

# Wassail Song

*Arr. Roger Watson*

A-wassail, a-wassail all over this town  
Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown  
Our wassail is made of the elderberry tree  
With a wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee

## Chorus

*Fol de dol, folde dol de dol  
Fol de dol de dol, Fol de dol de day  
Fol de de-ro, Fol de da-di  
Sing too ra-li-y*

We know by the moon that we are not too soon  
And we know by the star that we are not too far  
And we know by the sky that we are not too high  
And we know by the ground that we are within sound

Oh where is the maid with the silver headed pin  
Who'll open the door and let us come in?  
Who'll build up the fire and keep us all warm  
And a drop of good cider would do us no harm

Oh Master and Mistress if you are well pleased  
Pray set on your table your white bread and cheese  
But if we've done harm, let us then pass along  
And give us your blessing for singing our song