

## Waysailing Bowl Arlingham

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: "Way - sail, way - sail, \_\_\_ all o - ver the town, Our toast it is white and our". The second staff continues the melody with lyrics: "ale it is brown; Our bowl it is made of the sy - ca - more tree \_\_\_ To me". The third staff shows a change in time signature to 4/4, then back to 3/4, with lyrics: "way - sail - ing bowl I'll drink un - to thee. Way - sail, way - sail \_\_\_ to me". The fourth staff continues with lyrics: "jol - ly way - - sail, And joy shall go with our jol - ly way - - sail". The score ends with a double bar line.

Waysail, waysail, all over the town, Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown;  
Our bowl it is made of the sycamore tree, To me waysailing bowl I'll drink unto thee.

Chorus Waysail, waysail to me jolly waysail,  
And joy shall go with our jolly waysail

Come butler, come butler, a bowl of your best, I hope that in heaven your soul it may rest;  
But if butler don't bring us a bowl of his small, Down will go butler, bowl and all.

There was an old woman, she had but one cow, And how to maintain it she did not know how,  
But she built up a barn to keep her cow warm, And a drop of your cider won't do us no harm.

Here's a health unto Colley and to her right eye, May God send our master a good Christmas pie,  
And a good Christmas pie, that we may all see, To me waysailing bowl, I'll drink unto thee.

Here's a health unto Colley and to her right leg God send our master a good fatted peg [pig];  
A good fatted peg, that we may all see, To me waysailing bowl, I'll drink unto thee.

Here's a health unto Colley and to her right horn, Pray God send our master a good crop of corn;  
A good crop of corn, that we may all see, To me waysailing bowl, I'll drink unto thee.

Now come all ye maidens, I know there are few, Will not let the waysailers stand on the cold stone,  
But lift up the latch and draw back the pin, And let the waysailers walk merrily in

Source: Sung by Lem Hayward (76) of Arlingham. Collected by Gwilym Davies on 4 January 1977 and subsequently recorded by Gwilym and Mike Yates.