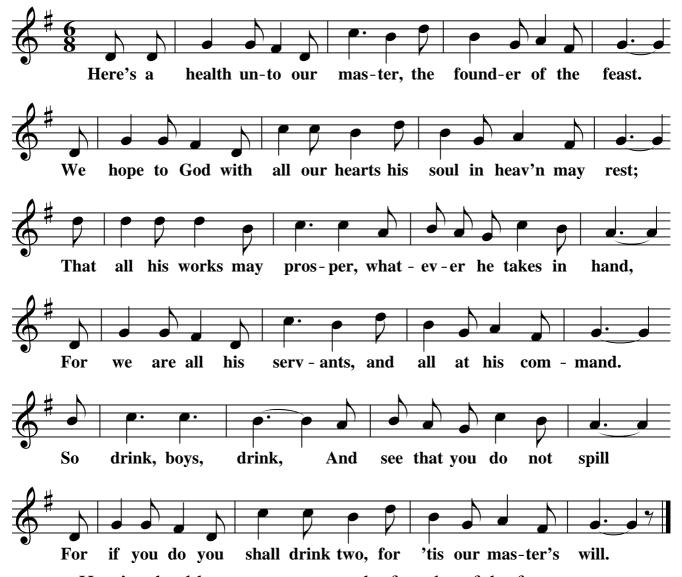
Harvest Song (Wiltshire)



Here's a health unto our master, the founder of the feast. We hope to God with all our hearts his soul in heav'n may rest; That all his works may prosper, whatever he takes in hand, For we are all his servants, and all at his command. So drink, boys, drink, And see that you do not spill For if you do you shall drink two, for 'tis our master's will.

And now we've drunk our master's health, why should out missus go free? For why shouldn't she go the heaven, to heaven as well as he? She is a good purvider, abroad as well as at home, So fill your cup and sup it up, for 'tis our havest home. So drink, boys, drink, And see that you do not spill For if you do you shall drink two, for 'tis our master's will.