

Gloucestershire Wassail

Traditional
arr. Ralph Vaughn-Williams

Soprano
Alto

Was - sail, was - sail, — all o - ver the town! Our toast it is

Tenor
Bass

6

S
A

white and our ale it is brown, Our — bowl it is made of the

T
B

11

S
A

white ma - ple tree, With the was - sail - ing bowl we'll drink — to thee.

T
B

17

S
A

Drink — to thee — drink — to thee —

T
B

23

S
A

With the was - sail - ing bowl we'll drink — to thee.

T
B

Verses in this order and chorus only on the last time.

1. 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.
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.
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 wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.
Chorus:
Drink to thee, drink to thee,
With our wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

We haven't been doing verses 2–4.

2. So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek,
Pray God send our master a good good piece of beef,
And a good piece of beef that may we all see;
With a wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.
Drink to thee, drink to thee,
With a wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.
3. And here is to Dobbin and to his right eye,
Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie,
A good Christmas pie that may we all see;
With our wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.
Drink to thee, drink to thee,
With our wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.
4. And 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 may we all see;
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.
Drink to thee, drink to thee,
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.