Apple Tree Wassail

trad. English (Devonshire)



A luck charm for the Devon and Somerset cider country. To be sung either at the orchardman's door or in front of his trees. 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,
 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!

For 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.

For 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.

3. 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.

For 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.

4. O the ringles and the jingles and the tenor of the song goes Merrily merrily.O the tenor of the song goes merrily.

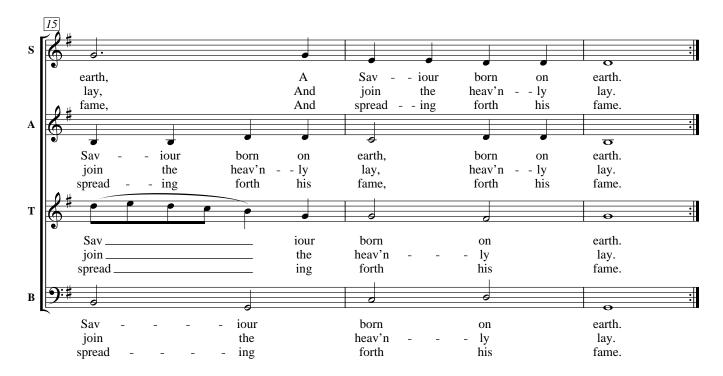
Shouted:

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

Arise and Hail the Joyful Day







- 1. Arise and hail the joyful day Of your Redeemer's birth; Lift up your voices to the sky; A Saviour born on earth.
- 2. Behold and hear what news we bring To lost mankind this day; Sweet hallelujah let us sing, And join the heav'nly lay.
- He comes, poor sinners to redeem, Who so affronted God; To heal their souls from death and sin, And save them with his blood.
- 4. Then let us join in choirs above To celebrate His name, In singing of His wonderous love, And spreading forth his fame.