

# CHITTLEHAMPTON WASSAIL

Oh here we come a-wassailing among the leaves so green  
And here we come a-wand'ring so fairly to be seen

We are not daily beggars who beg from door to door  
But we are neighbours' children who you have seen before

I've got a little purse and it's made of leather skin  
A little silver sixpence would line it well within

O down there in the muddy lane there sits an old red fox  
Starving and a shiv'ring and licking his old chops

God bless the master of this house, God bless the mistress too  
And all our friends and neighbours, we wish good health to you