

# Harvest Home

Here's a health un - to the mas - ter the foun - der of the  
 feast. We hope to God with all our hearts his soul in hea - ven may  
 rest. That all his works may pros - per what - ev - er he takes in hand. For  
 we are all his ser - vants, and re - ady at his com - mand. So  
 drink, boys, drink, And see that you do not spill. For  
 if you do you shall drink two, For that is the mas - ter's will.

And now that we've drunk to our master's health,  
 Why should our mistress go free?  
 Why shouldn't she go to heaven,  
 To heaven as well as he?  
 She is a good provider,  
 Abroad as well as at home.  
 So fill your cup, and drink it all up,  
 For this is the harvest home.

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 And see that you do not spill.  
 For if you do you shall drink two  
 For that is the master's will.

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 And see that you do not spill.  
 For if you do you shall drink two  
 For that is the master's will.