

Wassail song

Old apple tree, we wassail thee
Here's hope that you wilt bear
For the Gods doth know where we shall be
Come apples another year

For 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

For 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

All Say:

Old apple tree, we wassail thee
And hope that you will bear
Hatfuls, capfuls, three bushel bagfulls
And a little heap under the stairs

Three cheers for the old apple tree:
Hip, hip, hooray
Hip, hip, hooray
Hip, hip, hooray