

## OLD FATHER BEELZEBUB 2021

In comes I who ain't bin yit  
Wi my girt big 'ead an' little wit  
My 'ead's zo big n' my wit's zo small  
I brings a rhyme to please you all  
But, if you wants a rhyme from me,  
First you has to pay my fee!  
Oh, if I gives you fifty back,  
Will you decorate my flat?

After many months of Covid pain,  
**The Wantage Mummers are back again!!**

This year began with consternation,  
Lockdown imposed across the nation.  
A New Year not to celebrate,  
But stay at home and wait and wait.  
No parties, no one to meet,  
UNLESS you live in Downing Street!!!

To stop **us** getting into trouble,  
**We** had to stay within our bubble.  
By March we all felt far from pleased,  
But gradually restrictions eased.

We ran to the pub, out of breath,  
Sat outside and froze to death.  
Then came relief across the nation,  
Scientists gave us vaccination.  
With faith invested in their lab,  
We all queued up and had our jab.

Then, freedom to travel, but problems choosing,  
With a traffic light scheme bloody confusing.  
The Health Secretary gave up hope,  
Stayed in his office to fumble and grope.

Second jobs for some MPs,  
Brought cries of shame and sleaze.  
When Parliament votes, the gloves are off,  
Ayes to the right, Nose in the trough.

Having two jobs just shouldn't be done,  
Boris can't properly cope with one.  
And Keir Starmer finds the virus frustrating,  
It causes the Labour Party to keep mutating.

Boris's support shows signs of halting,  
Some Tory MPs are **revolting**.  
Maybe for him the job's too big,  
He's even upset Peppa Pig.

His policies leave too much to chance,  
We're nearly back to war with France.  
Our *fishing* rights conflict with Brussels,  
The EU's trying to flex its' *mussels*. (see what I did there?)

World leaders met, the climate to fix;  
They gathered at NotmuchCOP 26.  
They showed recycling can really thrive,  
Recycling promises from COP 25.

Now I'm not one for idle talk,  
But has anyone seen the Duke of York?  
They seek him here, they seek him there,  
Those lawyers seek him everywhere;  
Just as the prosecution feared,  
The dodgy Duke has disappeared.

I heard it from his personal chauffeur,  
He's in Balmoral behind a sofa.  
On one thing we can safely bet,  
He won't be suffering in a sweat.

This year some warnings we should heed,  
With shortages of things we need.  
Petrol, drivers, CO<sub>2</sub>  
Nurses, care workers and teachers too.

House prices rose at such a pace,  
Whilst rich men idle away in space,  
And the NHS is in a state,  
To see a doctor, you wait and wait.

So often it's a bad newsday,  
"No test kits since last Tuesday!"  
The public go out panic buying,...  
The Prime Minister stays in, panic lying.

There is no doubt that as I speak,  
The UK's truly up the creek.  
Worse than that, the way things are,  
There's nobody who knows, just how far.

Our boat needs someone who can steer,  
So we can wish you all a Happy New Year!

(That'll be ten quid guv. Cayman Islands bank account.)