

Gloucester Wassail

Solo

1. Was - sa - il, was - sa - il all o - ver the town, — Our
 2. So here is to Cher ry and to his right cheek, — Pray
 3. And here is to Dob - bin and to his right eye, — Pray

5

S.

toast it is white and our ale — it — is brown,
 God send our mas - ter a good — piece — of beef,
 God send our mas - ter a good — Christ - mas pie,

9

S.

Our bowl it is made of the white ma ple tree, With the was - sail bowl we'll drink to thee.
 A good piece of beef that — may we all see, With the was - sail bowl we'll drink to thee.
 A good Christ-mas pie, that — may we all see, With the was - sail bowl we'll drink to thee.

A.

Our bowl it is made of the white ma- ple tree, With the was - sail bowl we'll drink to thee.
 A — good piece of beef that — may we all see, With the was - sail bowl we'll drink to thee.
 A — good Christ-mas pie, that — may we all see, With the was - sail bowl we'll drink to thee.

T.

Our bowl it is made of the white ma ple tree, With the was - sail bowl we'll drink to thee.
 A good piece of beef, that — may we all see, With the was - sail bowl we'll drink to thee.
 A good Christ-mas pie, that — may we all see, With the was - sail bowl we'll drink to thee.

B.

Our bowl it is made of the white ma ple tree, With the was - sail bowl we'll drink to thee.
 A — good piece of beef, that — may we all see, With the was - sail bowl we'll drink to thee.
 A — good Christ-mas pie, that — may we all see, With the was - sail bowl we'll drink to thee.

4. So here is to Broad May and to her broad horn,
 Pray God send our master a good crop of corn,
 And a good crop of corn, that may we all see,
 With the wassail bowl, we'll drink to thee.

5. 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 wassail bowl, we'll drink to thee.

6. 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.

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

8. 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.

Note: The solos in verses one and eight are generally sung by all singers in unison.