DERBYSHIRE CHRISTMAS

Yesterday it was the cobbles and the gaslight's foggy glare,

Markets full of dancing flames, bells upon the air.

All the children singing carols as the snow begins to fly,

Oranges in silver, silver from the sky.

*In the palace and the workhouse, another babe is born,*

*Along the length of Derbyshire he cries on Christmas morn,*

*And Jesus in a manger lay in the dale and on the hill,*

*Along the length of Derbyshire is he lying with us still?*

Now the neon tells a story, but the meaning’s none too clear;

Though the light gets brighter, it's fading with the years,

But deep within the silence, there's a voice that you might find (singing)

Love is all I ask for and peace to all mankind.

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