Childhood Memories

I remember when we were kids during t’war ‘ow we’d look toward Christmas and such –

We’d ‘ang up our sock on’t’ end of the bed
Times were ‘ard – so we didn’t get much
An apple – an orange – maybe a toy – sometimes a puzzle or two
We’d squabble a lot, about what we’d got – well, at times there were nowt else to do...

A week up to Christmas decorations we’d make stuck together with

Floury paste – wi’ bright shiny paper we’d make little bells
There were nowt we would let go to waste
Funny thing were they’d all disappear we never did see ’em get ‘ung

And on Christmas Eve morning we were marched off to church – where many a carol were sung

Come 7.30 ’t’ were off to bed – we weren’t allowed to stay late
But oh, the next morning when we came downstairs the sight that befell us were great
Our decorations strung across room, by ‘eck ’t’ were a beautiful sight
And right in the corner a huge Christmas tree – filled with baubles and blazing with light...

Now, our Christmas dinner were best in the land
We were told for a king it were fit
But best ’t’ were the pudding, we all knew we’d find a silver threepenny bit
Oh, yeah, I remember as kids during war ‘ow we’d look towards Christmas so gay
And I’d always be grateful that I were around
So’s to share memories I still ‘ave today

Jean Marden