

Album: [Arrest These Merry Gentlemen](#) – Artist: The Kipper Family

Oh, little town of Gimmingham, how still we see thee sleep
As through thy dark streets and on to the roofs, a hooded figure creep
He climbs down all your chimbleys, he carry a large sack
He fills it with your valuables and quickly hurries back

Snow had fallen, snow on snow, on snow, on snow on snow (on snow, on snow)

In the bleak mid-winter the frosty milk-maids moan
Udders hard as iron, like getting blood from a stone
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, on snow, on snow on snow
In the bleak midwinter, and not so long ago

Snow had fallen, snow on snow, on snow, on snow on snow

Oh little town of Gimmingham, we can't see you at all
You have completely vanished, beneath a deep snow fall
See amid the winter snow, someone have signed his name
And as I've had a lot to drink, I think I'll do the same!

(remembered and sent in to us by James M)