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Wassail! Wassail!

Unknown writer

Wassail! wassail! Ye merry men, hail,
Who brightened the days of old;
What brave conceits, and humorsome feats,
Are sung of our fathers bold!
From morning chime, unto vesper time,
They revelled in careless glee,
And danced at night with spirits as light
As the notes of their minstrelsy.

Wassail! wassail! At the knight's regale
'Twas the signal for deep carouse,
Nor there alone, for the joyous tone
Shook many a priestly house;
The monks forgot their bachelor's lot,
Surrounded by goodly cheer,
And raised the cup, in its brim full up,
To the utter contempt of care.

Wassail! wassail! cried the yeoman hale,
As he shouldered his quarter-staff,
And homeward rode, where the spiced ale stood
Awaiting his hearty quaff;
The cot meanwhile, lit up by the smile
Of a frank, good-hearted mirth,
And free to all who might chance to call,
Was the happiest place on earth!



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