Newdigate Wassail

A wassail, a wassail, a wassail we'll begin
With sugar plums and cinnamon and other spices in

With a wassail, a wassail, a jolly wassail
And may joy come to you, and to our wassail

Good master and good mistress as you sit by the fire
Consider us poor wassailers who travel through the mire

We'll cut a toast around the loaf and set it by the fire
We'll wassail bees and apple trees unto your hearts desire

Hang our your silver tankard upon your golden spear
We'll come no more a wassailing until another year

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