

Apple Tree Wassail

Old apple tree we wassail thee
And hope that thou shalt bear
For the Lord 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 drink up his cup.
And health to the old apple tree.

(Sing twice)

Spoken:

*Old Apple tree, we worship thee,
And hope that thou will bare
Hat-fuls, cap-fuls, three bushel bag-fuls
And a little heap under the stairs.*

*Three cheers for the apple tree:
Hip hip horray! Hip hip horray! Hip hip horray!*