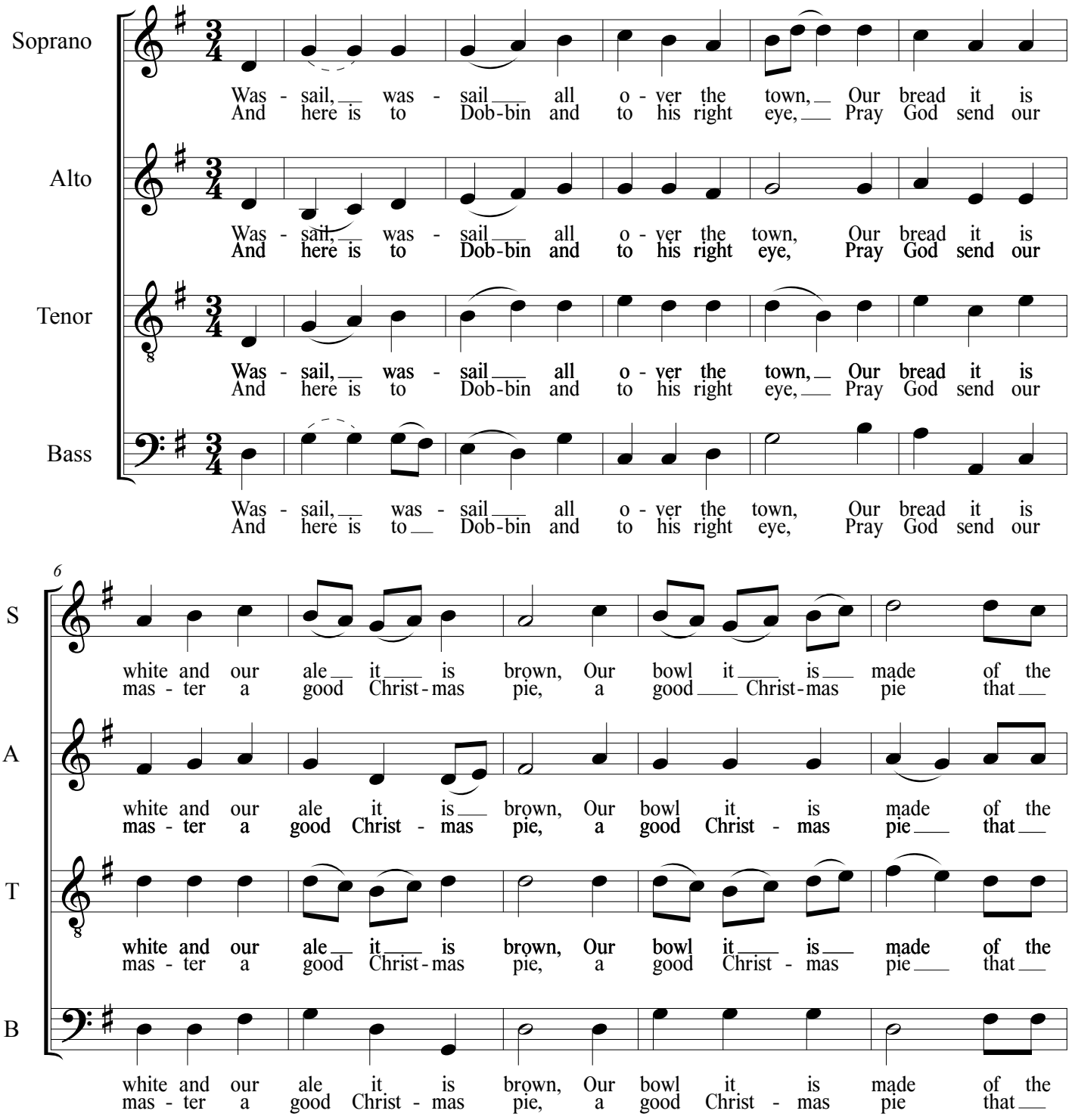
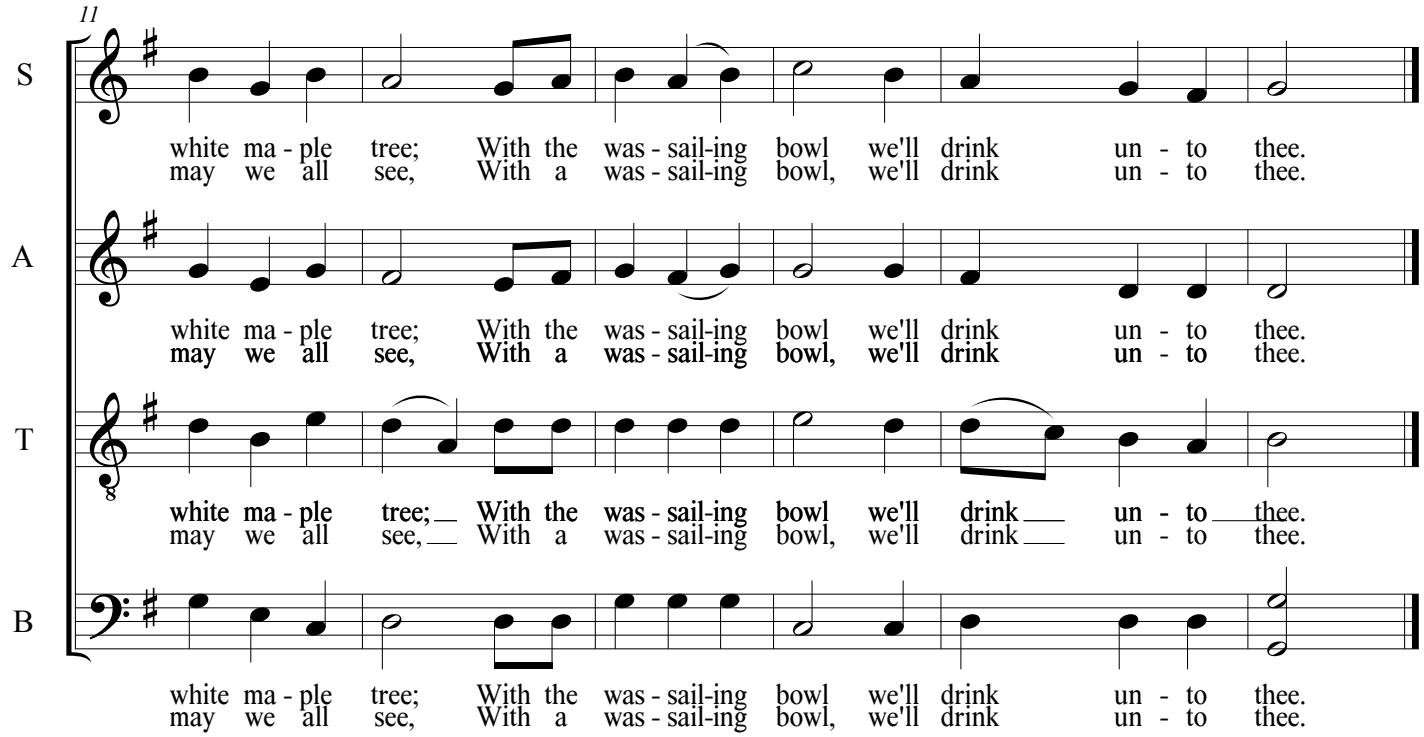
Gloucestershire Wassail

Lyrics by: traditional

Music by: Traditional

Arranged by: Edward L. Stauff





3.
And here is to Broad May and to her broad horn,
May God send our master a good crop of corn,
A good crop of corn that may we all see,
With a wassailing bowl, we'll drink unto thee.

4.
And here is to Fillpail and to her left ear,
Pray God send our master a happy New Year,
A happy New Year as e'er he did see,
With a wassailing bowl, we'll drink unto thee.

5.
And here is to Colly and to her long tail,
Pray God send our master a good cask of ale,
A good cask of ale that may we all see,
With a wassailing bowl, we'll drink unto thee.

6.
Come butler, come fill us a bowl of the best,
They I pray that your soul in heaven may rest,
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,
May the devil take butler, bowl and all.

7.
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.