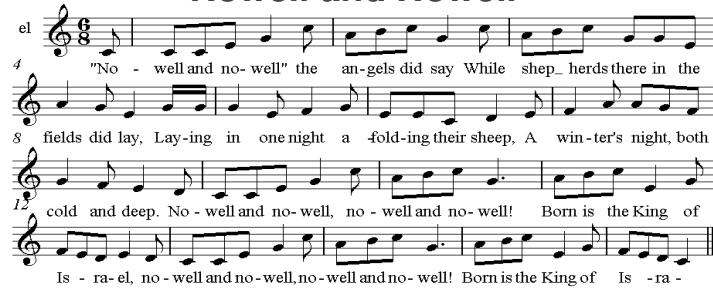


Nowell and Nowell



Here we come a Wassailing

Here we come a wassailing
Among the leaves so green,
Here we come a wandering
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 neighbour' children
Whom you have seen before
Chorus

Good Master and good Mistress,
As you sit by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
Are wandering in the mire.
Chorus

We have a little purse
Made of ratching leather skin:
We want some of your small change
To line it well within.
Chorus

God bless the Master of this house,
Likewise the mistress too;
And all the little children
That round the table go.
Chorus

Nowell and Nowell the Angels did say
While shepherds there in the fields did lay;
Laying in one night a-folding their sheep,
A winter's night both cold and bleak.
*Nowell and Nowell, Nowell and Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel!
Nowell and Nowell, Nowell and Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel!*

And then there did appear a star
To wise men three in country far
Unto the earth it gave a great light
And there it continued a day and a night
Chorus

The star it shone all in the north-west
O'er Bethlehem city it took its rest
And there it did both stand and stay
Right over the house where our Lord lay
Chorus

There entered in those wise men three
With reverence, upon their knee,
And offered up, in rich portent
Both gold and myrrh and frankincense
Chorus

Betwixt an ox-manger and an ass
There our blessed Messiah was
To save our souls from sin and thrall
He is the Redeemer of us all
Chorus

The Clementsing Song

Clemancy! Clemancy! Apples and pears
Up in the attic and under the stairs.
One for Peter, two for Paul,
Three for Him who made us all.

An apple, a pear, a plum, or a cherry,
Any good thing to make us all merry.
Up with your stockings and on with your shoes,
If you haven't got apples then money will do.

Put your hand in your pocket and take out your keys.
Go down in the cellar and fetch what you please.
Some of your mutton and some of your veal.
If it is good, pray give us a deal.

The roads are so dirty, our boots are so thin.
Our pockets are empty and got nothing in!
Off with the pot and on with the pan,
A good red apple and we will be gone.