

The Hackney Wassail (JP 2016)

ALL SING

Wassail, wassail, wassail

GROUP 1, GROUP 2

May the coming year, may the coming year

Peace and plenty bring, peace and plenty bring

To all are here, to all are here

And all good cheer, and all good cheer REPEAT X 3

Apple Tree Wassail (trad.)

ALL SING

Old apple tree, we'll wassail thee,

And hoping thou wilt bear;

And who knows where we all shall be

To be merry another year.

To blow well and to bear well, and so merry let us be;

Let every man drink up his cup:

Here's health to the old apple tree.

REPEAT

ALL SHOUT at the conclusion:

Capfuls! Hatfuls! Baskets full! Bushels full! Barrels full! Barn
floors full! And a little heap under the stairs!

Gloucestershire Wassail (trad.)

CHORUS

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

Solo 1

So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek
Pray God send our master a good piece of beef
And a good piece of beef that may we all see
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee

CHORUS

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

Solo 2

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 the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee

CHORUS

Solo 3 - in memory of Katy Andrews

So here is to Katie and to her wild ways
She well loved these places, now gone are her days
Her spirit lives on, in yowling and song
She'll be in our hearts, for all the days long

Solo 4

So here's to Broad Mary and to her broad horn
May God send our master a good crop of corn
And a good crop of corn that may we all see
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee

CHORUS

Solo 5

And here is to Fillpail and to her left ear
Pray God send our master a happy New Year
And a happy New Year as e'er he did see
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee

CHORUS

Solo 6

And here is to Colly and to her long tail
Pray God send our master he never may fail
A bowl of strong beer! I pray you draw near
And our jolly wassail it's then you shall hear

FINAL CHORUS

Wassail, wassail all over the town.....
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee
With the wassailing bowl, WE'LL DRINK TO THEEEEEEE!

O Lily O Lily (trad.)

[featured singers]

Solo O lily-white lily, o lily-white pin,

ALL Please to come down and let us come in!

Solo Lily-white lily, o lily-white smock,

ALL Please to come down and pull back the lock!

Chorus:

(It's) **ALL SING** 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.

Solo O master and mistress, o are you within?

Please to come down and pull back the pin

Chorus:

(It's) **ALL SING** 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.

Solo 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.
ALL Harm me boys harm, harm me boys harm,
A little more liquor won't do us no harm.
Chorus:
(It's) **ALL SING** 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
UNISON O the ringles and the jingles and the tenor of the song
goes
Merrily merrily merrily.
O the tenor of the song goes merrily.
ALL SPEAK
Hatfulls, capfulls, three-bushel bagfulls,
Little heaps under the stairs.
Hip hip hooray!

Jacobstowe Wassail (trad.)

ALL SING
Wassail, wassail,
Good master and missis, sitting down by the fire,
While we poor wassailers be dabbling in the mire,
With a jolly wassail.
Ohhh, little Robin Redbreast he has a fine wing,
Give us of your cider and we'll begin to sing,
With a jolly wassail.

Wassail, wassail,
Good master and mistress, our wassail begin,
Please open your door and let us come in,

With a jolly wassail.
Ohhh, little Robin Redbreast he has a fine song,
Give us of your cider, we won't keep you long,
With a jolly wassail.

Wassail, wassail,
Your ale cup is white and your ale it is brown,
Your beer is the best that e'er can be found,
With a jolly wassail.
Ohhh, little Robin Redbreast he has a fine leg,
Give us of your cider, and we'll begin to beg,
With a jolly wassail.

Wassail, wassail,
Your gin it is brew'd from the juniper tree,
Your gin is the best that ever can be,
With a jolly wassail.
Ohhh, little Robin Redbreast he has a fine toe,
Give us of your cider, and we'll begin to go,
With a jolly wassail.
Wassail, wassail, WITH A JOLLY WASSAIL.

The Turning of the Year (AM 2012)

based on original by permission Jon Harvison
<http://www.jonharvison.com>

ALL SING

Oh the winter brings us low
For it is cold and hard.
With the frost upon the ground
And the ice upon the yard.

Snow grey skies, the rain and sleet, the bitter wind will glow
your cheek...

CHORUS ...so raise your voices high

And then with praises sing
To the turning of the year
And the coming of the spring

It's the season of hard frost
When the trees stand bare and cold
When the leaves are memories past
Of the cider, summer gold.
Spring's white blossom, dancing free, autumn's apples on the
tree....

CHORUS

...so raise your voices high
And then with praises sing
To the turning of the year
And the coming of the spring

Now the winter nights are deep
And the orchards are asleep
When our wassail comes along
To cheer with merry song
We sing to the trees of times to come, bird filled branches, days
of sun...

CHORUS ALL SING

...so raise your voices high
And then with praises sing
To the turning of the year
And the coming of the spring

VERSE 4

Join together our wassail
United voices sing
From city, town or field
Shared greetings we do bring
Come raise your voices, shout WAES HAIL
May our harvests never fail ...

CHORUS

So raise your voices high
And then with praises sing
To the turning of the year
And the coming of the spring

So raise your voices high
And then with praises sing
To the turning of the year
And the coming of the spring

Here We Come a-Wassailing (trad.)

ALL SING

Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wandering so fairly to be seen,
Now is wintertime strangers travel far and near,
And we wish you, send you a happy New Year.

Bud and blossom, bud and blossom, bud and bloom and bear,
So we may have plenty of cider all next year;
Apples are in capfuls are in bushel bags and all,
And there's cider running out of ev-er-y gutt-er hole.

Down here in the muddy lane there sits an old red fox,
Starving and a-shivering and licking his old chops;
Bring us out your table and spread it if you please,
And give us hungry wassailers a bit of bread and cheese.

I've got a little purse and it's made of leather skin,
A little silver sixpence it would line it well within;
Now is wintertime, strangers travel far and near,
And we wish you, send you a happy New Year.

Thanks for wassailing
Here's to
a fruitful 2018
Keep in touch