

# SOMERSET WASSAIL

Wassail and wassail all over this town  
Our cup it is white and your ale it is brown  
Our cup it is made of the good ashen tree  
And so is your beer of the best barley

*And it's your wassail and it's our wassail  
And it's joy be to you and a jolly wassail*

Good master and mistress, are you all within?  
Pray open the door and let us come in  
Good master and mistress a-sitting by the fire  
Pray think upon poor travellers, a travelling in the mire

*And it's your wassail...*

Oh where is the maid with the silver-headed pin  
To open the door and let us come in  
Good master and mistress, give us our desire  
A good loaf and cheese and a toast by the fire

*And it's your wassail...*

There was an old man and he had an old cow  
And how for to keep her he didn't know how  
He built up a barn for to keep his cow warm  
And a drop or two of cider won't do us any harm

*And it's your wassail...*

Now we have got a little purse of stretching leather skin  
We want a little money for to line it well within  
A shilling or a penny or a halfpenny will do  
If you haven't any money, then God Bless you!

# JUICE-ALEM

*From the Apple Day Mummers Play 1997*

And did those teeth in ancient times crunch upon  
England's apples green?

And was the Bramley apple pie on England's  
dining tables seen?

And did the cider pure and strong pour forth in  
pints, and quarts and gills?

And did the apple bring good health to folks in  
dark satanic mills?

Bring me my Cox of burnished gold; bring me my  
Worcester, firm and sweet.

Bring me my Pippins, new or old; bring me some  
English fruit to eat.

I shall not eat that tasteless pomme, nor shall a  
French fruit soil my hand,  
Till English apples rule again in England's green  
and pleasant land.