Loreena Mckennitt "Gloucestershire Wassail"

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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 out 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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