

One Christmas was so much like another

All the Christmases roll down toward the two-tongued sea

the rim of the carol-singing sea

I was in Mrs Prothero's garden, waiting for cats

It was always snowing at Christmas

The wise cats never appeared

This was better than all the cats in Wales

Would you like anything to read?

birds the colour of red-flannel petticoats whisked past the harp-shaped hills

Get back to the presents

Go on to the Useless presents

butterwelsh for the Welsh

What would you do if you saw a hippo coming down our street?

Bring out the tall tales now that we told by the fire

hear the music rising from them