

# Peter, Paul & Mary, A 'Soalin'

Hey ho, nobody home, meat nor drink nor money have I none  
Yet shall we be merry, Hey ho, nobody home.  
Hey ho, nobody home, Meat nor drink nor money have I none  
Yet shall we be merry, Hey ho, nobody home.  
Hey Ho, nobody home.

Soal, a soal, a soal cake, please good missus a soul cake.  
An apple, a pear, a plum, a cherry,  
any good thing to make us all merry,  
One for Peter, two for Paul, three for Him who made us all.

God bless the master of this house, and the mistress also  
And all the little children that round your table grow.  
The cattle in your stable and the dog by your front door  
And all that dwell within your gates  
we wish you ten times more.

Soal, a soal, a soal cake, please good missus a soul cake.  
An apple, a pear, a plum, a cherry,  
any good thing to make us all merry,  
One for Peter, two for Paul, three for Him who made us all.

Go down into the cellar and see what you can find  
If the barrels are not empty we hope you will be kind  
We hope you will be kind with your apple and strawber'  
For we'll come no more a 'soalin' till this time next year.

Soal, a soal, a soal cake, please good missus a soul cake.  
An apple, a pear, a plum, a cherry,  
any good thing to make us all merry,  
One for Peter, two for Paul, three for Him who made us all.

The streets are very dirty, my shoes are very thin.  
I have a little pocket to put a penny in.  
If you haven't got a penny, a ha' penny will do.  
If you haven't got a ha' penny then God bless you.

Soal, a soal, a soal cake, please good missus a soul cake.  
An apple, a pear, a plum, a cherry,  
any good thing to make us all merry,  
One for Peter, two for Paul, three for Him who made us all.

Now to the Lord sing praises all you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood each other now embrace..  
This holy tide of Christmas of beauty and of grace,  
Oh tidings of comfort and joy.