

Apple Tree Wassail

Down in ___ the lane ___ there sits an old fox, A -

mouch-ing and lick-ing his dir-ty old chops.

- 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.