

Homeless Wassail

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"The Other Side of Christmas" (overleaf) can be found on Dave Foster's recording *On that Christmas Day*, reviewed in

the *Bulletin*, 28.4. "Homeless Wassail" is on *Finest Kind's* new recording, *Heart's Delight*, to be reviewed next issue.

Gm F Dm Gm F B \flat C

Was - sail, was -sail, all o -ver the town; our cup is white and our ale is brown;

Gm F Dm E \flat F B \flat C

But hud -dled on this i -ron grate, We poor and hun - gry curse our fate.

B \flat F Gm F C* Dm

No was -sail bowl for such as these, No tur -key scraps, no ale nor cheese;

E \flat F Gm F B \flat C

This Christ -mas Eve our heart's de -sire, Is a bot -tle of gin and a trash can fire.

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.

Oh, where is He, that holy Child,
Once born of Mary, meek and mild,
And whither peace, good will to men.
Now and forevermore, amen?

Chorus: No wassail bowl for such as these,
No turkey scraps, no ale nor cheese;
This Christmas Eve, our heart's desire,
Is a bottle of gin and a trash can fire.

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

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.

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.