

Badminton Wassail

(Waysailing Bowl)

We'll sa - il, we'll sa - il all ov - er the town Our toast it is white and our
ale it is brown Our bowl it is made of the map - pl - ing tree With me
way - - sail - ing bowl, I'll drink ___ to thee. Drink ___ to thee,
Drink ___ to thee, With me way - sail - ing bowl, I'll drink ___ to thee.

1. We'll sail, we'll sail all over the town
Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown.
Our bowl it is made of the mappling tree
With me waysailing bowl, I'll drink to thee.
Drink to thee, drink to thee,
With me waysailing bowl, I'll drink to thee.
2. Oh, here's to the maid
with the lily-white smock
Who trips to the door and turns back the lock.
Oh turn back the lock and let us all in,
With me waysailing bowl, I'll drink to thee.
Drink to thee, drink to thee,
With me waysailing bowl, I'll drink to thee.
3. Come butler, come pull us a bowl of your best,
I hope that in heaven your soul it will rest,
But if you should fill us a bowl of the small
Down comes butler, bowl and all.
[Bowl and all, bowl and all,
Down comes butler, bowl and all.]
4. Here's to the mistress and to her right eye,
God send our mistress a nice Christmas pie.
A nice Christmas pie as ever you see
With me waysailing bowl, I'll drink to thee.
Drink to thee, drink to thee,
With me waysailing bowl, I'll drink to thee.

5. Oh here's to the master and to his right arm,
May God send our master a good crop of corn.
Good crop of corn as ever you see
With me waysailing bowl, I'll drink to thee.
Drink to thee, drink to thee,
With me waysailing bowl, I'll drink to thee.

Source: Sung by Bill Davis(93), Hawkesbury Upton, on 7 April 1972.
Collected by by Andrew Kennett and Richard Chidlaw

Notes: The Badminton wassail song was sung at the end of the Badminton Mummers Play

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