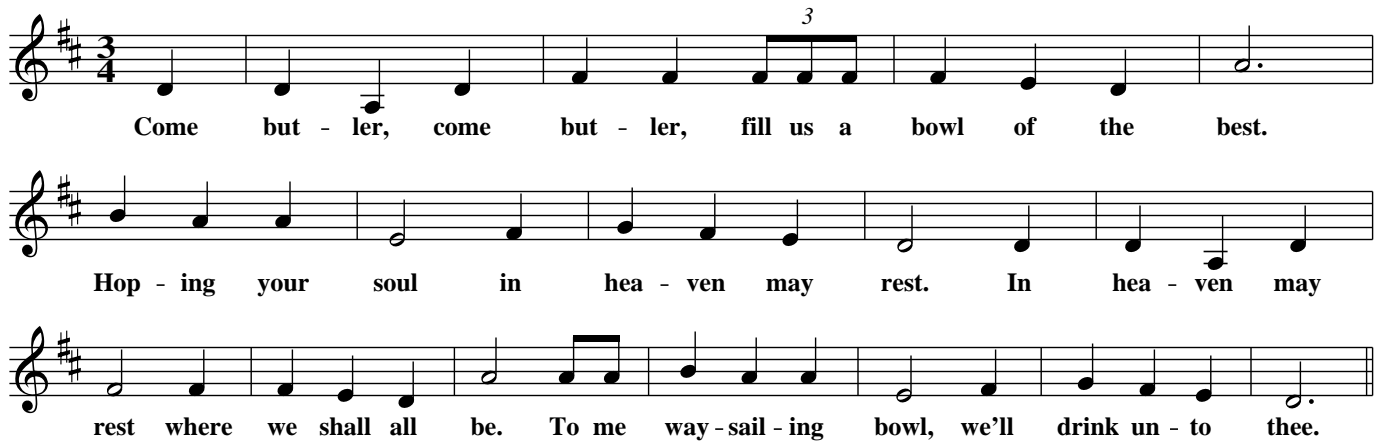


Wassail song  
(Shurdington Wassail, The Waysailing Bowl)



Come but - ler, come but - ler, fill us a bowl of the best.  
Hop - ing your soul in hea - ven may rest. In hea - ven may  
rest where we shall all be. To me way - sail - ing bowl, we'll drink un - to thee.

(Come butler, come butler) 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 (h)ox and to his right horn  
God send my master a good crop of corn  
A good crop of corn that we may all taste  
To me waysailing bowl, don't drink it in haste.

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.

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