

Wassail song

(Shurdington Wassail, The Waysailing Bowl)

Arr M Norman

Tune

Harmony

6

6

12

12

Come butler, come fill us a bowl of the best
Hoping your soul in heaven may rest
In heaven may rest where we shall all be
To me waysailing bowl, we will drink unto thee.

For if he should fill us a bowl of the small
Down will go butler, bowl and all
Down he shall go to the bottom of the sea
To me waysailing bowl, we'll drink unto thee.

Here we come a-wassailing all over the town,
Our cup is it white and our ale it is brown
Our bowl it is made of the sycamore tree
To my waysailing bowl I'll drink unto thee.

Here's to the ox and to his right ear,
God send my master a barrel of beer
A barrel of beer that we may all taste
To my waysailing bowl, don't drink it in haste.

Here's to the ox and to his right eye
God send my master a good Christmas pie
A good Christmas pie that we may all taste
To my waysailing bowl, don't drink it in haste.

Here's to the ox and to his right leg
Wishing my master a barrel of keg
A barrel of beer that we may all taste
To my waysailing bowl, don't drink it in haste.

Source: Sung by Dick Parsons, Shurdington. Collected by Gwilym Davies 2 July 1974.
Notes: Butler verse transcribed from recording. Other verses dictated by Mr Parsons to Gwilym Davies
In the original the first line reads 'come butler, come butler fill us....'
Each part can be taken by men and/or women.