

## Wassail Song Brockweir

♩ = 116

A whis - tle, a was - sail a - - bout \_\_\_ our \_\_\_ town The cup it is  
black and the ale \_\_\_ it is brown The cup \_\_\_ it is made \_\_\_ of the  
mul - ber - ry tree So here, good fel - low, we'll drink \_\_\_ un - to thee

1. A whistle, a wassail about our town  
The cup it is black and the ale it is brown  
The cup it is made of the mulberry tree  
So here, good fellow, we'll drink unto thee.
2. Here's to the quick and to the right horn  
Pray God send the master a good crop of corn  
Both wheat, rye and barley and all sorts of grain  
So here, good fellow, we'll drink to thee again.
3. If your missus and master they be not at home  
Or if they be abroad, God send them safe home  
Or if they be at home let them live at their ease  
So fetch out the white loaf and the whole cheese.
4. Come all you pretty maidens that reel on your pin  
Pray open the door and let the wassailers in  
For if you are maidens or if you are none  
Pray don't let the wassailers stay on the cold stones. (repeat last 2 lines)

Source: Sung by Charley Williams (55), Brockweir, in 1964. Recording made in 1964, possibly by Singer  
Song has also been collected from Charley Williams by Russell Wortley and later Bob Patten  
& Andrew Taylor

Notes: Song sung in Brockweir and St Briavels. 'Wassailers' is sung as 'wass-lers'