Wassail Song – Little Sodbury 1907 (as collected)

Collected by Cecil Sharp 2-Apr-1907

Sung by Isaac Bennett (68) at Little Sodbury, Glos



1. Wassail, wassail, all over the town, Our lily is white and our toast it is brown Our bowl it is made of the mapleing tree, With our wassailing bowl I will drink to thee, *Ch.* Drink to thee, drink to thee,

With our wassailing bowl I will drink to thee.

2. Here is too broad unto his right eye, Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie, And a good Christmas pie as ever I see With my wassailing bowl, etc.

3. Here is too broad unto his right arm,Pray God send our master a good crop of corn,A good crop of corn as ever I see;With my wassailing bowl, etc.

5. Here is too broad unto his long tail, Pray God send our master he never may fail, A bowl of strong beer I pray you draw near, and then you shall hear our jolly wassail.

6. Come butler come fill us a bowl of the best Then I hope that your soul in heaven may rest, But if you do draw us a bowl of the small, Then down falls butler, bowl and all.

7. Where is the maid with the lily-white smock That do trip to the door and push back the lock* And let us all in and seek how do you do, Saying, Nan if you will we will welcome you too

*who never lets young men stand on the cold stone

4. Here is too broad unto his right ear, Pray God send our master a happy New Year,

Song as collected by Cecil Sharp

Source: Sharp manuscript ref FT1268, words from a typed page by Sharp FW1214 & FW1215

Notes: 1. Singer age was noted by Sharp

- 2. Sharp's uses 'etc.' for choruses, verse 4 dots and asterisked phrase as above which we have not tried to interpret in this copy
- Audit Transcription prepared by VL Aug 2011/HT Oct 2011/GCD Nov 2011

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