

The Kingston Trio, Somerset Gloucestershire Wassail

Wassail, wassail, all over the town. The cup, it is white and the ale, it is brown.
The cup, it is made of the good ashen tree and so is the malt of the finest barley.

Oh, master and missus, are you all within? Pray open the door and let us come in.
Oh, master and missus who sit by the fire, pray think of the trav'lers who walk through the mire.

Oh, where is the maid with the silver hair pin to open the door and let us come in?
Oh, master and missus, it is our desire, a good loaf and cheese and a toast by the fire.

There was an old man and he had an old cow and how for to keep her, he didn't know how.
He built up a barn for to keep his cow warm and a drop of good cider will do us no harm.

The girt dog of Langport, he burnt his long tail and this is the night we go singing wassail.
Oh, master and missus, now we must be gone. Bless all in this house until we come again.
Bless all in this house 'till we come again!