

# Growing Orchard Communities

## COMMUNITY ORCHARD TOOLKIT



### Wassail Words and Chants

#### Wassail Words

##### A toast

*call* - Was hael, *response* - Drinc hael!

##### Devon Chant

Here's to thee old apple tree  
long may ee bud  
and long may ee blow  
long may ee bear apples enow.  
Hats full, caps full  
bushel bushel sacks full  
and my pockets full too.  
Huzzah!

##### A Carol from Truro

Now, Christmas is over, our Wassail begin  
Pray open your doors and let us come in  
Good mistress and master sitting down by the fire  
While we poor wassail folk are trav'lin the mire  
I hope that your apple trees will prosper and bear  
And bring forth good cider when we come next year  
And we poor wassail folk growing weary and old  
Drop a small piece of silver into our bowl  
We're here in this place, we want you t'und'stand  
We're the jolly Wassail folk with a bowl in our hand  
Good mistress and master how can you forbear  
Come fill up our bowl with cider or beer  
I hope you've had a merry Christmas, and we wish you a Happy New Year  
With plenty of money and plenty of good cheer  
I wish you a blessing and a long time to live  
Since you've been so free and so willing to give

##### Chorus

To our wassail  
wassail, wassail, wassail  
And joy come to our jolly wassail

#### Wassail Words

##### Whimpe Wassail Song

Apple tree prosper, bud, bloom and bear,

# Growing Orchard Communities

## COMMUNITY ORCHARD TOOLKIT



That we may have plenty of cider  
next year.

And where there's a barrel, we  
hope there are ten,  
That we may have cider when we  
come again.

### Chorus

**With our wassail, wassail, wassail  
And joy come to our jolly wassail**

A-wassail, a-wassail! The Moon,  
she shines down;  
The apples are ripe and the nuts  
they are brown.  
Whence thou mayest bud, dear old  
apple tree,  
And whence thou mayest bear, we  
sing unto thee.

Oh Mistress and Master, our wassail begin,  
Please open your door and let us come in;  
Besides all on earth you'll have  
apples in store;  
Pray let us come in for 'tis cold at the door.  
Come fill up our wassail bowl full to the brim,  
See, garnished and garnished so neat and so trim'  
Sometimes with laurel and some times with bays,  
According to custom, to keep the old ways.

Now for this gold liquor, to us,  
that you bring,  
We lift up our voices and merrily sing,  
That all good householders, long may they remain,  
And long to continue the same to maintain.