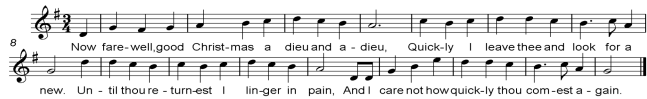


## Elstead Wassail



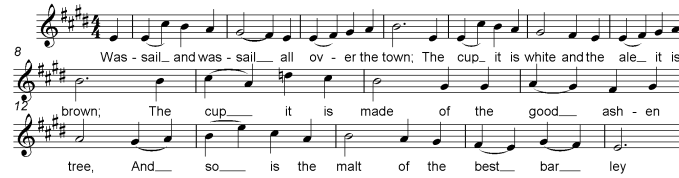
Now farewell, good Christmas, adieu and adieu  
Quickly I leave thee and look for a new.  
Until thou returnest I linger in pain  
And I care not how quickly thou comest again.

But ere thou departest I purpose to see  
What merry good pastime this day will give me.  
For a King of our Wassail this night we must choose  
Or else the old custom we carelessly lose.

The wassail well spiced about shall go round  
Though it cost my good master best part of a pound.  
The maid in the buttery stands ready to fill  
Her nappy good liquor with heart and good will.

To welcome us kindly our master stands by  
And tells me in friendship one tooth is too dry.  
Now we will accept it like lovingly friends  
And so for this Christmas my carol here ends.

## Somerset Wassail



Wassail, and wassail, all over the town!  
Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown,  
Our bowl it is made of the white ashen tree  
And so is the malt of the best barley.

*For it's your wassail, and it's our wassail,  
And it's joy be to you and a jolly wassail.*

O master and missus, are you all within?  
Pray open the door and let us come in.  
O master and missus a-sitting by the fire,  
Pray think upon poor travellers, a-travelling in the mire.

*Chorus*

O where is the maid, with the silver-headed pin  
To open the door and let us come in?  
O master and missus, it is our desire  
A good loaf and cheese, and a toast by the fire.

*Chorus*

The Girt Dog of Langport he burnt his long tail  
And this is the night we go singing wassail.  
O master and missus, now we must be gone,  
God bless all in the house till we do come again.

*Chorus*

## Newdigate Wassail



A wassail, a wassail, a wassail we'll begin,  
With sugar plums and cinnamon and other spices in;  
*With a wassail, a wassail, a jolly wassail,  
And may joy come to you, and to our wassail.*

Good master and good mistress as you sit by the fire,  
Consider us poor wassailers who travel through the mire.  
*Chorus*

We'll cut a toast around the loaf and set it by the fire,  
We'll wassail bees and apple trees unto your hearts desire.  
*Chorus*

Hang out your silver tankard upon your golden spear,  
We'll come no more a wassailing until another year.  
*Chorus*