

LOREENA MCKENNITT

From the Quinlan Road recording *Mid Winter Nights Dream*

Gloucestershire Wassail

Music & Lyric: Traditional
Arranged by Loreena McKennitt

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 our 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 our 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 wassailers 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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