

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Winster Wakes

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Winster Wakes there's ale and cakes
Allton Wakes there's trenchers
Birchouer Wakes there's knives and forks
Sheldon Wakes there's wenchies

This is it and that is it
And this is a morris dance, sir
Me father fell and broke his leg
And so I took a chance, sir

I dunna know, you dunna know
What fun we had in Bamton
Piece of beef and an old cow's head
And pudding baked in a lantern

My new shoone they were so good
I could dance the morris if I would
And if in a hat and coat be dressed
I'll dance the morris with the best

Morris dance is a pretty tune
Lads and lasses plenty
Every lad shall have his lass
And I'll have four and twenty

A toast let's call to one and all
And new ones we're befriending
There's none so dear as them right here
And a song that's near ending

Trad. adapted and recently remembered by MPW
JY