

The Beatles, The Beatles 1968 Christmas Record

(R): Hello, this is a big "Hi" and a sincere Merry Christmas from yours truly, Ringo Starr

(P): (Singing)

Happy New Year, happy Christmas,
Happy Easter, happy autumn.
Happy Michelmas, ev'rybody,
Happy Christmas, ev'rybody to you.

I'd like to wish ev'rybody happy Christmas
This year of 1968 going on 69.
Happy Christmas, happy New Year,
All the best to you from here.

Ah - haaa!

I'd like to wish ev'rybody
Happy Christmas, happy New Year.
From there to here,
Happy New Year, happy New Year,
Happy New Year, happy New Year.

When I get to the bottom
I go back to the top of the slide,
Where I stop and I turn and I go for a ride
Till I get to the bottom and I see you again.

(J): Once upon a time, there were two balloons called
Jock and Yono. They were strictly in love, bound to happen
in a million years. They were together man. Unfortunate
timetable, they seemed to have previous experience which
kept calling them one way or another. You know how it is.
But they battled on against overwhelming oddities,
including some of their beast friends. Being in love,
they clung together even more man. But some of the
poisonous monsters' outdated boss - lordy ape claws did
stick slightly, and they occasionally had to resort to
the dry cleaners. Luckily, this did not kill them and
they weren't banned from the Olympic Games. They lived
hopefully ever after and who could blame them?

(G): Well, here we are again, another fab Christmas. Christmas
time is here again. Ain't been around since last year.
And we'd like to take this opportunity, all the way from
America, to say happy Christmas to you our faithful,
beloved fans all over the world who have made our life
worth living. And over here I have Mr. Malcolm Evans who
through thick and thin would surely like to say a word
of greeting at this festive occasion.

(M): Merry Christmas children everywhere!

(?): At the first stroke, it will be ...

(R): ... Ringo Starr. Thank you!
"Good evening."
"Hello me dear. I didn't know you were coming."
"I'm not surprised."
"Well, I am! Certainly am!"
"I would have thought so myself."
"Well, if you ask me, I think it's insane."
"Occasionally."
"Yes, me, too. Twice a week sometimes."
"Fourteen and six."
"Nineteen and five to save me if you don't mind."

"Yes, I know."
"Don't you say yes to me! I'm telling you!"
"This is a private line, you know."
"Private line? I've been on this line for two years."

(R): Well, it's my proud pleasure tonight to introduce one of the most versatile performers in our career. And he's come all the way from Stokely Carmichael's -on-Sea. And I hope you're going to like him. Let's give him a big hand ...

(P): (Singing)
Happy New Year, happy Christmas,
Happy Easter, happy autumn,
Happy Michelmas, ev'rybody,
Happy Christmas, ev'rybody to you.

(J): Once upon a pool table there lived a short-haired butcher's boy by the way of Ostergrad. It comes in scented cesspool or be careful. Her father was in a long story cut short in the middle of his life sentence. We're indebted to the colloquial office for its immediate disposal of her honorwitz, including, I might add, half a fell of her twotem (*hoc virtuallo a totem?). On the other handbag, I mean to say l'amoure ne soome tu joure realistic, strictly speaking. For this film is about an hourglass houseboat. The full meaning of Winchester Cathedral defies description. Their loss was our Gainsborough nil.

(J (Double Tracked)):
The sound of a manservantile defectively lasting barred up in a love-dizzy gar-di-dell time. How close can you Gettysburg and ever underly council ya originally a birdbath feeling?

(G): Cut!
We have a special guest here this evening, Mr. Tiny Tim. I'd like to ask him to say a few words.

(T): Oh, hello to you nice Beatles. Ah, it's so wonderful, what a thrill it is talking here. Ah, in Mr. Harrison's presence, Mr. Weiss' presence, and all his nice wonderful friends. And the thing is, I just wanna say Merry Christmas to you all. And, ah, a Happy New Year.

(G): Thank you, Tiny. Would you like to sing us a little song?

(T): Ah, I'd love to. Here's a song I did in 1966 in front of Miss Jill for the first time. And I did this in Albert Hall, and what a thrill it was, ah, to do this then, and now ... exactly the way I did it then.

(Singing)
He's a, ooh, real nowhere man,
Living in his nowhere land,
Making all his nowhere plans for nobody.

Hasn't got a point of view,
Knows not where he's going to,
Isn't he a bit like you and me?

Nowhere man, (yes?) Don't worry,
Take your time, don't hurry,
Nowhere man, the world's at your command, ooh.

He's a, huh huh, real nowhere man,
Living in his nowhere land,
Making all his nowhere plans for nobody, ooh, ooh.

(G): Thank you, Tiny. Thank you and God bless you, Tiny.

(T): God bless you all. Oh, God bless you all.