

Wassails

Feel free to join in with the words in
BOLD

Old Apple Tree Wassail

Old apple tree, we'll wassail thee
And hope that thou wilt bear.
For the Lord doth know where we shall be
Come apples another year.

For to bloom well and bear well
So merry let us be.
Let every man drink up his glass
Good health to the old apple tree.

For to bloom well and bear well
So merry let us be
Let every man drink up his glass
Good health to the old apple tree

Datchet Wassail (Based on Bodmin Wassail)

Here comes a ship out in full sail
Ploughs the wide ocean through many a gale
To bring you wassail, wassail, wassail
And joy come to our jolly wassail

Bless this here orchard and all of its trees
To give us good cider, to drink as we please
To bring you wassail, wassail, wassail
And joy come to our jolly wassail

Now sometimes it's laurel and sometimes it's bay
Come fill up our glasses and we'll drink away
To bring you wassail, wassail, wassail
And joy come to our jolly wassail

If you've got an apple, I hope you've got ten
To brew some strong cider, 'gainst we come again
To bring you wassail, wassail, wassail
And joy come to our jolly wassail

Now Granny and Grandad were out picking nuts
Granny gave Grandad a poke in the guts
For singing wassail, wassail, wassail
And joy come to our jolly wassail

So, Master & Mistress you sit at your ease
Put your hands in your pockets and give as you
please
For singing wassail, wassail, wassail
And joy come to our jolly wassail

Wassail, Wassail, out of the milk pail (16th century)

Wassail, wassail, out of the pail

Wassail, wassail as white as my nail

Wassail, wassail, in snow, frost and hail

Wassail, wassail, with partridge and rail

Wassail, wassail, that much doth avail

Wassail, wassail, that never will fail

Wassail! Drink Hail!

Gloucestershire Wassail

Wassail, wassail, all over the town
Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown
Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee

So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek
Pray God send our master a good piece of beef
And a good piece of beef that we may all see
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee

And here is to Dobbin and to his right eye
Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie
And a good Christmas pie that we may all see
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee

So here is to Broad May and to her broad horn
May God send our master a good crop of corn
And a good crop of corn that we may all see
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee

And here is to Fillpail and to her left ear
Pray God send our master a happy new year
And a happy new year as e'er he did see
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee

And here is to Colly and to her long tail
Pray God send our master, he never may fail
A bowl of strong beer, I pray you draw near
And our jolly wassail, it's then you shall hear

Then here's to the maid in the lily-white smock
Who tripped to the door and slipped back the lock
Who tripped to the door and pulled back the pin
For to let these jolly wassailer's in

Wassail, wassail, all over the town
Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown
Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee
Drink to thee, drink to thee
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee

Somerset Wassail

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 ashen tree
And so is the malt of the best barley

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

Oh, master and missus, are you all within?
Pray open the door and let us come in
O master and missus a-sitting by the fire
Pray think on us poor travellers, a traveling in the mire

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

Oh, where is the maid with the silver-headed pin
To open the door and let us come in
Oh master and missus, it is our desire
A good loaf, some cheese and a toast by the fire

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

There was an old man, and he had an old cow
And how for to keep her he didn't know how
He put his old cow down in an old barn
And a drop or two of cider will do us no harm

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

The girt dog of Langport he burnt his long tail
And this is the night we go singing wassail
O master and missus we must now be gone
God bless all in this house until we do call again

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

Apple tree Wassail

O lily-white lily, O lily-white pin
Please to come down and let us come in
Lily-white lily, O lily-white smock
Please to come down and pull back the lock

*For it's our wassail, and a jolly wassail
Joy come to our jolly wassail
How well they may bloom, how well they may bear
So we may have apples and cider next year*

O master and mistress, O are you within?
Please to come down and pull back the pin
O master and mistress, it is our desire
A good loaf, some cheese and a toast by the fire

*For it's our wassail, and a jolly wassail
Joy come to our jolly wassail
How well they may bloom, how well they may bear
So we may have apples and cider next year*

There was an old farmer, and he had an old cow
But how to milk her he didn't know how
He put his old cow down in his old barn
And a little more liquor won't do us no harm
Harm my boys harm, harm my boys harm
A little more liquor won't do us no harm

*For it's our wassail, and a jolly wassail
Joy come to our jolly wassail
How well they may bloom, how well they may bear
So we may have apples and cider next year*

The ringles and the jingles and the tenor of the song
goes — merrily
Merrily, merrily
The tenor of the song goes merrily

Spoken:
Hatfuls, capfuls, three-bushel bagfuls,
Little heaps under the stairs.
Hip hip hip, hooray!

Here we come A-wassailing (Old Fox Wassail)

Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves so green
Here we come a-wandering so fairly to be seen
Now is wintertime, strangers travel far and near
And we wish you, send you a happy new year

Bud and blossom, bud and blossom
Bud and bloom and bear
So we may have plenty of cider all next year
Hatfuls and in capfuls and in bushel bags and all
And there's cider running out of every gutter hole

Down here in the muddy lane there sits an old red fox
Starving and a-shivering and licking his old chops
Bring us out your table and spread it if you please
And give us hungry wassailers a bit of bread and cheese

I've got a little purse and it's made of leather skin
A little silver sixpence, it would line it well within
Now is wintertime, strangers travel far and near
And we wish you, send you a happy new year