

Apple-Tree Wassail

A wass-sail a was - sail through out all this town our toast it is
white & our ale it is brown our was - sail is made of the good ale &
true some nut - meg & ging - er the best we can brew
fol the dol dol the dol - dy dol fol the dol dy dol, fol the-dol- dy day fol - the
dai - ro fol the dad - dy sing too ral aye ay

Transcribed by R Swaine, 27/10/12

2. We hope that your apple trees prosper and bear, so that we may have cider when we call next year,
and where you've had one barrel then I hope you'll have ten, so that we may have cider when we call
again.

Chorus

3. We know by the moon that we are not too soon, and we know by the sky that we are not too high.
We know by the stars that we are not too far, and we know by the ground that we are within sound.

Chorus

4. There's Master and Mistress who sit by the fire, while we poor wassailers wait out in the mire.
So you, pretty maid, with your silver-headed pin, please open the door and let us come in.

Chorus