

Bee Gees, Gloucestershire Wassail

Bee Gees

Miscellaneous

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Wassail, wassail all over the town!

Our bread it is white and our ale it is brown,

Our bowl, it is made of the good maple tree;

From the wassailing bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Come, butler, and fill us a bowl of your best,

And we hope your soul in Heaven may rest;

But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,

Then down shall go butler and bowl and all.

Come here, sweet maid, in the frilly white smock,

Come trip to the door and trip back the lock!

Come trip to the door and pull back the pin,

And let us jolly wassailers in.