

# Apple Tree Wassail

trad. English (Devonshire)

$\text{♩} = 96$

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

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 Me - - ri - - ly, me \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ ri - - ly, me \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ ri -

- ly. O the te - nor of the song goes \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ Me - - ri - - ly.

*This is still a draft transcription. I'm waiting on a book that I'm told has a decent transcription, but it will be next year before I can put together something better. (Harmonies would be great!) The key here is what worked on the pennywhistle at the time. The song is curious in that the length of each of the verses is different. I've only set the first, so you have to trust your own judgement for the others. And the last verse is completely its own thing. The best known recording is by the Watsons, but Jon Boden's interpretation is more in line with how I sing it.*

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!

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

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!