**Gloucestershire Wassail**

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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 a 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,
A good Christmas pie that may we all see,
With a wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.
Drink to thee, drink to thee,
With a wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

And here is to Broad May and to her broad horn,
May God send our master a good crop of corn,
A good crop of corn that may we all see,
With a wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.
Drink to thee, drink to thee,
With a 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,
A happy New Year as e'er he did see,
With a wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.
Drink to thee, drink to thee,
With a wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

And here is to Colly and to her long tail,
Pray God send our master a good cask of ale,
A good cask of ale that may we all see,
With a wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.
Drink to thee, drink to thee,
With a wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

Come butler, come fill us a bowl of the best,
They I pray that your soul in heaven may rest,
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,
May the devil take butler, bowl and all.
Bowl and all, bowl and all,
May the devil take butler, bowl and all.

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 wassailers in.

Wassailers in, wassailers in,
For to let these jolly wassailers in.

# Here We Come a wassailing

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| 1. Here we come a-wassailing Among the leaves so green, Here we come a-wand'ring So fair to be seen. Love and joy come to you, And to you your wassail, too, And God bless you, and send you A Happy New Year, And God send you a Happy New Year.
2. We are not daily beggers That beg from door to door, But we are neighbors' children Whom you have seen before Love and joy come to you, And to you your wassail, too, And God bless you, and send you A Happy New Year, And God send you a Happy New Year.
3. Good master and good mistress, As you sit beside the fire, Pray think of us poor children Who wander in the mire. Love and joy come to you, And to you your wassail, too, And God bless you, and send you A Happy New Year, And God send you a Happy New Year.
 | 1. We have a little purse Made of ratching leather skin; We want some of your small change To line it well within. Love and joy come to you, And to you your wassail, too, And God bless you, and send you A Happy New Year, And God send you a Happy New Year.
2. Bring us out a table And spread it with a cloth; Bring us out a cheese, And of your Christmas loaf. Love and joy come to you, And to you your wassail, too, And God bless you, and send you A Happy New Year, And God send you a Happy New Year.
3. God bless the master of this house, Likewise the mistress too; And all the little children That round the table go. Love and joy come to you, And to you your wassail, too, And God bless you, and send you A Happy New Year, And God send you a Happy New Year
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**A verse to sing between allotments**

Don't go under the apple tree with anyone else but meAnyone else but me, anyone else but meNo, no, no, don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but meTill I come marching home

# This next song is chance for individuals to contribute their own words. Please try and think of some rhymes for the second and third lines to keep this song going.

# Oh Apple tree, Oh Apple tree

Oh apple tree oh apple tree how lovely are your branches

*as we put cider to your roots*

*we hope for lots and lots of fruits*

Oh Apple tree oh apple tree , how lovely are your brances

Oh Apple tree oh apple tree how lovely are your branches

*we want to see your branches bent*

*with blossom white and full of scent*

oh apple tree, oh apple tree, how lovely are your branches

Oh apple tree oh apple tree how lovely are your branches

*you see our eyes are getting wider*

*in expectation of your cider*

oh apple tree oh apple tree, how lovely are your branches

Oh apple tree, oh apple tree how lovely are your branches

*When your fruit will start to tumble*

*we'll grab it quick and make some crumble*

oh apple tree, oh apple tree, how lovely are your branches

Oh apple tree, oh apple tree how lovely are your branches

*Dee dum dee dum dee dum dee dum*

*Dee dum dee dum dee dum dee dum*

oh apple tree, oh apple tree, how lovely are your branches

Oh apple tree ...

**Wassailing Chants**

**From the South Hams of Devon, recorded 1871**

**Verse 1**

**Here's to thee, old apple tree,
Whence thou mayst bud
And whence thou mayst blow!
And whence thou mayst bear apples enow!**

***Chorus***

 ***Hats full! Caps full!
Bushel--bushel--sacks full,
And my pockets full too! Huzza!***

**Verse 2.**

 **Give us a crop
Of good apples ripe,
Red and well-rounded
The good juicy type!**

**Verse 3.**

 **Here is our ale,
Now drink of it well,
And give us good apples
Of which we can tell.**

**From 19th century South Hams**

**Apple-tree, apple-tree,
Bear good fruit,
Or down with your top
And up with your root.
From Cornworthy, Devon, recorded 1805**

**Huzza, Huzza, in our good town
The bread shall be white, and the liquor be brown
So here my old fellow I drink to thee
And the very health of each other tree.
Well may ye blow, well may ye bear
Blossom and fruit both apple and pear.
So that every bough and every twig
May bend with a burden both fair and big
May ye bear us and yield us fruit such a stors
That the bags and chambers and house run o'er.**

 **From 19th century Sussex and Surrey**

**Stand fast root, bear well top
Pray the God send us a howling good crop.
Every twig, apples big.
Every bough, apples now.**

*(and then shout!)***Hats full, caps full
Five bushel sacks full
And a little heap under the stairs
Holla, boys, holla!***(and blow the horn!)*

 **From 19th century Worcestershire**

**Bud well, bear well
God send you fare well;
Every sprig and every spray
A bushel of apples next New Year Day**

Coventry Wassail

**Oh apple, apple tree,
we have come to wassail thee.
Will you bear some fruit for me
When the season changes?**

APPLES

Apples, apples, what a treat,
sweet and tart and good to eat.
Apples green and apples red,
hang from branches overhead,
and when they ripen, down they drop,
so we can taste our apple crop

Peel an Apple
Peel an apple
Cut it up,
and cook it in a pot.
When you taste it,
you will find,
it's apple sauce you've got!

The Apple Tree
Away up high
In an apple tree
Two red apples
Smiled at me
I shook that tree
As hard as I could
Down came those apples
And mmm were they good!

An Apple Chant
Apples in the attic,
Apples in the hall,
Apples in the summer,
Apples in the fall.
Apples make you healthy,
Apples make you tall.
I will eat some apples,
I will eat them all!

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| --- |
| Apples BigApples big, Apples small, Guess what? I like them all |
| S |

**Oh Apple tree what are the chances**

**of lots of fruit upon your branches**

**Every Autumn we give you a prune**

**and now we're singing (out of tune).**

**Lets hope it works and gets you going,**

**and get the apple juices flowing.**

**We toast you now as we drink cider**

**to make your juicy apples wider**

**Wake up, wake up! Let's get going.**

**Get buds sprouting, apples growing.**

**Juicy apples, red and green.**

**We want the biggest ever seen**

**If we were bank robbers**

**We'd want lots of loot.**

**But we're allotmenteers**

**so give us some fruit.**

**Dig, manure and weed the roots**

**getting sticky, squelchy boots.**

**We do it for you apple trees**

**to blossom and attract the bees**

**and bear us lots of fruits**

**Hooray, Hooray and Hootie Tootie**

**we're all feeling very fruity.**

**Come on trees, it is your duty!**

**Provide us with some fruity booty.**

**Apple tree in Hangingwater**

**every year your trunk gets wider**

**You need more than a drink of water**

**We toast you with a drop of cider**

**Little Lizzie Dripping**

**went out apple dipping**

**on a cold wet winter's night.**

**She felt herseld a-slippin'**

**on a cox's orange pippin**

**but thank goodness Lizzie's all right.**

**Grapple with an apple!**

**There's lots of other fruit**

**like raspberry pear and plum**

**but grapple with an apple**

**if you want to fill your tum.**

**There once was a lady from Hyde,
Who ate a green apple and died,
While her lover lamented,
The apple fermented,
and made cider inside her inside**