The Twelve Days After Christmas

words & music by
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Dulcimer

1. The first day after Christmas my true love and I had a

fight. And so I chopped the pear tree down and burned it just for

spite. Then with a single cartridge, I shot that blasted

Partridge my true love, my true love, my true love, gave to

me. The second day after Christmas I

pulled on the old rubber gloves, And very gently wrung their necks of
both the Turtle doves My true love, my true love, my

true love gave to me. The third day after Christmas my

mother caught the croup: I had to use the three French hens to

make some chicken soup. The four calling birds were a big mistake. For their

language was obscene. The five gold rings were completely fake and they

turned my fingers green. The sixth day after Christmas the
six laying Geese wouldn't lay; I gave the whole darn gaggle to the

A. S. P. C. A. On the seventh day what a mess I found: All

seven of the swimming Swans had drowned. My true love My true love my

true love gave to

me. The eighth day after Christmas, before they could suspect, I bundled up the eight Maids a milking, Nine Pipers piping,
Ten ladies dancing, 'Lev-en lords a leap-ing
Twelve Drum- mers drum-ming

sent them back collect, I wrote my true love, "We are through love"
And I-

said in so many words, "Fur-th er your Christ mas gifts were for the

four calling birds, Three French hens Two Tur- tle doves and a

Par-tridge in a pear tree.