

## Wassail Song Little Sodbury

Was sail was sail all over the town Our lily is white and our  
 toast is brown Our bowl it is made of the map ple ing tree With our  
 was sail - ing bowl I will drink to thee Drink to thee  
 Drink to thee With our was - sai - ling bowl I will drink to thee

Wassail, wassail, all over the town,  
 Our lily is white and our toast it is brown  
 Our bowl it is made of the mappleing tree  
 With our wassailing bowl I will drink to thee,  
 Drink to thee, drink to thee,  
 With my wassailing bowl I will drink to thee.

Here is too broad unto his right eye,  
 Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie,  
 And a good Christmas pie as ever I see  
 With my wassailing bowl, etc.

Here is too broad unto his right arm,  
 Pray God send our master a good crop of corn,  
 A good crop of corn as ever I see;  
 With my wassailing bowl, etc.

Here is too broad unto his right ear,  
 Pray God send our master a happy New Year,  
 .....

[Sharp has dots in his FW transcript]

Here is too broad unto his long tail,  
 Pray God send our master he never may fail,  
 A bowl of strong beer I pray you draw near,  
 and then you shall hear our jolly wassail.

Come butler come fill us a bowl of the best  
 Then I hope that your soul in heaven may rest,  
 But if you do draw us a bowl of the small,  
 Then down falls butler, bowl and all.

Where is the maid with the lily-white smock  
That do trip to the door and push back the lock\*   [\* who never lets young men stand on the cold stone]  
And let us all in and seek how do you do,       [Sharp does does not say how to use this variant]  
Saying, Nan if you will we will welcome you too

©Gloucestershire Traditions

Source: Sung by Isaac Bennett (68) at Little Sodbury, Glos, on 2 April 1907. Collected by Cecil Sharp  
Sharp manuscript FT1268. Words from a typed page by Sharp FW1214 & FW1215