



# GOVANHILL ORCHARD WASSAIL

Harry Campbell 2025, based on traditional verses

Apple tree, old apple tree  
Bear good fruit for us to see

*For 'tis our wassail and 'tis your wassail  
And 'tis joy come to our jolly wassail*

Stand fast root, and bear well top  
Pray God send a howling great crop

Apples big on ev'ry twig  
Apples enow on ev'ry bough

Hats full, caps full, bushel-bags full  
Arms full, barns full, cider presses full

## **Here We Come A Wassailing**

Recorded by Mrs Ann Wright in Aldborough during 1973 and passed on to Steve Gardham on the 23rd of October 1973.

1 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 God bless you and send you a happy New Year,  
And God send you a happy New Year.**

2 We are not daily beggars that beg from door to door,  
But we are neighbours' childer as you have seen before.

### **CHORUS**

3 Bring us out a table and spread on it a cloth,  
Bring us out a mouldy cheese and some of your Christmas loaf.

### **CHORUS**

4 Good master and good mistress, while you're sitting round the fire,  
Pray think of us poor childer a wandering in the mire.

### **CHORUS**

5 God bless the master of this house likewise the mistress too,  
And all the little childer that round the table go.

### **CHORUS**

# SUGAR WASSAIL

(Collected by John Broadwood in Sussex in the 1840s)

A wassail, a wassail, a wassail we begin  
With sugar plums and cinnamon and other spices in

***With a wassail, a wassail a jolly wassail  
And may joy come to you and to our wassail***

We'll cut a toast all round the loaf and set it by the fire  
We'll wassail bees and apple trees unto your heart's desire

***With a wassail, a wassail a jolly wassail  
And may joy come to you and to our wassail***

Our purses they are empty our purses they are thin  
They lack a little silver to line 'em well within

***With a wassail, a wassail a jolly wassail  
And may joy come to you and to our wassail***

For we've wassail'd all this day long & nothing could we find  
Except an owl in\_an ivy bush and her we left behind

***With a wassail, a wassail a jolly wassail,  
And may joy come to you and to our wassail.***

Hang out your silver tankard upon your golden spear,  
We'll come no more a wassailing until another year.

***With a wassail, a wassail a jolly wassail,  
And may joy come to you and to our wassail.***