




A Carol for Twelfth Day

In old dance time.



 Mark well my hea - vy dole - ful tale, For Twelfth Day now is come, . . . And

 For I per-force must take my leave Of all my dain - ty cheer— . . . Plum



 now I must no long - er stay, And say no word but mum. . .

 por - ridge, roast beef, and minc'd-pies, My strong ale and my beer. . .

2. Kind hearted Christmas, now adieu,
 For I with thee must part;
 But oh! to take my leave of thee
 Doth grieve me at the heart.
 Thou wert an ancient housekeeper,
 And mirth with meat didst keep,
 But thou art going out of town
 Which causes me to weep.

3. Come, butler, fill a brimmer full,
 To cheer my fainting heart,
 That to old Christmas I may drink
 Before he does depart.
 And let each one that's in the room
 With me likewise condole,
 And now to cheer their spirits sad
 Let each one drink a bowl.

4. And when the same it hath gone round,
 Then fall unto your cheer;
 For you well know that Christmas time
 It comes but once a year.
 Thanks to my master and my dame
 That do such cheer afford,
 God bless them, that each Christmas they
 May furnish so their board.

