

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*)