

With pipe and with fiddle, with drum and with bell, we sing our wassail, me boys, to wish you all well. Long life and good fortune to all who live here! God bless you and send you a happy New Year.

Through weeds and through snow we have come to your door. A small drop of porter is all we implore.

And then we will sing with all proper decorum;

The yeast and the barley drive sorrows before 'em.

Some nutmeg and ginger to make us all merry, Or whiskey or brandy or cider or sherry. Strong drink and its virtues our songs will extol, So bring us a bottle (barrel, tank truck) and fill up our bowl.

Come join in our Wassail and raise up your voice, For now is the season to sing and rejoice, And number your blessings, the great and the small; Good friends and companions the greatest of all.

Source:

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Jon said to spread this around all you like, but keep his name with it.