

# Old Waits Carol

Kate & Anna McGarrigle

The moon shines bright and the stars give a light,  
A little before it is day  
The Lord our God He for-gave us,  
And bids us awake and pray.  
The life of man is but a span,  
And cut down in its flower,  
We're here to-day, to-morrow gone,  
The creatures of an hour.  
To-day you may be alive and well,  
Worth many a thousand pound;  
To-morrow dead and cold as clay,  
Your corpse laid underground. With one turf at thine head, O man,  
And another at thy feet;  
Thy good deeds and thy bad, O man,  
Will all together meet.  
My song is done, I must be gone,  
I can stay no longer here;  
God bless you all, both great and small,  
And send you a joyful new year.

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