

## Of Ale

Tosse the pot, tosse the pot, let us be merry, and drinke till our cheeks  
are red as a Cherry.

We take no thought, we have no care, still we spend, and never spare,  
Till all of money our pursse is bare, we ever tosse the pot.  
Tosse the pot...

We drinke, Carouse with hart most free, a harty draught I drinke to thee:  
Then fill the pot againe to me, and ever tosse the pot.  
Tosse the pot...

And when our money is all spent, then sell our goods, and spend our rent,  
Or drinke it up with one consent, and ever tosse the pot.  
Tosse the pot...

When all is gone, we have no more, then let us set it on the score,  
Or chalke it up behind the dore, and ever tosse the pot.  
Tosse the pot...

And when our credit is all lost, then may we goe and kisse the post,  
And eat Browne bread in steed of rost, and ever tosse the pot.  
Tosse the pot...

Let us conclude as we began, and tosse the pot from man to man,  
And drinke as much now as we can, and ever tosse the pot.  
Tosse the pot...

## The old yeare now away is fled

The old yeare now away is fled, the new yeare it is entered:  
Then let us now our sins downe tread, and joyfully all appeare!  
Let's merry be this holy day, and let us now both sport and play;  
Hang sorrow! Let's cast care away! God send you a happy new yeare!

And now with new-yeare's gifts each friend unto each other they doe send;  
God grant we may all our lives amend, and that the truth may appeare!  
Now, like the snake, cast off your skin of evil thoughts, and wicked sin,  
And to amend this new yeare begin: God send us a merry new yeare!

And now let all the company in friendly manner all agree,  
For we are here welcome, all may see, unto this jolly good cheere;  
I thanke my master and my dame, the which are founders of the same;  
To eate and drinke now is no shame: God send us a merry new yeare!

Come, give's more liquor when I doe call: Ile drinke to each one in this hall!  
I hope that so loud I must not baule, but unto me lend an eare:  
Good fortune to my master send, and to my dame which is our friend;  
Lord blesse us all! – and so I end; and God send us a happy new yeare!

## We wish you a merry Christmas!

We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year!  
Glad tidings we bring to you and your kin:  
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year!  
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year!

## Texts

### A solis ortus cardine

From lands that see the sun arise to earth's remotest boundaries  
Let every heart awake and sing the Son of Mary, Christ the King.

### Hodie Christus natus est

Today Christ is born, Alleluia.  
Today the Savior has appeared, Alleluia.  
Today the Angels sing, the Archangels rejoice, Alleluia.  
Today the righteous rejoice, saying: Glory to God in the highest, Alleluia.

### Puer natus in Bethlehem

A Boy is born in Bethlehem; Rejoice, therefore, Jerusalem! Alleluia!  
Let us adore the newborn Christ with an exultant heart and a new song.

In this year, a Boy is born in Bethlehem; therefore let Jerusalem rejoice!  
In this year, give thanks to God, the revered creator.  
Let us adore the newborn Christ with an exultant heart and a new song.

At this glad birth, and with one accord, let us rejoice and bless the Lord!  
Alleluia!  
To Holy Trinity be praise, and thanks be given to God always. Alleluia!

### A lute lullaby

Lullay my babe, lie still and sleep, Soar it grieves me to hear thee weep,  
Would'st thou be quiet I'd be glad, Weeping thus makes me so sad.  
My pretty lamb, my pretty boy, Sweetly sleep, Jesu my Joy.  
My little Son, my little King, Oh! would'st thou wert peace fully sleeping.

Oh! would'st some angel kiss thy brow, Sing lullay, sing balalow,  
While thus thy lullaby I sing, Music soothe my sweet lording.  
My pretty lamb...

What ails my darling thus to cry, Sing lullay, sing lullaby,  
Lie still, my darling rest awhile, When thou wakest sweetly smile.  
My pretty lamb...

### Remember, O thou man

Remember, O thou man, O thou man, O thou man,  
Remember, O thou man, thy time is spent.  
Remember, O thou man, how thou art dead and gone,  
And I did what I can, therefore repent.

The Angels all did sing, O thou man, O thou man,  
The Angels all did sing, upon the hill:  
The Angels all did sing praise to our Heavenly King.  
And peace to man living, with a good will.

To Bethlem did they go, O thou man, O thou man,  
To Bethlem did they go, the shepherds three:  
To Bethlem did they go, to see where it were so,  
If Christ were born or no to set men free.

