



Our wassail is made of an el'berry bough Although my good neighbour we'll drink unto now Beside all on earth we have apples in store Pray let us come in for tis 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 within sound 4 ) " 4 4 5

Now master and mistress, thanks to you we'll give, And for our jolly wassail as long as we live. And if we should live till another New Year Perhaps we may call and see who do live hear.

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