

Wassail – *The Bell Songs*



<https://www.icknieldwaymorrismen.org.uk/wp-content/uploads/2025/01/Wassail-The-Bell-Songs.pdf>

Icknield Way Morris Men

9th January 2025

1. Here We Come A-Wassailing

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 we wish you and send you a happy new year

And we send you a happy new year

Our wassail cup is made

Of the rosemary tree

And so is your beer

Of the best barley

Chorus

Call up the butler of this house

Put on his golden ring

Let him bring us up a glass of beer

And better we shall sing

Chorus

Bring us out a table

And spread it with a cloth

Bring us out some 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

2. Old Apple Tree

Sing

Old apple tree we wassail thee
And hope that thou wilt bear
For the Lord doth know where we shall be
Till apples come next year
To bloom well and to bear well
So merry let us be
Let every man take off his hat
And shout out to the old apple tree

Shout

Old apple tree we wassail thee
And hope that thou will bear
Hats full, caps full, three-bushel bags full
And a little heap under the stairs

3. Toast

Say each line after The Butler has said it

Stand fast root! Bear well top
Pray God send us a good howling crop
Every twig, apples big
Every bough, apples enow

4. Wassail Song

A wassail a wassail all over the town
Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown
Our cup it is made of the white maple tree
With a wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee
Drink to thee drink to thee
With a wassailing bowl we drink to thee

There's a master and mistress sat down by the fire
While we poor wassail boys stand here in the mire
Come you pretty maid with your silver head pin
Pray open the door and let us come in (*refrain*)

So here's to the maid with the lily- white smock
Who tripped to the door and pulled back the lock
Who tripped to the door and pulled back the pin
For to let these jolly wassailers in (*refrain*)

Come butler, come fill us a bowl of the best
Then we hope that your soul in heaven may rest
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small
Then down shall go butler bowl and all (*refrain*)

We hope that your apple trees prosper and bear
So we may have cider when we call next year
And where you have one barrel may you have ten
So we may have cider when we call again (*refrain*)