

A Yuletide Uke Yarn



'T was the night before Christmas, and on the front porch,
I sat strumming my uke by the light of a torch.
The full moon above me shone clear and bright,
Bathing frost-heavy branches in silvery light.

I hummed "Silent Night", with no worry nor care,
When I heard a strange noise in the cold, clear air.
Looking up at the stars shining bright in the sky,
I saw a small U.F.O. hurtling by.

The object came close and resolved into shape,
I saw an old man in a red coat and cape,
Flying a sleigh all loaded with sacks,
And pulled by eight reindeer with bells on their backs.

I looked on in awe at this marvellous sight
As it shimmered and shone in the cold winter's night.
I was staggered! I could not believe my own eyes!
Was that Santa, up there, in the Worcestershire skies?

Then the sleigh seemed to lurch, and started to roll
As it fell towards earth – quite out of control.
I looked on, aghast, as it crashed to the ground
With a sickening crunching and crumpling sound.

I leapt up to go and give Santa a hand
(Having carefully placed my old uke in its stand!)
I grabbed the first-aid kit and ran, full of fear,
I'd never before had to treat a reindeer!

The sleigh was all mangled and twisted and bent:
A write-off after its rapid descent!
As for Rudolph and pals, things weren't quite so tragic
They were right as rain, dear! (Protected by magic!)

Now, where was Santa? I searched all around.
But there was no trace of the man to be found.
I started to panic! Could Santa be dead?
Then I heard a loud shout from over my head!

I looked up and saw him in boots and red suit
Using his cape as a parachute,
Drift down to the ground, his landing so gentle
Then run up to the wreckage – and go quite mental!

"My elfin mechanic is not very skilled!"

The big ends have gone! I could have been killed!
There'll be no presents this Christmas day!
I knew I should have joined the Sleigh-A!"

Then he smiled and said, "If you agree,
I'd like to borrow your ukulele.
I'll only need it for four or five hours
And I'll see you're alright with my magical powers"

So I fetched my old uke, and in front of my eyes
Santa magicked it up to an enormous size.
He took off the strings to pack presents inside
And to lash them all down for a nice, smooth ride.

Santa used the G-string to hitch the reindeer.
Then he climbed on the bridge and said, "Come over here!
Christmas can happen tomorrow, as planned,
And it's all thanks to you!" Then he raised his gloved hand

And gently touched my incredulous eyes
As I watched my old Martin take off and rise.
My eye-lids grew heavy; my vision was dimming
I fell in a faint as my head started swimming....

The next thing I knew... I awoke... in my bed...
With jumbled half-memories going around in my head.
Had it all really happened? Had it just been a dream?
Or was it all down to the Bristol Cream?

I looked to my left, and there on a chair
I saw my old uke... not in need of repair!
Instead it was gleaming and shining like new:
The events of the night had really been true!

Then I noticed the note tied onto the head.
"With thanks from a grateful Santa" it read.
"I saw that your uke was battered and scratched
So I've made it like new – with strings attached.

"Your trusty old Martin coped well with the flight –
So responsive and nimble – a pure delight.
And I'm so glad it's a tenor, 'cause, with so far to go,
It would have been cramped in a soprano!"

Merry Christmas to one and all



Trevor