
Till everyone takes the pledge."

And a chill of doom ran round the room.
You could cut the air with a knife
As each man searched in the depths of his soul
For the sins of his wasted life.

And then them paupers rose as one
And said as bold as brass.
"You can keep your Christmas puddin and stick it

I'm not sure there were twenty-one more
lines or if it even really completes the
rest of the poem by Sims. It sounds as if
it may have been changed by the
Irish show writers. But it is similar to
Sims and the Canadian version in another thread. H

RG
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