

## **NEWDIGATE WASSAIL**

A wassail, a wassail, a wassail we'll begin  
With sugar plums and cinnamon and other spices in

*With a wassail, a wassail, a jolly wassail  
And may joy come to you, and to our wassail*

Good master and good mistress as you sit by the fire  
Consider us poor wassailers who travel through the mire

We'll cut a toast around the loaf and set it by the fire  
We'll wassail bees and apple trees unto your heart's desire

Hang out your silver tankard upon your golden spear  
We'll come no more a wassailing until another year