



# Virtual Zoom Wassail - 19 January 2021



## 'Open Stage' songs

### Programme:

(See separate [song-sheet](#) for the main Wassail songs)

**The Robin's Call** - led by Rosa Rebecka

Open stage: **Somerset Wassail** - Sarah Dingley Brown

Open Stage: **Winter Song** - Tom Morris

**Torbay Wassail** - led by Rosa Rebecka

Open Stage: **Gloucestershire Wassail**- Yvonne Napper

Open Stage: **Better Times Will Come** - John Rawlinson

Open Stage: **Gower Wassail** - Chris, Inca and Jenni

**Here we come a-wassailing** – led by Robin Wells

**Stoke Gabriel Wassail** – shouting led by Adam Lay

**Jacobstowe Wassail** - led by Rosa Rebecka

Sarah Dingley Brown:

### SOMERSET WASSAIL

*(Traditional)*

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

*Chorus:*

*For it's your wassail and it's our wassail,  
And it's joy be to you and a jolly wassail,*

O Master and missus are you all within?  
Pray open the door and let us all come in.  
O Master and missus a-sitting by the fire,  
Pray think upon poor travellers a-travelling in the mire.

*Chorus*

O where is the maid, with the silver headed pin,  
To open the door and let us all come in?  
O Master and missus it is our desire  
To have a loaf and cheese, and a toast by the fire.

*Chorus*

Tom Morris:

### WINTER SONG

Alan Hull (1945-1995)

When Winter's shadowy fingers first pursue you  
down the street  
And your boots no longer lie about the cold around  
your feet  
Do you spare a thought for summer whose  
passage is complete  
Whose memories lie in ruins and whose ruins lie in  
heat  
When winter... comes howling in.

When the wind is singing strangely, blowing music  
thru your head  
And your rain splattered windows make you decide  
to stay in bed  
Do you spare a thought for the homeless tramp  
who wishes he was dead  
Or do you pull the bedclothes higher, dream of  
summertime instead?  
When winter... comes howling in.

The creeping cold has fingers, that access with  
permission  
And mystic crystal snowdrops only aggravate the  
condition  
Do you spare a thought for the gypsy with no  
secure position  
Who's turned and spurned by village and town, at  
the magistrate's decision?  
When winter... comes howling in.

When the turkey's in the oven, and the Christmas  
presents are bought  
And Santa's in his module, he's an American  
astronaut  
Do you spare a thought for Jesus, who had nothing  
but his thoughts,  
Who gut-busted just for talking, and befriending the  
wrong sorts?  
When winter... comes howling in.  
When winter... comes howling in.

When winter' shadowy fingers first pursue you  
down the street  
And your boot's no longer lie about the cold around  
your feet  
Do you spare a thought for summer whose  
passage is complete  
Whose memories lie in ruins and whose ruins lie in  
heat  
When winter ... comes howling in.



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## 'Open Stage' songs

Yvonne Napper:

### **GLOUCESTERSHIRE WASSAIL** (Traditional - Ox Version)

Wassail, Wassail, all over the town  
Our bread it is white and our ale it is brown  
Our bowl it is made of the green maple tree  
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee

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 as e'er I did see  
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee

Here's a health to the ox and to his right horn  
Pray God send our master a good crop of corn  
A good crop of corn as e'er I did see  
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee

Here's a health to the ox and to his long tail  
Pray God send our master a good cask of ale  
A good cask of ale as e'er I did see  
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee

Then here's to the maid in the lily white smock  
Who trips to the door and slips back the lock  
Who trips to the door and pulls back the pin  
For to let these jolly Wassailers walk in

Come butler come fill us a bowl of your best  
And I pray that in heaven your soul it may rest  
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small  
May the Devil take butler, bowl and all!

Wassail, Wassail, all over the town  
Our bread it is white and our ale it is brown  
Our bowl it is made of the green maple tree  
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee

Our bowl it is made of the green maple tree  
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee

John Rawlinson:

### **BETTER TIMES WILL COME**

*Words & music by Janis Ian (2020),*

Better times, better times will come.  
Better times, better times will come.  
When this world learns to live as one,  
Oh, better times will come

When we greet each dawn without fear  
Knowing loved ones soon will be near  
When the winds of war  
cannot blow any more  
Oh, better times will come

Better times, better times will come.  
Better times, better times will come.  
When this world learns to live as one,  
Oh, better times will come

Though we live each day as our last  
We know someday soon it will pass  
We will dance, we will sing  
in that never-ending spring  
Oh, better times will come

Better times, better times will come.  
Better times, better times will come.  
When this world learns to live as one,  
Oh, better times will come

Better times, better times will come.  
Better times, better times will come.  
When this world learns to live as one,  
Oh, better times will come  
Oh, better times will come

Chris, Inca and Jenni:

### **GOWER WASSAIL**

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

Fol dee dol, lol dee dol dee dol, lol dee dol dee dol,  
lol dee dol dee dee,  
Fol dee deirol, lol dee der dee, sing too ral li doh

Our wassail is made of an elderberry bough,  
And so my good neighbour we'll drink unto thou.  
Besides all others, we have apples in store.  
Pray let us come in for 'tis cold by this door.

Fol dee dol, lol dee dol dee dol, lol dee dol dee dol,  
lol dee dol dee dee,  
Fol dee deirol, lol dee der dee, sing too ral li doh