



Virtual Zoom Wassail - January 2021



THE ROBIN'S CALL

(Copyright: Rosa Rebecka)

Intro – women – small group

The robin is the finest bird
All in the apple tree
The red upon his body
For all the world to see

1. *women*

He's soared to hell on scorching wings
With water for the damned
He's sung a song of comfort
For the ever-fading lamb
So sing his tree no elegy
Though it be bare and frail
Sing Wassail!

Chorus:

all (sing) Wassail, (sing) wassail, (sing) wassail
Wassail.

2. *men*

The soil itself is buried
At the coming of the Dark
The robin he may tarry
Come the lapwing and the lark
But we will not sing Death Mass
Though the world be still and stale
Sing Wassail!

all (sing) Wassail, (sing) wassail, (sing) wassail
Wassail.

3. *all*

The ruthless of the rootless
The warriors of shame
Come looting and polluting
With smog and smoke and flame
But save the seeds from scorching
And rescued from the gale
Sing Wassail!

all (sing) Wassail, (sing) wassail, (sing) wassail
Wassail.

4. *all – with extra decoration harmony*

And sleeping in the subways
Are seeds, as yet unseen
And underneath the ashes
Lay whispers of the green
So sing the trees no elegies
That they may yet prevail
Sing Wassail!

all (sing) Wassail, (sing) wassail, (sing) wassail
Wassail.

5. *all – with extra decoration harmony*

Come bind the earth together
Come stretch towards the crest
We breathe into each other
Where robins come to rest
So shield the budding blossom
So fragile and so pale
Sing Wassail!

all (sing) Wassail, (sing) wassail, (sing) wassail
Wassail.

TORBAY WASSAIL

(Stephen Lyons arr. Rosa Rebecka)

I'll sing you a wassail of ale and good cheer
As fine a wassail as ever you'll hear
I'll sing you a wassail of silver and gold
As good as a story has ever been told

Chorus x 2:

Wassail, wassail, wassail the tree
that brings us the apples that cider will be
Wassail, wassail, wassail the night
that brings us together in darkness and light

I'll sing you a wassail of singers and trees
A wassail to warm and a wassail to please
I'll sing you a wassail of robins and wrens
As pretty a wassail you'll not hear again

Chorus x 2:

(that binds us together in darkness and light)

I'll sing you a wassail of blossom and snow
As strong a wassail as any could know
I'll sing you a wassail of apples and sun
All hail to the trees now our wassail's begun

Chorus x 2:

(that keeps us together in darkness and light)



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HERE WE COME A WASSAILING

Here we come a-wassailing
 among the leaves so green
 Here we come a-wandering
 so fairly 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

Our wassail cup is made
 of the rosemary tree
 And so is your beer
 of the best barley

Chorus

Call up the butler of this house,
 put on his golden ring
 Let him bring us up a glass of beer
 and better we shall sing

Chorus

Bring us out a table
 and spread it with a cloth
 Bring us out a mouldy cheese
 and some of your Christmas loaf

Chorus

Good master and good mistress
 while you're sitting by the fire
 Think of us poor children
 who are wand'ring in the mire

Chorus

Here we come a-wassailing
 among the leaves so green
 Here we come a-wandering
 so fairly to be seen

Chorus

JACOBSTOWE WASSAIL

(Collected in Jacobstowe, North Cornwall by Mr Batchellor and sent to Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-1924))

Wazzail, Wazzail,

Good Master and Mistress sitting down by the fire,
 Whilst we poor wassailers be dabblin' in the mire
 With our jolly wassail.

Oh, little Robin Redbreast he has a fine wing,
 Give us of your of cider and we'll begin to sing
 With our jolly wassail.

Wazzail, Wazzail!

Good Master and Mistress our wassail begin,
 Please open your door and let us come in
 With our jolly wassail.

Oh, little Robin Redbreast he has a fine song,
 Give us of your cider; we won't keep you long
 With our jolly wassail.

Wazzail, Wazzail!

Your ale cup is white and your ale it is brown,
 Your beer is the best that e'r can be found
 With our jolly wassail.

Oh, little Robin Redbreast he has a fine leg,
 Give us of your cider and we'll begin to beg
 With our jolly wassail.]

Wazzail, Wazzail!

Your gin it is brewed from the juniper tree
 Your gin is the best that ever can be
 With our jolly wassail.

Oh, little Robin Redbreast he has a fine toe,
 Give us of your cider and we'll begin to go
 With our jolly wassail.

Wazzail, Wazzail!Wazzail!



STOKE GABRIEL WASSAIL

(Sung:)

Old apple tree we wassail thee
Here's hoping thou wilt bear
For the Lord doth know where we shall be
When comes another year;
For to bloom well and to bear well,
So happy let us be;
Let every man take off his cap
And shout out to the old apple tree.

(Shouted:)

Old apple tree, we wassail thee
Here's hoping thou wilt bear
Hats full,
 Caps full,
 Three-bushel bags full,
And little heaps under the stair!
 Hip-hip-hooray
 Hip-hip-hooray
 Hip-hip-hooray

(Shot guns fire)

Weblinks on the Wild Harmony website:

<http://wildharmony.org.uk/index.php/wassailing>

MP3 to listen to	Song webpage link
The Robin's call	webpage
Torbay wassail	webpage
Here we come a wassailing	webpage
Jacobstowe wassail	webpage
Stoke Gabriel Wassail	webpage

See separate [song-sheet](#) for the 'Open stage' songs