

The Wassail Song

Fairport Convention

Here we come a-wassailing
Among the leaves so green
Here we come a-wand'ring
So fair to be seen
Love and joy come to you
And to you your wassail, too
And God bless you, and send you
A Happy New Year
And God send you a Happy New Year

We are not daily beggars
That beg from door to door,
But we are neighbors' children
Whom you have seen before
Love and joy come to you
And to you your wassail, too
And God bless you, and send you
A Happy New Year
And God send you a Happy New Year

Good master and good mistress
As you sit beside the fire
Pray think of us poor children
Who wander in the mire
Love and joy come to you
And to you your wassail, too
And God bless you, and send you
A Happy New Year
And God send you a Happy New Year

We have a little purse
Made of ratching leather skin
We want some of your small change
To line it well within
Love and joy come to you
And to you your wassail, too
And God bless you, and send you
A Happy New Year
And God send you a Happy New Year

Bring us out a table
And spread it with a cloth
Bring us out a cheese
And of your Christmas loaf
Love and joy come to you
And to you your wassail, too
And God bless you, and send you
A Happy New Year
And God send you a Happy New Year

God bless the master of this house
Likewise the mistress too
And all the little children
That round the table go
Love and joy come to you
And to you your wassail, too
And God bless you, and send you

A Happy New Year
And God send you a Happy New Year