WASSAIL WORDS

MEERSBROOK PARK
WALLED GARDEN

Apple Tree Wassail - *Traditional*

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!

Chorus:
(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
Chorus
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.
Chorus
O the ringles and the jingles and the tenor of the song goes
Merrily merrily merrily.
O the tenor of the song goes merrily.
Spoken:
Hatfuls, capfuls, three-bushel bagfuls,
Little heaps under the stairs.
Hip hip hooray!

Sussex Sugar Wassail - *Traditional*

A wassail, a wassail, a wassail we'll begin,
With sugar plums and cinnamon, and other treasures in.

Chorus: With a wassail, a wassail, a jolly wassail,
And may joy come to you and to our wassail.

If you've any maids within your house, as I suppose you've none,
They'd not let us stand a-wassailing so long on this cold stone.
Chorus
So we'll cut a toast all round the loaf, and set it by the fire,
We'll wassail bees, and apple-trees, unto your hearts' desire.
Chorus
Oh Good master and good mistress, if you will be but willing,
Come, send us out your eldest son with a sixpence or a shilling.
Chorus
Now bring out your silver tankards likewise your kissing spear,
We'll come no more a-wassailing, until another year.
Chorus
For our purses they are empty, our purses they are thin,
They lack a little silver to line them well within.
Chorus
For we've wassailed all of this day long, and nothing we could find,
Except an owl in an ivy-bush, and her we left behind.
Chorus

The Holly and the Ivy –*Traditional/Rosie Hodgson*

Oh the holly and the ivy
When they are both full grown
Of all the trees that grow in the wood
The holly bears the crown

Chorus: Oh the rising of the sun
And the running of the deer
The playing of the Merry organ
Sweet singing all in the choir

Oh the holly bears a blossom
As white as lays the snow
And deep beneath the spring she sleeps
While icy winds do blow
Chorus
Oh the holly bears a berry
As red as any blood
The heart of the merry green wood
Beats through the frost and flood
Chorus
Oh, the holly bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn
The frost that holds the fields and folds
Is vanquished by the dawn
Chorus
The holly bears a bark
As bitter as any gall
Burn fear and blame
With fire and flame
As new year comes to call
Chorus
Oh the holly and the ivy
When they are both full grown
Of all the trees that grow in the wood
The holly bears the crown

Chorus x 2

Here we come a Wassailing - *Traditional*
Here we come a-wassailing,
among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wandering
so fair to be seen,

Chorus:
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.

Chorus
Our wassail cup is
made of the rosemary tree,
and so is your beer of the best barley.
Chorus
We are not daily beggars
That beg from door to door,
We are your neighbours' children
Whom you have seen before.
Chorus
Call up the butler of this house,
put on his golden ring.
Let him bring out a glass of beer,
and better we shall sing.
Chorus
We have a little purse
of the stretching leather skin;
we want a little of your money
to line it well within.
Chorus
Bring us out a table
and spread it with a cloth;
bring us out a mouldy cheese,
and some of your Christmas loaf.
Chorus
God bless the master of this house
likewise the mistress too,
and all the little children
that round the table go.
Chorus
Good master and good mistress,
while you're sitting by the fire,
pray think of us poor children
who are wandering in the mire.
Chorus

Oak and Ash and Thorn – *Kipling/Peter Bellamy*
Of all the trees that grow so fair,
Old Engerland to adorn,
Greater are none beneath the Sun,
Than Oak and Ash and Thorn.

Chorus:
Sing Oak and Ash and Thorn, good Sirs
(All of a Midsummer's morn)!
Surely we sing of no little thing,
In Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Oak of the Clay lived many a day,
Or ever Aeneas began;
Ash of the Loam was a lady at home,
When Brut was an outlaw man;
Thorn of the Down saw New Troy Town
(From which was London born);
Witness hereby the ancientry
Of Oak and Ash and Thorn!
Chorus
Yew that is old in churchyard mould,
He breedeth a mighty bow;
Alder for shoes do wise men choose,
And beech for cups also.
But when ye have killed, and your bowl it is spilled,
Your shoes are clean outworn,
Back ye must speed for all that ye need,
To Oak and Ash and Thorn!
Chorus
Ellum she hateth mankind, and waiteth
Till every gust be laid,
To drop a limb on the head of him
That anyway trusts her shade:
But whether a lad be sober or sad,
Or mellow with ale from the horn,
He'll take no wrong when he lieth along
'Neath Oak and Ash and Thorn!
Chorus
Oh, do not tell the Priest our plight,
Or he would call it a sin;
But—we have been out in the woods all night,
A-conjuring Summer in!
And we bring you news by word of mouth—
Good news for cattle and corn—
Now is the Sun come up from the South,
By Oak and Ash and Thorn!
Chorus x 2

England shall bide till Judgement Tide,
By Oak and Ash and Thorn!