

Gloucestershire Wassail

Harry Christophers

Wassail, wassail, all over the town
Our toast 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 to thee So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek
Pray God send our master a good piece of beef
And a good piece of beef that we all may see
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to 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 the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee So here is to Broad May and to her broad horn
May God send our master a good crop of corn
And a good crop of corn that we may all see
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to 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 the 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 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 wassailer's in Wassail, wassail, all over the town
Our toast 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 to thee
Drink to thee, drink to thee
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee

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