

The Redruth Wassail

1. Good Mistress and Master our wassail begin,
Pray open your door and let us come in.

*Chorus: With our wassail, wassail, wassail, wassail;
And joy come to our jolly wassail*

2. The Mistress and Master sitting down by the fire,
While we poor wassailers are travelling through mire.

3. The Mistress and Master sitting down at their ease,
Put their hands in their pockets and give what they please.

4. We hope that your apple trees will prosper and bear,
That we may have cyder when we call next year.

5. And where you've one hogshead I hope you'll have ten.
So we may have cyder when we call again.

6. We hope that your barley will prosper and grow,
So that you may have beer and enough to bestow.

7. Now we poor wassail boys growing weary and cold,
Drop a small bit of silver into our bowl.

8. We wish you a blessing and a long time to live,
Since you've been so free and so willing to give!