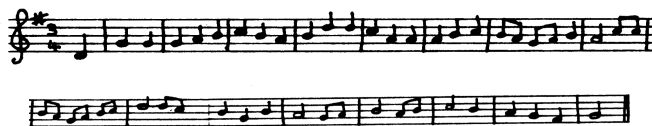


A Twelfth Night Garland

Brought to you by

Pilgrim Morris Men of Guildford

Gloucester Wassail



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 our wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

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

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

Then here's to the maid in the lily white smock,
Who trips to the door and pulls back the lock.
Who trips to the door and pulls back the pin,
For to let these jolly wassailers in.

The King (Hunting the Wren)

Joy, Health, Love and peace
Be all here in this place.
By your leave we will sing
Concerning our King.

Our King is well dressed
In a suit of the best,
In ribbons so rare
No king can compare.

We have travelled many miles
Over hedges and stiles,
In search of our King
Unto you we bring.

We have powder and shot
To conquer the lot.
We have cannon and ball
To conquer them all.

Old Christmas is past
Twelfth tide is the last,
So we bid you adieu
Pray joy to the new.

Yorkshire Wassail



We've been a-while a-wandering amongst the leaves so green,
But now we come a wassailing so plainly to be seen,
*For it's Christmas time, when we travel far and near;
May God bless you and send you a happy New Year.*

We are not daily beggars that beg from door to door,
We are your neighbours children, for we've been here before;
Chorus

We've got a little purse made of leathern ratchin skin,
We want a little of your money to line it well within;
Chorus

Call up the butler of this house, likewise the mistress too,
And all the little children that round the table go,
Chorus

Bring us out a table and spread it with a cloth,
Bring us out a mouldy cheese and some of your Christmas loaf,
Chorus

Good master and good mistress, while you're sitting by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children that's wandered in the mire,
Chorus