

Wassail Song – Hardwicke

Collected by Francis Collinson Oct-1943 Sung by Mrs Marjorie Wood Prosser, Bridge House, Hardwicke.

Was - sail, was - sail all ov - er the town, Our
bread it is white and our ale it is brown, Our
bowl it is made of a map - l - in tree, With our
was - sail - ing bowl we drink un - to thee.

[Collinson said that the tune for the Chorus was borrowed from 'Jolly Red Nose'.]

Was - sail, was - sail, our joll - y was - sail.
Joy shall go with our joll - y was sail.

1. Wassail, wassail all over the town,
Our bread it is white and our ale it is brown,
Our bowl it is made of the maplin tree,
With our wassailing bowl we drink unto thee.

*Chorus: Wassail, wassail, our jolly wassail,
Joy shall go with our jolly wassail*

2. Wassail, wassail all over the town,
May God give our Mistress a good Christmas
gown,
A good Christmas gown as e'er you did see
With our wassailing bowl we drink unto thee

3. Here's to the ox and to his right horn,
May God send the Master a good crop of corn,
A good crop of corn as e'er you did see,
With our wassailing bowl we drink unto thee.

4. Here's to the mare, and to her right eye,
May God send the Mistress a good Christmas
pie,
A good Christmas pie as e'er you did see,
With our wassailing bowl we drink unto thee

5. So butler come bring us a bowl of the best,
We hope your soul in Heaven will rest,
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,
Then down will fall butler, bowl, and all.

Source: EFDSS 'Take Six' Project.

Transcription: Lewis Jones Nov 11, Checked GD Nov 11