

The Wassail Song

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This wassailing song is sung at the beginning of each year around an apple tree encouraging it to 'bud and bloom'.

You can find a longer version at: [Whimble Wassail - Wikipedia](#)

The Whimble Wassail is an orchard-visiting ceremony which takes place in the Devon village of Whimble every 'Old Twelfth Night'.



Capo 2nd

A - was - sail a - was - sail, the moon she shines down, Our ap - ples are ripe and our
nuts they are brown. Whence thou may - est bud, dear old ap - ple tree, And
whence thou may'st bear we all sing un - to thee. With a was - sail a - was -
sail a - was - sail! And joy come to our jol - ly was - sail!



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A-wassail a-wassail, the moon she shings down,
Our apples are ripe and our nuts they are brown.

Whence thou mayest bud, dear old apple tree,
And whence thou mayst bear we sing unto thee.

Chorus: With a wassail, a-wassail, a-wassail!

And joy come to our jolly wassail! X2

Oh apple tree prosper, bloom and bear,
So we may have plenty of cider next year.

And where there's a barrel we hope there'll be ten,
That we may have cider when we come again. *Chorus*