

THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE WASSAIL (trad)

Chorus

*Wassail! wassail! all over the town
Our bread it is white and our ale it is brown
Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink unto thee*

And here is to Dobbin and to his right eye!
Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie,
And a good Christmas pie that we may all see;
With our wassailing-bowl, we'll drink unto thee!

And here is to Fillpail and to her left ear!
Pray God send our master a happy new year,
And a happy new year as e'er he did see;
With our wassailing-bowl we'll drink to thee!

And here is to Colly and to her long tail!
Pray God send our master he never may fail
A bowl of strong beer, I pray you draw near,
And our jolly wassail it's then you shall hear.

Come butler, come fill us a bowl of the best
Then we hope that your soul in heaven may rest
But if you draw us a bowl of the small
Then down the devil take butler, bowl and all

Then here's to the maid in the lily-white smock
Who tripped to the door and slipped back the lock;
Who tripped to the door and pulled back the pin,
For to let these jolly wassailers in.

Chorus

NB. These lyrics are taken from the Walthamstow Wassail collection. According to Lucy Gibson, the lyrics are a combination of the transcriptions by Vaughan Williams and Cecil Sharp.