# GLOUCESTERSHIRE WASSAIL

And here is to Dobbin and to his right eye,
Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie,
And a good Christmas pie, that may we all see,
With our wassailing bowl we’ll drink to thee.

So here is to Broad May and to her broad horn,
May God send our master a good crop of corn,
And a good crop of corn, that may we all see,
With our wassailing bowl we’ll drink to thee.

And here is to Fillpail and to her left ear,
Pray God send our master a happy New Year,
And a happy New Year, as e’er he did see,
With our wassailing bowl we’ll drink to thee.

Come butler, come fill us a bowl of the best,
And we hope that 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.