

Carollers From Hell

Main tune: 16th century Branle. Other Music, Lyrics & Arr: Graham Pratt

1. Ding Dong, ringing at the bell; Who can it be that's calling?
It's the carollers from hell; The prospect is appalling!
(Sop) *Glo-----ria... (ho)sanna in excelsis*
(ATB) *Oh spare us those halos and endless weak solos*
And Santa's Ho-ho-hosanna in excelsis!
2. Ding Dong, turn off ev'ry light; It's worse than I remember.
That's the second lot tonight, And we're still in November!
(Sop) *Glo-----ria... (nose)-anna in excelsis*
(ATB) *Some holly that green grows; Some ivy and a red rose;*
And Rudolph the red nose-anna in excelsis!
3. Ding Dong, there's the dreaded call; Let's hide behind the curtain.
Send the dog into the hall; He'll scare them off for certain!
(Sop) *Glo-----ria... totally diff'rent carol!*
(ATB) *The first verse! No other! And what's worse, his brother*
Is singing another totally diff'rent carol! / (Bass solo) Deep and crisp and even!
4. Ding Dong, isn't it a crime!? How long will they be staying?!
Tortured melody and rhyme, And then they still want paying!
(Sop) *Glo-----ria...Hosanna in excelsis! / Now give us all some money!*
(ATB in different combinations)
The tune starts descending; The eyeballs distending.
Is no-one attending? Now doom is impending.
It's no use pretending; We've misplaced the ending!...
(first time) *No more breath... Hosanna in excelsis!*
(second time) *That's enough!... Now give us all some money!*