

*“ A Christmas Carol “ ; ( For the Conservative Party )  
 ( May be sung to the tune, “ God rest ye, merry gentlemen ” .*

*God help you British citizens  
 Let nothing you dismay,  
 Sing praise to Mr Edward Heath  
 The top “ con man ” today,  
 The british housewife put him there,  
 “ He hasnae long tae stay ”  
 And its tidings of comfort an’ joy .*

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*His “ prices falling at a stroke “  
 Has fallen rather flat  
 The Common Market policy  
 Has taken care of that  
 Yet with old time Tory cunning  
 He’ll pu’ something oot the hat,  
 An its tidings of comfort an’ joy.*

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*The colliers, “ sparks “ an’ railwaymen  
 Are “ cairryin’ the can ;  
 “ We canny pey them ony mair  
 Its no in Phase Three plan “,  
 But we’ll splash 3,000 million  
 On a Channel Tunnel plan,  
 Sure “ its “ tidings of comfort an’ joy.*

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*They unions are a dirty lot  
Oor "Titled maisters" say  
Theyll bring us a' tae bankruptcy  
If they should get their way  
Tae build a massive airfield  
Is a better thing tae dae  
Its "sma'" tidings of comfort an' joy.*

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*I'll mak a prophecy the noo  
Jist see if I'm no richt,  
That when election time draws near  
Ye'll get an awfu' fricht,  
Yer pension will be "upped" a bit,  
Aye, £10 is in sicht,  
An' its tidings of comfort an' joy.*

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*Hoo ony ordnar' workin'folk  
Tae Parliament can send  
Sae mony "Titled Gentry",  
I canna comprehend,  
Jist hoo ye can delude yersel  
"They're" workin, for "your" end  
Is a source of wonderment ; no joy.*

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*So when it comes tae pollin day  
I'll gie ye some advice,  
Jist scrub thae "uppish Tory squad "  
" Aye daít " an' no think twice  
For gin ye pit them in again  
They'll "sink ye" in a trice.  
An' its nae source of comfort or joy.*

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*Subsequent events proved my prophecy to be absolutely on  
the nail, yet the British public would not be bribed to re-elect  
Heath. ( Wm Mc )*

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*(William S. McCoubrey )*