

The Wassail Song lyrics

Ralph Vaughan Williams

Men/Voice 3:

Wassail, Wassail, all over the town,
Our bread it is white and our ale it is brown;
Our bowl it is made of the green maple tree;
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Sop/Alto 1/Voice 1&2:

Here's a health to the horse and to his right eye,
Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie,
A good Christmas pie as ever I did see.
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Men/Voice 3:

Here's a health to the ox and to his broad horn,
Pray God send our master a good crop of corn,
A good crop of corn as ever I did see.
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Sop/Alto 1/Voice 1&2:

Here's a health to the cow and to her long tail,
Pray God send our master a good cask of ale,
A good cask of ale as ever I did see.
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Men/Altos/V2&3 tune, Sop/V1 descant:

Come, butler, come fill us a bowl of the best,
Then I pray your soul in Heaven may rest;
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,
Then the Devil take butler, bowl and all!

Descant - Wassail x 6

Men/Altos/V2&3 tune, Sop/V1 descant:

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 Wassailers walk in.

Descant:

Wassail x6
Wassailers walk in

All, slowing and splitting in parts to finish:

Who tripped to the door and pulled back the pin,
For to let these jolly Wassailers walk in.