

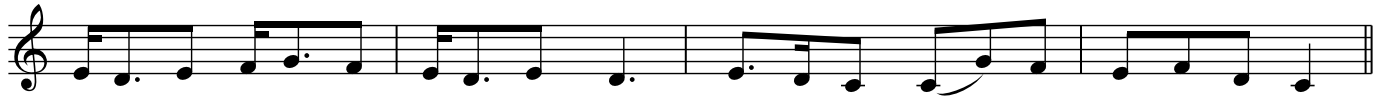
Apple Tree Wassail

trad. English (Devonshire)

♩ = 96



1. O li -ly white li -ly, o li -ly white pin, Please to come down__ and let us come in! O



li -ly white li -ly, o li -ly white smock, Please to come down__ and pull back the lock!

Chorus



For it's our__ was -sail __ jol -ly was -sail! Joy__ come to__ our jol -ly was -sail! How



well may they bloom, How well may they bear, So we may have ap -ples and ci -der next year.

Last time



O the ring - les and the jing - les and the te - nor of the song



goes Mer - - ri - - ly, mer _____ ri - - ly, _____ mer _____ ri -



-ly. O the te - nor of the song goes _____ Mer - - ri - - ly.

A luck charm for the Devon and Somerset cider country. To be sung either at the orchardman's door or in front of his tree. Epiphany (12 days after Christmas) was reckoned a good time for the ceremony. Roy Palmer prints the Apple Tree Wassail in his Everyman's Book of English Country Songs, and quotes the Illustrated London News of January 11, 1851: "On Twelfth Eve, in Devonshire, it is customary for the farmer to leave his warm fireside, accompanied by a band of rustics, with guns, blunderbusses, etc., presenting an appearance which at other times would be somewhat alarming. Thus armed, the band proceed to an adjoining orchard, where is selected one of the most fruitful and aged of the apple trees, grouping round which they stand and offer up their invocations in the following doggerel rhyme: 'Here's to thee/ Old apple tree!/ Whence thou mayst bud,/ And whence thou mayst blow,/ And whence thou mayst bear,/ Apples enow:/ Hats full,/ Caps full,/ Bushels,/ bushels, sacks full,/ And my pockets full, too!/ Huzza! huzza!' The cider-jug is then passed around, and with many a hearty shout, the party fire off their guns, charged with powder only, amidst the branches."

Apple Tree Wassail

O lily-white lily, o lily-white pin,
W: Please to come down and let us come in!
O lily-white lily, o lily-white smock,
Please to come down and pull back the lock!

It's our wassail 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.
Good luck to your house, may riches come soon,
So bring us some cider, we'll drink down the moon.

It's our wassail 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 me boys harm, harm me boys harm,
A little more liquor won't do us no harm.

It's our wassail 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 the ringles and the jingles and the tenor of the song goes
Merrily merrily merrily.
O the tenor of the song goes merrily.

Shouted:
Hatfulls, capfulls, three-bushel bagfulls,
Little heaps under the stairs.
Hip hip hooray!