

Wassail Song Little Sodbury

Here's to Broad and to his long horn may God send the Master a good crop of
 corn, A good crop of corn as ever you'd see And a way-sail-ing bowl we'll drink to
 thee And a way - sail - ing bowl we'll drink to thee Drink to
 thee, drink to thee And a way - sail - ing bowl we'll drink to thee.

Here's to Broad and to his long horn.
 May God send the Master a good crop of corn,
 A good crop of corn as ever you'd see
 And a waysailing bowl, we'll drink to thee
 And a waysailing bowl, we'll drink to thee

Here's to Broad and to his right heye,
 May God send the Missis a good Christmas pie,
 A good Christmas pie as ever you'd see
 And a waysailing bowl we'll drink to thee
 And a waysailing bowl, we'll drink to thee

Here's to Broad and to his right hyur [ear],
 May God send the family an Happy New Year,
 An Happy New Year as ever you'd see
 And a waysailing bowl we'll drink to thee
 Drink to thee, drink to thee And a waysailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

Source: Sung by Richard Chidlaw on 12 October 1994. Collected by Gwilym Davies
 Recording by Davies and tune and words from Richard Chidlaw
 Originally recorded by Richard Chidlaw from Mr Hatherell

Notes: Mr Hatherall 'The other day somebody asked me how old I was, well I told him I was old enough to remember the wassailing song being sung. There were 6 or 7 chaps, lads of from 14-22 years of age who would come round to the lawn in front of the house (Little Sodbury Manor) and they'd have the Horton Bull, which was two chaps under a papier-mache mask and a tail down the back, and they'd have ribs of beef, a tambourine, a jews harp and a mouth organ. The Bull'd roar and go at the girls and make them scream. They had a bowl with decorations up over it with ribbons and garlands of evergreen. They'd drink and pass it round. It was made of white wood'