In Bethlem he was born, O thou man, O thou man,  
In Bethlem he was born, for mankind's sake:  
In Bethlem he was born for us that were forlorn,  
And therefore took no scorn, our flesh to take.

Give thanks to God alway, O thou man, O thou man,  
Give thanks to God alway, most joyfully:  
Give thanks to God alway for this is our happy day,  
Let all men sing and say, holy, holy.

### **Nativitas tua, Dei Genitrix Virgo**

Your birth, Virgin Mother of God, announced joy to the whole world:  
From you was born the Son of righteousness, Christ our God:  
Who broke the curse and gave us blessing:  
And confounding death, He gave us life everlasting.

### **Ich will den Herren loben allezeit [from Psalm 34]**

I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall be continually in my mouth.  
Alleluia.  
My soul makes its boast in the Lord; let the humble hear and be glad.  
Alleluia.  
O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. Alleluia.  
I sought the Lord, and he answered me, and delivered me from all my fears.  
Alleluia.  
And I was saved from every trouble. Alleluia.

### **Old Christmas Returned**

All you that to feasting and mirth are inclin'd,  
Come, here is good news for to pleasure your mind,  
Old Christmas is come for to keep open house,  
He scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse:  
Then come, boys, and welcome of diet the chief,  
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast-beef.

The times were ne'er good since Old Christmas was fled,  
And all hospitality hath been so dead,  
No mirth at our festivals late did appear,  
They scarcely would part with a cup of March beer;  
But now you shall have for the ease of your grief,  
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast-beef.

The butler and baker, they now may be glad,  
The times they are mended, though they have been bad;  
The brewer, he likewise may be of good cheer,  
He shall have good trading for ale and strong beer,  
All trades shall be jolly, and have for relief,  
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast-beef.

The cooks shall be busied by day and by night,  
In roasting and boiling for taste and delight;  
Their senses in liquor that's nappy they'll steep,  
Though they be afforded to have little sleep;  
They still are employed for to dress us, in brief,  
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast-beef.

Young gallants and ladies shall foot it along,  
Each room in the house to the music shall throng,  
Whilst jolly carouses about they shall pass,  
And each country swain trip about with his lass;  
Meantimes goes the caterer to fetch in the chief,  
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast-beef.

Then well we may welcome Old Christmas to town,  
Who brings us good cheer, and good liquor so brown,  
To pass the cold winter away with delight,  
We feast it all day, and we frolic all night,  
Both hunger and cold we keep out with relief,  
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast-beef.

### **Now winter nights**

Now winter nights enlarge the number of their hours,  
And clouds their storms discharge upon the airy towers.  
Let now the chimneys blaze, and cups o'er flow with wine.  
Let well-tuned words amaze with harmony divine.  
Now yellow waxen lights shall wait on honey love,  
While youthful revels, masks, and courtly sights sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense with lovers' long discourse.  
Much speech hath some defence though beauty no remorse.  
All do not all things well: some measures comely tread,  
Some knotted riddles tell, some poems smoothly read.  
The Summer hath his joys, and Winter his delights.  
Though Love and all his pleasures are but toys, they shorten tedious nights.

### **All hayle to the dayes**

All hayle to the dayes that merite more praise then all the rest of the yeare!  
And welcome the nights that double delights as well for the poore as the peere!  
Good fortune attend each merry man's friend that doth but the best that he may,  
Forgetting old wrongs with carols and songs to drive the cold winter away.

Thus none will allow of solitude now, but merrily greete the time,  
To make it appeare of all the whole yeare that this is accounted the prime:  
December is seene apparel'd in greene, and January, fresh as May,  
Comes dancing along with a cup and a song to drive the cold winter away.

This time of the yeare is spent in good cheare; kind neighbors together meet  
To sit by the fire with friendly desire each other in love to greet;  
Old grudges, forgot, are put in the pot, all sorrowes aside they lay;  
The old and the yong doth caroll his song to drive the cold winter away.

### **Tobacco is like love**

Tobacco, Tobacco Sing sweetly for Tobacco, Tobacco is like love, O love it For you see I will prove it.

Love maketh leane the fatte mens tumor, So doth Tobacco, Love still dries  
uppe the wanton humor, So doth Tobacco, Love makes men sayle from shore  
to shore, So doth Tobacco, Tis fond love often makes men poor So doth  
Tobacco, Love makes men scorne all Coward feares, So doth Tobacco, Love  
often sets men by the eares, So doth Tobacco.

Tobaccoe, Tobaccoe sing sweetely for Tobaccoe, Tobaccoe is like Love, O love  
it, For you see I have provde it.