

## Harvest Song (Wiltshire)



Here's a health un-to our mas-ter, the found-er of the feast.



We hope to God with all our hearts his soul in heav'n may rest;



That all his works may pros-per, what - ev - er he takes in hand,



For we are all his serv - ants, and all at his com - mand.



So drink, boys, drink, And see that you do not spill



For if you do you shall drink two, for 'tis our mas-ter's will.

Here's a health unto our master, the founder of the feast.

We hope to God with all our hearts his soul in heav'n may rest;

That all his works may prosper, whatever he takes in hand,

For we are all his servants, and all at his command.

So drink, boys, drink, And see that you do not spill

For if you do you shall drink two, for 'tis our master's will.

And now we've drunk our master's health, why should our missus go free?

For why shouldn't she go to heaven, to heaven as well as he?

She is a good purvider, abroad as well as at home,

So fill your cup and sup it up, for 'tis our harvest home.

So drink, boys, drink, And see that you do not spill

For if you do you shall drink two, for 'tis our master's will.