

GLOUCESTERSHIRE WASSAIL

The word "wassail" comes from the Anglo-Saxon "wes hal," meaning "be whole"—a greeting for "good health!" The wassailers travelled from house to house singing, with a wassail cup which their hosts were expected to fill.



with a strong swing $\text{♩} = 63$

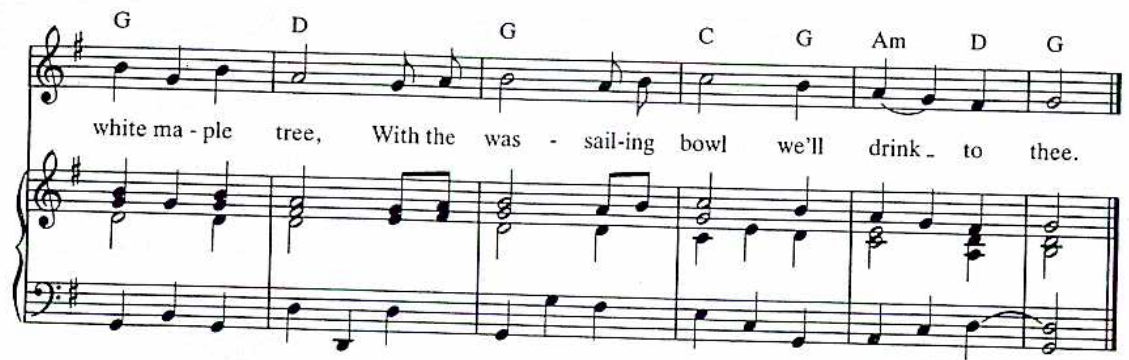
trad. English
arr. Marshall Barron

Chord progression: G G C D G Am

Was - sail, was - sail, — all o - ver the town, — Our bread it is

Chord progression: D7 G D G D

white and our ale it is brown, Our bowl it is made of the



2. Here's a health to the ox and to his right eye;
 Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie,
 A good Christmas pie that may we all see,
 With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

3. 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 that may we all see,
 With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

4. Come butler, come fill us a bowl of the best,
 Then I pray that your soul in heaven may rest;
 But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,
 May the devil take butler, bowl and all!

5. 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.

*Wassail, wassail, all over the town,
 Our bread it is white and our ale it is brown;
 Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree;
 With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.*

THE ONE THING OR THE OTHER

At the age of twen - ty - one, I was in the prime of life —
 Me moth - er of - ten told me to go and choose a wife —
 To go and choose a wife, I knew lit - tle a - bout the both - er
 At the same time I was think - ing on the one thing or the oth - er
 Mush - a - whack - a - row - di - dow - now Right - fol - di - dad - dy
 Mush - a - whack - a - row - di - dow - now Right - fol - di - dee

1 At the age of twenty-one, I was in the prime of life
 Me mother often told me to go and choose a wife
 To go and choose a wife, I knew little about the bother
 At the same time I was thinking on the one thing or the other
 Mush-a-whack-a-row-di-dow-now
 Right-fol-di-daddy
 Mush-a-whack-a-row-di-dow-now
 Right-fol-di-dee

2 I went to a wee girl that I for sometime knew
 To tell her what me mother was advising me to do
 What d'you earn? cries the sister; What d'you earn? cries the mother
 And to cut the story short, says I: It's the one thing or the other

3 Now we have got married, we lead a happy life
 I'm her loving husband, and she's my loving wife
 We live in peace and unity, right well content together
 In our daily occupation at the one thing or the other

4 A year passed away, and we never knew a care
 But now the people say that we're going to have an heir
 It's a son, cries the sister; It's a daughter, cries the mother
 And to cut the story short, says I: It's the one thing or the other

5 'Twas on a Monday morning, just as me story runs
 'Twas on a Monday morning, when first I heard the twins
 It was on a Monday morning my grief I couldn't smother
 As I listened to the squalling of the one thing and the other

