

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Here We Come a Wassailing

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Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wassailing so fairly to be seen,
Now is winter-time; stranger travel far and near,
And we wish you, send you a happy New Year.

Bud and blossom, bud and blossom, bud and bloom and bear,
So we may have plenty of cider all next year;
Apples in capfuls and in bushel bags all,
And cider running out of every gutter hole.

Down in yonder muddy lane there sits an old red fox,
Starving and a-shivering and licking his old chops;
Bring us out your table and spread it if you please,
And give us hungry wassailers a bit of bread and cheese.

I've got a little purse and it's mad of leather skin,
A little silver sixpence would line it well within;
Now it is winter-time; strangers travel far and near,
And we wish you, send you a happy New Year.

JY