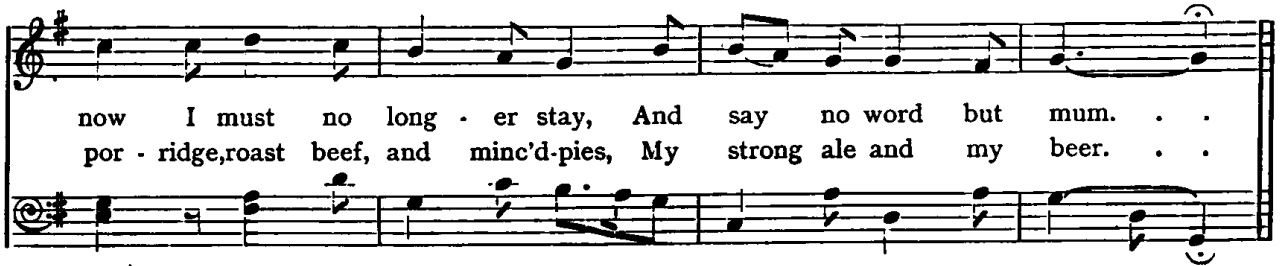




In old dance time.



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.

