The Wassail Bough



Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves so green; Here we come a-wandering so fairly to be seen

Chorus:

Our jolly wassail, our jolly wassail,

Love and joy come to you,

And to our wassail bough;

Pray God bless you and send you a happy New Year,

A New Year, A New Year,

Pray God bless you and send you a happy New Year.

We are not daily beggars, that beg from door to door; We are the neighbours' children, whom you have seen before.

I have a little purse, it is made of leather skin; I want a little sixpence, to line it well within.

Bring us out your table, and spread it with the cloth; Bring us out the bread and cheese, and a bit of your Christmas loaf.

God bless the master of this house, and the mistress too; Also the little children which round the table grew.