

Wassail Song Frocester

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The second staff has a 4/4 time signature. The third staff has a 3/4 time signature. The fourth staff has a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Waes ha-el, waes ha-el all o-ver the town, Our bread it is white and our
ale it is brown, And the bowl it is made of the best pop-lar tree_ To me
waes hael-ing bowl, I'll drink un-to thee. Waes ha-el, waes ha-el to me
jol-ly waes hael And joy shall go with our jol-ly waes hael.

Waes hael, waes hael all over the town,
Our bread it is white and our ale it is brown,
And the bowl it is made of the best poplar tree,
To me waes haeling bowl, I'll drink unto thee.

Here's health unto Colly and to her right ear,
Pray God send our farmers a happy New Year,
And a happy new year that we may all see,
To me waes haeling bowl, I'll drink unto thee.

Here's health unto Colly and to her right arm,
Pray God send our farmers a good crop of corn,
And a good crop of corn that we may all see,
To me waes haeling bowl, I'll drink unto thee.

Here's health unto Colly and to her right hip,
Pray God send our farmers a good flock of sheep,
And a good flock of sheep that we may all see,
To me waes haeling bowl, I'll drink unto thee.

Here's health unto Colly and to her right leg,
Pray God send our farmers a good fatten pig,
And a good fatten pig that we may all see,
To me waes haeling bowl, I'll drink until thee.

Here's health unto Colly and to her right foot,
Pray God send our farmers a good crop of fruit,
And a good crop of fruit that we may all see,
To me waes haeling bowl, I'll drink until thee.

There was an old 'oman, she had but one cow,
And how to maintain it she did not know how,
So she built it a barn to keep her cow warm,
And a drop of your beer will do me no harm.

Come butler, come butler with a bowl of your best,
I hope that in Heaven your soul it will rest,
But if butler don't bring us a bowl of the small,
Then down shall go butler bowl and all.
Waes hael, waes hael to me jolly waes hael,
And joy shall go with our jolly waes hael.

Source: Sung by Harry Aldrich (66) at The George Hotel, Frocester, Glos 25 April 1966.

Collected by Peter Shephard

Peter Shephard recording and song copy

Notes: Singer only sings chorus after last verse. Not sure if this was to speed recording and should be sung after every verse. Harry Aldrich was born in Frampton-on-Severn in 1900 and, as a youth, he was part of a group of wassailers who would sing the song around the village at New Year travelling from door to door with a wooden wassail bowl filled with ale.

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