



HERE
WE COME

A

Wesseling !

Wm. Pratt, Printer, 82, Digbeth,
Birmingham.

Here we come a wesseling
Among the leaves so green,
Here we come a wandering
So fair to be seen.

CHORUS.

Love and joy come to you
And to your wessel too,
And God send you a happy new year,
A new year,
And God send you a happy new year
Our wessel cup is made of the rosemary tree,
So is your beer of the best barley.

We are not the daily beggers,
That beg from door to door,
But we are neighbours' children
Whom you have seen before.

Call up the butler of this house,
Put on his golden ring,
Let him bring us up a glass of beer,
And the better we shall sing.

We have got a little purse
Made of stretching leather skin,
We want a little of your money,
To line it well within.

Bring us out a table
And spread it with a cloth,
Bring us out a mouldy cheese,
And some of your christmas loaf.

God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress to ;
And all the little children
That round the table go.

Good master and mistress,
While you're sitting by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children,
Who are wand'ring in the mire.

THE SEVEN

VIRGINS.

All under the leaves, and the leaves of life,
I met with virgins seven,
And one of them was Mary mild,
Our Lord's mother of heaven.

O what are you seeking, you seven pretty
All under the leaves of life? [maids,
We're seeking for no leaves, Thomas,
But for a friend of thine.

We're seeking for sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our heavenly guide,
Go down, go down to yonder town,
And sit in the gallery.

And there you'll see sweet Jesus Christ,
Nailed to a yew tree,
So down they went to yonder town,
As fast as foot could fall.

And many a grievous bitter tear
From the ladies' eyes did fall,
O peace, mother, O peace, mother,
Your weeping doth me grieve.

I must suffer this, he said,
For Adam and for Eve.
O mother, take you John Evangelist,
All for to be your son

And he will comfort you sometimes,
Mother, as I have done,

O come, thou John Evangelist,
Thou'rt welcome unto me

But more welcome my own dear Son,
Whom I nursed on my knee,

Then he laid his head upon his right
Seeing death it struck him nigh. [shoulder,

The Holy Ghost be with your soul,
I die, mother, I die,

O the rose, the gentle rose, *dear!*
And the fenael that grows so green,

And God give us grace, in every place,
To pray for your youthful queen,

Furthermore for our enemies all
Our prayers they are so strong.
Amen, good Lord ; your Charity
Is the ending of my song.

