

GOWER WASSAIL (South Wales traditional)

A-wassail, a-wassail throughout all this town
Our cup it is white and our ale it is brown
Our wassail is made of the good ale and true
Of nutmeg and ginger, the best we could brew

Fol the dol, fol the doldy dol
Fol the doldy dol, fol the doldy dee
Fol the derol, fol the da ri
Sing tooralay oh

Our wassail is made of an elderberry bough
And so my good neighbours we'll drink unto thou
Besides all on earth, you have apples in store
Pray let us come in for it's cold by the door

We hope that your apple trees prosper and bear
So that we may have cider when we call next year
And where you have one barrel I hope you'll have ten
So that we can have cider when we call again

There's a master and mistress sitting down by the fire
While we poor wassail boys do wait in the mire
So you pretty maid, with your silver-headed pin
Please open the door and let us come in

We know by the moon that we are not too soon
And we know by the sky that we are not too high
We know by the stars that we are not too far
And we know by the ground that we are within sound

Here's we jolly wassail boys growing weary and cold
Drop a bit of small silver into our old bowl
And, if we're alive for another new year
Perhaps we may call and see who does live here

NB Lyrics taken from Walthamstow Wassail collection