

Gloucestershire Wassail

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 a wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

And here is to Dobbin and to his right eye,
May God send our master a good Christmas pie;
And a good Christmas pie as may we all see,
With a wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

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 a 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 that may we all see
With a wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

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.