

The Ballad of Albert Hall

A Christmas Poem

by

Nigel Warner



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The Ballad of Albert Hall

This is an ode to Albert Hall,
Who lived in Bickering, next to the school,
and although he looked quite sweet and kind,
Christmas joy drove him out of his mind.

It wasn't just Yule that was the focus of hate,
He disliked everything, he was always irate.
He hated children. Hated cats and dogs.
Mostly, Christmas, even chocolate logs.

In Bickering, Christmas is happy, it's said,
To not enjoy it you'd have to be dead.
But Albert, who looked like a nice old man,
Sought to sabotage Christmas... he wasn't a fan.

For every nice thing that was used to display
the joy of the season in the normal way,
Albert would do something nasty and putrid,
Replacing the joy with a thing that was rancid

In his garden, left Halloween pumpkins to rot,
So, by Christmas his neighbours simply could not
avoid the stench of the rotten old fruit.
They all thought Albert a terrible coot.

Albert hung a sheep's head on the door,
Not the wreath that you usually saw.
And the postman's hand got caught with a snap,
since the nasty old man set a letter box trap.

Carol singers who stopped for too long
to raise their voices in jolly old song,
Would soon be running to hide by the sheds
while Albert threw rotten fruit at their heads.

In his window, an old stick, instead of a tree,
and no parcels to raise a smile would there be.
Decorations and balls broken over the floor,
a terrible path inside the front door.

And don't even talk about sparkling lights,
his house stood dark, like a hole in the night.
No sign of the season could ever be seen...
Oh, and his windows also needed a clean!

His hatred of Christmas was truly far-reaching
his house avoided by all in Bickering.

“Don’t visit the house of Albert Hall,
unless you don’t value your safety at all!”

But there was one with no choice but to visit.
On Christmas eve, Father Christmas would risk it,
by donning a bright red hazmat suit
at midnight to tiptoe through rotten old fruit.

He would sneak past the sheep’s head hung on the door
And tiptoe across the rubbish strewn floor,
to make an attempt at the stick in the shadows
and leave Albert a gift, just next to the window.

But Christmas Eve was always the same
as evil old Albert played his own game,
by setting up traps before Santa would call
for which the poor man would always fall.

One year was a pit, filled with sharp candy canes
In which Santa tumbled and only found pain.
On another, there was a poisoned minced pie,
It’s lucky that Father Christmas can’t die.

But perhaps the worst was the little toy train,
which careened into Santa, causing terrible pain.
It's cattle grid had been sharpened all day,
to cut up his ankles and drive him away.

Poor Santa, could never fulfil his duty
delivering gifts to worst of the naughty.
His duty was clear... to deliver to all,
Even grumpy old men, like old Albert Hall.

So, St Nick made up a brand-new plan,
to turn the tables on the terrible man.
He plotted his course with greatest of care,
and by Christmas Eve was fully prepared.

He went down the chimney, and not through the door,
Using his magic, floating over the floor.
Santa sneaked up on Albert, who was lying in wait,
And tied him up with bright parcel tape.

Albert Hall did struggle for all he was worth,
But couldn't escape the jolly man's wrath.
"This ain't fair!" he cried, but was silenced by Santa,
Who gagged him with tinsel, ending the banter.

Then, urgent action from the man in red
as he bonked old Albert over the head,
and knocking him out, so Albert did sag,
Santa stuffed him into his big red bag.

When Albert awoke, he found he was trapped.
He struggled, but his bonds would simply not snap.
Then out of the darkness, he heard a voice utter,
“Ho, ho, ho! Now I’ve got you, you nutter!”

The white bearded man moved into view,
“All those years when I’ve been trapped by you,
And now I have you tied to the bed,
It’s my turn,”... and his eyes were glowing red.

“What will you do?” asked Albert, full of fear,
he’d abused Santa for all of those years.
“Don’t worry,” said Santa, “you have my pledge,
This is simply a lesson, not my revenge.”

As Albert lay prone, Santa got out a wand
And waved it above the man he had bound,
He said magic words which simply weren’t clear,
Just a terrible buzzing inside the ear.

And suddenly, Albert started to shrink,
And as he got smaller, so did the stink,
By the time he was done, the old man was small,
Covered in tinsel and glittery balls.

Father Christmas smiled, a terrible sight,
Because Albert glittered when he caught the light.
“Now that should do, so... One, two, three...”
With a wave of the wand, there appeared a tree.

The walls of the house began to fade,
light burst into gloom and into the shade.
Then, all of a sudden, there were sounds of a fayre,
And the tree now stood, in the old town square.

The Christmas tree sprouted, and grew even taller,
ignored by the people and all of the shoppers.
The miraculous tree grew in a great hurry,
While the people continued their gift buying flurry.

Albert tried to shout, but he just could not,
As Santa reached out and lifted him up.
In the blink of an eye, he was a top the tree
With unrivalled views of the harbour and sea.

Baubles and tinsel appeared all around,
and the huge Christmas tree now could be found
as a sight in the town square for all to enjoy,
aglow with the spirit of giving and joy.

“What have you done?” Albert’s mind cried out.
“I’ve made you the centre of Christmas, you trout.
After years of spoiling it all for others,
Now you’re a star where everyone gathers.”

“Perhaps it will teach you to find more fun,
Or maybe you’ll still be a pain in the bum,
But at least now it’s safe to walk past your house,
For singers, and Santa, and even a mouse.

“And every year, on each Christmas eve,
You’ll turn into a star and your house you’ll leave
To appear on the tree in the old town square
Where all of the children can wonder and stare.”

Albert hated that Christmas, and every one after,
And never learned to find joy or laughter.
But every year he turned into the star
On the tree in the square, seen from a far.

And Santa knew peace as he went on his way
To leave presents for children on Christmas day.
Not every lesson happily ends,
Coz Albert Hall still has no friends!
