Winter is Icummen In

Winter is icummen in

So loudly we sing damn

Raineth drop and staineth slop

And how the wind doth ram

Damn, damn, damn

Skiddeth bus and stopeth us

An ague hath my ham

Freezeth river, turneth liver

So we all sing damn

Damn the snow when trains don’t go

And motorways all jam

Tis no wonder we sing damn

Sing this fairly staccato

To end the round, each part keeps repeating last line

Final damn very loud