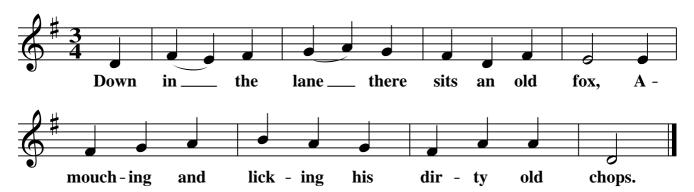
Apple Tree Wassail



- 1 Down in the lane there sits an old fox, A mouch-ing and lick-ing his dir-ty old chops.
- 2 Shall we go catch him, my boys if we can? Ten thousand to one if we catch him or none.
- 3 Catch him or none, catch him or none, Ten thousand to one if we catch him or none.
- 4 Wassail, wassail all over the town, Our cup it is white and our ale it is brown.
- 5 The great dog of Langport has burnt off his tail, And this is the night we go singing wassail.
- 6 I will go home to old mother Joan And tell her to put on a big marrow bone.
- 7 Boil it and boil it and skim off the scum, And we will have porridge when we do go home.