

Sugar Wassail

Trad. Arr. W Finn & R Calvert

A wassail, a wassail, a wassail we begin,
With sugar strands and cinnamon and all good treasures in,
With a wassail, a wassail, a jolly wassail,
And may joy come to you, and to our wassail.

If you've any maids within your house as I suppose you've done,
They'd not let us stand a-wassailing so long on this cold stone,
With a wassail, a wassail, a jolly wassail,
And may joy come to you, and to our wassail.

We'll cut a toast from off the log and sat it by the fire,
We'll wassail bees and apple trees until your heart's desire,
With a wassail, a wassail, a jolly wassail,
And may joy come to you, and to our wassail.

Bring out your tankard, likewise your kissing sphere,
We'll come no more a-wassailing until another year,
With a wassail, a wassail, a jolly wassail,
And may joy come to you, and to our wassail.