

The Homeless Wassail

Ian Robb, 1998

$\text{♩} = 100$

Was - sail, was - sail all o - ver the town, Our cup is white and our
 ale is brown; But hud - dled on this i - ron grate, We poor and
 hun - gry curse our fate. No Was - sail bowl for
 such as these, No tur - key scraps, no ale, no cheese; This Christ - mas Eve our
 heart's de - sire Is a bot - tle of gin and a trash can fire.

1. Wassail, wassail all over the town,
 Our cup is white and our ale is brown;
 But huddled on this iron grate
 We poor and hungry curse our fate.

Chorus:
 No Wassail bowl for such as these,
 No turkey scraps, no ale, no cheese;
 This Christmas Eve our heart's desire
 Is a bottle of gin and a trash can fire.

2. Good Christian mind as home you go,
 With dreams of holly and mistletoe,
 That the holly bears a dreadful thorn
 For those who wake to a frozen dawn

3. Oh, where is he that holy child
 Once born of Mary, meek and mild?
 And wither peace, good will to men
 Now and forevermore, amen?

4. All ye who dine with face aglow
 In reginensi atrio
 Pray, pause awhile at pleasure's door
 And sup some sorrow with the poor.

Last time, no chorus

5. Wassail, wassail all over the town
 Our cup is white and our ale is brown;
 This cold and hunger pain and care,
 Sweet Jesus Christ, it's hard to bear!

Provoked by some sad sights on the inhospitable winter streets of Toronto, this song attempts to invoke the Christmas tradition of remembering those who find no room at the inn. In doing so, it borrows from some very illustrious older songs: wassails, carols and even Stephen Foster's magnificent "Hard Times." [Tune and notes transcribed from Finest Kind "Heart's Delight."]