

Oh, Healey Night

*'Twas the night before Christmas
and all through the garage (English pronunciation)*

*My two Healeys were covered
And so was the London - Brighton carriage*

*All the spanners were hung
above the workbench with great care
In hopes that St. Nicholas
Soon would be there*

*The cats and dog were snuggled
All warm in their beds
With visions of chasing each other
Dancing in their heads*

*I made one last check
Before I turned out the lights
I looked out the window,
The glistening snow was a beautiful sight*

*With me in my BMC night shirt
And my beloved in hers too
Mine was Tartan Red
And hers was Speedwell blue*

*I had just drifted off to sleep
But awoke in a startled daze
I heard a familiar low rumbling sound
"Bloody 'ell", I exclaimed
Someone's trying to nick one of my Healeys"*

*I grabbed the torch from the nightstand
And flew down the stairs
The garage lights were still out,*

but it sure gave me a scare

*I heard the noise again,
Healey exhaust, a delight to the ears
From far away, closer it came
The beautiful sounds, eased all my fears*

*When it stopped out front
I was surprised, I must confess
I peaked out the garage door
It was Jackie Cooper's shiny green 100S*

*With cockpit and boot laden with packages
It was such a lovely sight
The heavy load pulled along by
Eight ex-works race Sprites*

*The colourful cars were snarling with open exhausts
Sprinzel coupe's, Frogeyes, Speedwells, and Streamlined Sebring's
Driven by Colgate, Hopkirk, Makinen, and Hawkins,
Aaltonen, Sprinzel, Baker and Sir Stirling Moss*

*The 100S driver hopped out in a flash
And was resplendent in red
He wore black racing boots and gloves,
A white vintage helmet graced his bald head*

*I had to look twice
It was hard to determine
I had never seen a race driver's suit
All trimmed in snowy white ermine*

*He shook off the snow
And from the cockpit took a big sack
He walked towards the garage
I had to get back*

He came through the door
And set down his load
He then saw me, and said
"Lad, it sure is cold"

"Do you have something to warm an old gent's heart",
He said with a wink as he opened his sack
I fetched my bottle of Napoleon
And handed him a dram of my best cognac

He took out his list and reached into his bag
"Here's that Shorrock Supercharger for the race Sprite,
An alloy head for the rally car, and vent for the roof
It's NOS, but you'll have to paint it white

Old St. Nick looked familiar
The Cornish accent and twinkle in his eyes gave him away
I was beside myself with joy
It was DMH, Donald Healey himself, I was happy to say

After he finished his work
he sat down and raised his feet
He asked how my Healeys were running
I asked him if he wanted something to eat

A Cornish pastie would be brilliant
I have a long way to go tonight
"To the rest of the UK, Europe, the USA, Australia
All the snow and fog has been quite a fright"

We had a nice chat, but he stood up in a flash
I have Healey bits to deliver and need to lighten my load
"You know, he said,
We have to keep the Healeys out on the tracks and on the roads"

With a wave he was off
"Cheerio, my friend," he said

I was sorry to see him go
I poured a dram for myself, before going back to bed

He tramped through the snow to the idling green S (for Sleigh)
A blip of the throttle, a toot on the horn
And all the Healeys came to life
With a spray of snow from the tires,
Soon they were away

As they drove into the darkness
And soon out of sight
I heard him exclaim
Happy Healeying to all, and to all a good night

As I shuffled back to bed, my dear wife awoke and said
I heard you talking. Who was that then?
Ah, just an old friend delivering some Healey bits
I said with a grin

As I drifted off to sleep
My eyes moist with tears
Thank You DMH, for all the great cars
And the Healey memories of many wonderful years

