

## Wassail Song (Stroud)

Way - sail, way - - sail \_\_\_ all o - ver the town, our bread it is  
white and our ale it is brown. Our bowl it is made from some  
ma - ppe - lin tree \_\_\_ With my way - sail - ing bowl, I drink \_\_\_ to thee.

Come butler come fill us a bowl of the best  
We hope that thy soul in heaven may rest  
But if ye should fill us a bowl of the small  
Then down tumbles butler, bowl and all.

Here's to the master and to his right eye.  
May God send our master a good Christmas pie  
A good Christmas pie as we may all see  
And a waysailing bowl we drink to thee.

Here's to our master and to his right leg  
May God send are master a jolly fat peg  
A jolly fat peg as we may all see  
And the waysailing bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Here's to the master and to his right hip  
May God send our master a good flock of ship ("sheep")  
A good flock of ship as we may all see  
And a waysailing bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Here's to our master and to his right arm  
May God send are master a good crap of corn  
A good crap of corn as we may all see  
And a waysailing bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Here's to our master and to our dame  
We hope as next year they'll sarve us the same  
Sarve us the same as we may all see.  
So the waysailing bowl we'll empty unto thee.

Source: Tune from unidentified singer, Stroud. Collected by Gwilym Davies 19 November 1979.  
Text (Except v.1) from a document in Stroud Museum.