

# Gloucestershire Wassail

Loreena Mckennitt

Wassail, wassail, all over the town  
Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown  
Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree  
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee

So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek  
Pray God send out master a good piece of beef  
And a good piece of beef that we all may see  
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee

And here is to Dobbin and to his right eye  
Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie  
And a good Christmas pie that we may all see  
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee

So here is to Broad May and to her broad horn  
May God send our master a good crop of corn  
And a good crop of corn that we may all see  
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee

And here is to Fillpail and to her left ear  
Pray God send our master a happy new year  
And a happy new year as e'er he did see  
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee

And here is to Colly and to her long tail  
Pray God send our master, he never may fail  
A bowl of strong beer, I pray you draw near  
And our jolly wassail, it's then you shall hear

Then here's to the maid in the lily white smock  
Who tripped to the door and slipped back the lock  
Who tripped to the door and pulled back the pin  
For to let these jolly wassailer's in

Wassail, wassail, all over the town  
Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown  
Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree  
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee  
Drink to thee, drink to thee  
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee