

Eleanor Hardy

A Hymn to a Loved One

We wake up to Radio 3,
 Hark! the herald angels.
Float downstairs, put on the tea.
 Ding dong, ding dong, merrily.
We enter mass to bands of brass,
We stand as the choirs pass.
 Gaudete.
Candles glowing through stained glass.
 O little one mild.

Lunchtime with the family,
 Lead on, Spirit.
Dad balances the turkey,
 He was better than his word.
The crackers sound, the jokes renowned—
Thank God for the paper crown.
 Young and old.
It hides my nephew's eyes.
 God bless us, everyone.

Baby, come and sit with me,
 We pick this time to fall in love.
Lights still flickering on the tree,
 I ain't sleepy either.
The angel then sings out, "Amen,
Casablanca's on again."
 Play it, Sam.
BBC1, half past ten.
 Here's lookin' at you, kid.