

Apple Tree Wassail Song

"Old apple tree, we'll wassail thee and hoping thou wilt bear
For the Lord does know where we may be 'til apples come another year.
To bloom well and to bear well and so merry let us be
Let every man take up his glass and shout out to the old apple tree
Hatfulls, capfulls, three bushel-a-bag fulls and a little heap under the stair.
Hip, Hip, Hooray!"

So runs the Apple tree wassail from Carhampton in Somerset - followed, of course, by a volley from shot-guns. The wassail song below is from Churchstanton in the Blackdown Hills, on the borders of Devon and Somerset. In fact, it is only this year that it has been revived as part of a Wassailing in a nearby village. This is a wonderful version with lots of verses and choruses to enjoy. We can't supply shot-guns so you'll have to use your imagination about how you make a noise.



Wassail, Wassail all round our town
Our cup it is white and our ale it is brown;
Our bowl it is made of the good old ash tree,
So now, my brave fellows, let's drink unto thee.
 Drink unto thee, drink unto thee.
Now my brave fellows we'll drink unto thee.

shout (after first and last verse only)
Hat-fulls, cap-fulls, three bushel-bag fulls
And a gurt heap under the stairs.
Hip .. Hip ... Hooray!

There was an old man who had an old cow,
And how for to keep her he didn't know how;
So he built up a barn for to keep his cow warm,
And a little more cider won't do us no harm.
 Harm me boys, harm. Harm me boys, harm
A little more cider won't do us no harm.

Down in the old lane there lies an old fox,
And all the day long he sat mopping his chops;
Shall we go and catch him, Oh yes, if we can,
Ten thousand to one if we catch the old man.
 Catch the old man. Catch the old man.
Ten thousand to one if we catch the old man.

A poor little robin sits up in the tree,
And all the day long so merry sings he;
A widdlin' and twiddlin' to keep himself warm
And a little more cider won't do us no harm.
 Harm me boys, harm. Harm me boys, harm
A little more cider won't do us no harm.

A lady comes round with her silver pin,
Pray open the door and let us all in;
For our wassail, our jolly Wassail
And jolly go with our jolly Wassail
 Our wassail, our wassail.
And jolly go with our jolly Wassail.

