

Bristol Protect our NHS Christmas Songs 2024

Number 1

Little Donkey (original version)

Little Donkey, little donkey
On the dusty road
Got to keep on plodding onwards
With your precious load

Been a long time, little donkey
Through the winter's night
Don't give up now, little donkey
Now the end's in sight

Chorus:

Ring out those bells tonight
Bethlehem, Bethlehem
Follow that star tonight
Bethlehem, Bethlehem

Little donkey little donkey
Had a heavy day
Little donkey, carry Mary
Safely on her way

Little donkey, little donkey
Journey's end is near
There are wise men waiting for a
Sign to bring them here

Do not falter little donkey
There's a star ahead
It will guide you, little donkey
To a cattle shed.

Repeat Chorus:

Ring out those bells tonight
Bethlehem, Bethlehem
Follow that star tonight
Bethlehem, Bethlehem

Number 2

Jingle Bells

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way.
Privateers, patient fears, workers on low pay **HEY!**
Jingle bells, Jingle bells, Jingle all the way,
NHS and social care, stolen every day.

Handouts to the rich, closing A&E,
Cutting Public Health, dissing your GP,
There's no public good, comes from all this mess,
Profits for the few, **AND**...heartache for the rest!

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way.
Privateers, patient fears, workers on low pay. **HEY!**
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,
NHS and social care, stolen every day.

But it's not too late, fight them tooth and nail,
Make the rich pay **ALL** their taxes, don't let healthcare fail.
Take **BACK** our NHS, Get the market **OUT!**
Healthcare should be there for all,
This is what we shout. **HEY!**

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way.
Privateers, patient fears, workers on low pay, **HEY!**
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way.
NHS and Social Care
WE Will Win the DAY!!

Number 3

God Rest ye Merry Gentlefolk

God Rest ye Merry Gentlefolk, you really should dismay,
The NHS you know and love, is now being given away.
If we don't stop the privateers, then we will see the day—*pause for emphasis*

When there'll be no-o co-omfort and joy, comfort and joy,
When there'll be-e no-o co-omfort and joy.

In '48, our NHS, that blessed babe was born,
It brought free care for everyone and no one was forlorn.
We **Won't** go back to olden days, when health was just for those who paid,
Br-ing back ou-ur co-omfort and joy, comfort and joy,
Bri-ing back all our comfort and joy.

So join us in the fight dear friends, to save our NHS,
It's free and fair and always was, regarded as the best.
To put the NHS for sale
Is really quite beyond the pale- *slowly, with emphasis*
Bri-ing ba-ack our co-omfort and joy, comfort and joy.
Bri-ing ba-ack all our comfort and joy

Number 4

Away in a Manger

Away in a manger, no hospital bed,
The poor and the lowly, can't lay down their heads,
The sick and disabled, look round in dismay,
As cuts after cuts take our healthcare away.

While private providers, more contracts they gain,
Their shareholders profit from sick patients' pain.
Our doctors and nurses are struggling to cope,
We **have** to support them,
We **WON'T** give up hope!

Number 5

Investors watched their wealth by night

To the tune of While shepherds watched their flocks by night

Investors watched their wealth by night,
All greedy for more pounds.
Then private finance cash was found,
More profit now abounds

We're told the NHS is saved,
With hospitals renewed.
Bad tidings, PFI is here,
More profits have ensued.

A hospital in Bristol's built,
With Southmead...now we're set.
Five hundred million pounds it cost,
But now we're all in debt.

For we in Bristol town, this day
For thirty years ahead,
Our taxes pay for PFI,
While Southmead's in the red.

Remember how Carillion,
Ran off with all our cash,
(slow and deliberate)
So...time for PFI to end,
We want our money back!!

Number 6

Good King Wenceslas

Good King Wenceslas looked out, he was unbelieving,
Healthcare crisis all about, docs and nurses leaving.
Waiting lists at record highs, funding at rock bottom.
Virtual beds and porky pies, patients are forg-o-otten.

Long term sick and elderly, shoved where you can't see 'em,
Care from cradle to the grave, now in a museum.
Trolleys for the dying poor, posh wards for the wealthy,
Don't expect an ambulance, pray that you stay hea-althy.

Give us back our stolen wards, ten thousand beds and counting,
Give us back our hospitals, hear our anger mounting.
Pay all staff what they are worth, cherish those who mend you:

Happy Christmas NHS, we're here to defe-end you!

Palantir Carol

(Tune of 'The Holly and the Ivy' King's College Cambridge version)

Chorus:

**Oh! The rising of Wes Streeting,
And the leadership of Keir.
Our confidential data,
Now belongs to Palantir!**

While we were stunned by Covid,
Matt Hancock did a deal...
Their database for just one pound,
(That's what you call a steal)

Chorus

Matt paid no heed to patient rights,
The real intent was clear
He had 3 hundred million pounds,
To Give to Palantir!

Chorus

The contract is redacted,
We can't see what's been sold,
But we're not allowed to opt out,
So believe what you've been told!

Chorus

Wes shouts 'Go further, faster!'
While we watch on in fear,
Knowing caution and integrity,
Don't come from Palantir.

Chorus

Don't trust them with your story,
Of your health-historic past,
Your postcode and your date of birth,
(slow down) Your first breath and your last.

Repeat...Your first breath and your last....

NO Chorus.

In the Bleak Midwinter

In the bleak midwinter, hospitals can't cope,
Starved of funds for patients, almost losing hope.
Cuts have fallen, cuts on cuts, services for sale.
In the bleak midwinter, healthcare **made** to fail.

'Enough!' Say all the patients, stuck in A and E.
Wondering how much longer, healthcare will be free.
'Stop!' say all the people, queueing for an op,
We don't want our hospital, next up for the chop.

In the bleak midwinter, **we** must stand our ground,
Healthcare **is** essential,
Funding **CAN** be found!
Tell our Labour Leadership,
Bring the staff back in
Cancel outsourced contracts,
The NHS should win.

Cuts have fallen, cuts on cuts, services for sale.
In **this** Bleak Midwinter,
Healthcare **MUST NOT** fail!

Number 9.

Silent Night/ Stille Nacht
(original version)

Silent Night, Holy Night!
All is calm, all is bright.
Round yon Virgin, Mother and Child.
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent Night, holy night!
Shepherds quake, at the sight.
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia,
Christ the Saviour is born,
Christ the Saviour is born.

Silent Night, holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light.
Radiant beams from thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus Lord, at thy birth,
Jesus Lord, at thy birth.

Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht!
Alles Schlaf, einsam wacht.
Nur das traute hochheilige Paar,
Holder Knabe im lockigen Haar,
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh,
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh