

## A Parody on The Lincolnshire Poacher

When I was born in '42 in famous Lincolnshire,  
Full well I served my family, for more than thirty years,  
Then I went up to London to realise my dream.  
Oh, tis my delight on every night, Bailey's Irish Cream,  
Oh, tis my delight on every night, Bailey's Irish Cream.

I went to college in Walthamstow, to train for my career,  
An older student I became, for all of two years,  
Then off I went on various routes, to follow my dream.  
Oh, tis my delight on every night, Bailey's Irish Cream,  
Oh, tis my delight on every night, Bailey's Irish Cream.

I went up North to Barnard Castle, as my first port of call,  
The YMCA was thriving in an old Army Drill Hall,  
Then I moved back to Lincolnshire, to a famous country scene.  
Oh, tis my delight on every night, Bailey's Irish Cream,  
Oh, tis my delight on every night, Bailey's Irish Cream.

As time moved on, then Derbyshire and Croydon quickly came,  
I found myself in Ealing, and there I made my name,  
But where to live, I pondered, then found a Ford that's Green.  
Oh, tis my delight on every night, Bailey's Irish Cream,  
Oh, tis my delight on every night, Bailey's Irish Cream.

I settled down in Greenford and then began my search,  
To find a place of worship, a vibrant, friendly Church,  
And Holy Cross, you fitted the bill, to finalise my dream.  
Oh, tis my delight on every night, Bailey's Irish Cream,  
Oh, tis my delight on every night, Bailey's Irish Cream.

Now Holy Cross you're special, and that you surely know,  
I've been with you for fourteen years, but now it's time to go.  
I've made so many friends down here, and that is clearly seen,  
Oh, tis my delight on every night, Bailey's Irish Cream,  
Oh, tis my delight on every night, Bailey's Irish Cream.

Now I'm in retirement, I've headed back up North,  
But the last of me you'll never see, as I come back and forth.  
It's been a pleasure to know you all, and that I really mean.  
Oh, tis my delight on every night, Bailey's Irish Cream,  
Oh, tis my delight on every night, Bailey's Irish Cream.

Now if you come to Lincolnshire, and visit me, I'm sure,  
I'll roll out red carpet, and put welcome on the door.  
Then, my friends at Holy Cross, in Lincoln you'll be seen.  
Oh, tis my delight on every night, Bailey's Irish Cream,  
Oh, tis my delight on every night, Bailey's Irish Cream.



Written and sung by **Ray Allen**, Christmas Come All Ye! 2009