

Wassail, Wassail All Over the Town

Gloucestershire Wassail

1. Was - sail! was - sail! all ov - er the

The first system of music is in 3/4 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "1. Was - sail! was - sail! all ov - er the".

5 town, Our toast it is white and our ale it is

The second system of music is in 3/4 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "5 town, Our toast it is white and our ale it is".

9 brown; Our bowl it is made of the

The third system of music is in 3/4 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "9 brown; Our bowl it is made of the".

12 white ma - ple tree; With the was - sail - ing

The fourth system of music is in 3/4 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "12 white ma - ple tree; With the was - sail - ing".

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bowl, we'll drink to thee.

2. So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek!
Pray God send our master a good piece of beef,
And a good piece of beef that may we all see,
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.
3. And here is to Dobbin, and to his right eye,
May God send our master a good Christmas pie;
A good Christmas pie as e'er I did see,
With our wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.
4. 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 may we all see,
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.
5. 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.
6. Come butler, come fill us a bowl of the best,
Then we hope that your soul in heaven may rest
But if you do draw us a bowl of the small
Then down shall go 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.