

The Gower wassail

<https://riverofsong.uk/>

Wassailing is an ancient English Christmas time ritual. Mostly as sung by the Welsh bard [Phillip Tanner](#), the last two verses are an amalgam of other versions. Find out more about this song at:

<https://mudcat.org/thread.cfm?threadid=125833>.



A - was - sail, a - was - sail, through - out all this town Our - cup it is white and our
ale it is brown. Our was - sail, is made of the - good ale and cake. Some - nut - meg and
gin - ger the best we could bake. Al - di - dal, al - di - dal - di dal, Al - di - dal - di
dal, al - di - dal - di dee. Al - de - de - ral, al - di - der - ry, Sing too rel I oh!



A-wassail, a-wassail throughout all this town,
Our cup it is white and our ale it is brown.
Our wassail is made of the good ale and cake,
Some nutmeg and ginger, the best we could bake.

Chorus: Al di dal, al di dal di dal,
Al di dal di dal, al di dal di de.

Al de deral, al de derry,
Sing toorel-I-oh.

Our wassail is made of the elderberry bough,
And so my good neighbours we'll drink unto thou.
Besides all on earth, we have apples in store,
Pray let us come in for it's cold by the door.

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

There's a master and a mistress sitting down by the fire,
While we poor wassailers stand here in the mire.
Pray open your door without more delay,
For our time it is precious and we cannot stay.

Here's we jolly wassailers growing weary and cold,
Drop a bit of silver into our old bowl.
And, if we survive for another new year,
We'll call in again just to see who lives here.