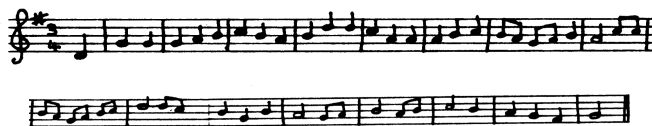


A Twelfth Night Garland

Brought to you by

Pilgrim Morris Men of Guildford

Gloucester Wassail



Wassail, wassail all over the town
Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown
Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree
With our wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

So here is to Cherry and to his right cheek
Pray God send our master a good piece of beef
And a good piece of beef that may we all see
With the wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.

Come, butler, come fill us a bowl of the best
Then we hope your soul in heaven may rest,
But if you do draw us a bowl of the small
Then down shall go butler, bowl and all.

Then here's to the maid in the lily white smock,
Who trips to the door and pulls back the lock.
Who trips to the door and pulls back the pin,
For to let these jolly wassailers in.

The King (Hunting the Wren)

Joy, Health, Love and peace
Be all here in this place.
By your leave we will sing
Concerning our King.

Our King is well dressed
In a suit of the best,
In ribbons so rare
No king can compare.

We have travelled many miles
Over hedges and stiles,
In search of our King
Unto you we bring.

We have powder and shot
To conquer the lot.
We have cannon and ball
To conquer them all.

Old Christmas is past
Twelfth tide is the last,
So we bid you adieu
Pray joy to the new.

Yorkshire Wassail



We've been a-while a-wandering amongst the leaves so green,
But now we come a wassailing so plainly to be seen,
*For it's Christmas time, when we travel far and near;
May God bless you and send you a happy New Year.*

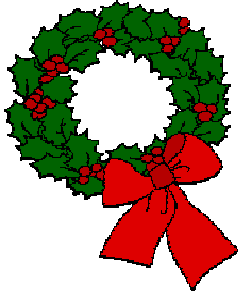
We are not daily beggars that beg from door to door,
We are your neighbours children, for we've been here before;
Chorus

We've got a little purse made of leathern ratchin skin,
We want a little of your money to line it well within;
Chorus

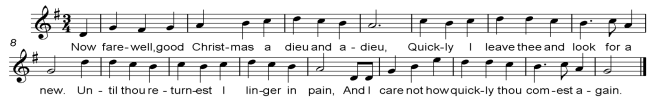
Call up the butler of this house, likewise the mistress too,
And all the little children that round the table go,
Chorus

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,
Pray think of us poor children that's wandered in the mire,
Chorus



Elstead Wassail



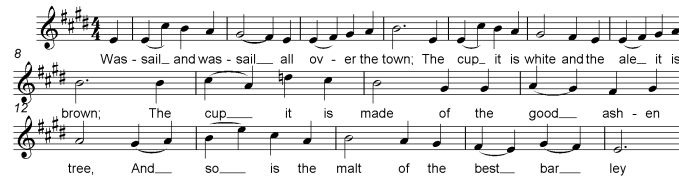
Now farewell, good Christmas, adieu and adieu
 Quickly I leave thee and look for a new.
 Until thou returnest I linger in pain
 And I care not how quickly thou comest again.

But ere thou departest I purpose to see
 What merry good pastime this day will give me.
 For a King of our Wassail this night we must choose
 Or else the old custom we carelessly lose.

The wassail well spiced about shall go round
 Though it cost my good master best part of a pound.
 The maid in the buttery stands ready to fill
 Her nappy good liquor with heart and good will.

To welcome us kindly our master stands by
 And tells me in friendship one tooth is too dry.
 Now we will accept it like lovingly friends
 And so for this Christmas my carol here ends.

Somerset Wassail



Wassail, and wassail, all over the town!
 Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown,
 Our bowl it is made of the white ashen tree
 And so is the malt of the best barley.

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

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

Chorus

O where is the maid, with the silver-headed pin
 To open the door and let us come in?
 O master and missus, it is our desire
 A good loaf and cheese, and a toast by the fire.

Chorus

The Girt Dog of Langport he burnt his long tail
 And this is the night we go singing wassail.
 O master and missus, now we must be gone,
 God bless all in the house till we do come again.

Chorus

Newdigate Wassail



A wassail, a wassail, a wassail we'll begin,
 With sugar plums and cinnamon and other spices in;
*With a wassail, a wassail, a jolly wassail,
 And may joy come to you, and to our wassail.*

Good master and good mistress as you sit by the fire,
 Consider us poor wassailers who travel through the mire.
Chorus

We'll cut a toast around the loaf and set it by the fire,
 We'll wassail bees and apple trees unto your hearts desire.
Chorus

Hang out your silver tankard upon your golden spear,
 We'll come no more a wassailing until another year.
Chorus



The Seven Joys of Mary

The first good joy that Mary had
It was the joy of One;
To see her own son Jesus Christ
When He was first her son.

*When He was first her son, good man
And happy may we be
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost
Through all eternity.*

The next good joy that Mary had
It was the joy of two;
To see her own son Jesus Christ
Making the lame to go.

Chorus

Three;
Making the blind to see.

Four;
Reading the bible o'er.

Five;
Raising the dead alive.

Six;
Upon the crucifix.

Seven;
Wearing the crown of heaven.



The Holly and the Ivy

Oh the holly and the Ivy
When they are both full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood
The holly tree bears the crown.

*Oh the rising of the sun
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ
Sweet singing all in the choir.*

Oh the holly tree bears a blossom
As white as lily flower
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our sweet Saviour.

Chorus

Oh the holly tree bears a berry
As red as any blood
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good.

Chorus

Oh the holly tree bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas day in the morn.

Chorus

Oh the holly tree bears a bark
As bitter as any gall
And Mary bore Sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all.

Chorus



The Cherry Tree Carol

Now Joseph was an old man
And an old man was he
And he married Mary
The Queen of Galilee.

Now Mary and Joseph
Walking in the garden green
Where cherries hung heavy
On every limb.

“Pick me some cherries Joseph,
Pick me some cherries do,
Pick me some cherries Joseph
That hang on the bough”.

Then up spoke old Joseph
With his words so unkind,
“Let the man gather cherries
That owneth the child”.

Then up spoke our Saviour
All in his Mother's womb,
“Bow down thou blessed cherry tree
That Mary may have some”.

The very top branches
Bowed down to her knee,
“Now you can see Joseph
There are cherries for me”.

While Shepherds Watched

Shepherds Arise

8
15
22
26

Shepherds arise! Be not afraid,
With hasty steps prepare,
To David's city, sin on earth
With our bless'd infant there.

*Sing, sing all earth
Eternal praises sing!
To our redeemer
To our redeemer
And our heavenly King.*

Laid in a manger view the Child,
Humility divine!
Sweet innocence sounds meek and mild.
Grace in his features shines!

Chorus

For us our Saviour came on earth,
For us his life he gave,
To save us from eternal death
And to raise us from the grave.

Chorus

While shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the lord came down
And glory shone around.

*Sweet bells, Sweet chiming Christmas bells
Sweet bells, Sweet chiming Christmas bells
They cheer us on our heavenly way
Sweet chiming bells.*

“Fear not” said he for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled minds,
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind”.

Chorus

“To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line,
A saviour who is Christ the lord
And this shall be the sign”.

Chorus

“The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands
And in a manger laid”.

Chorus

Thus spake the seraph and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God who thus
Addressed their joyful song.

Chorus

All glory be to God on high
And to the earth be peace
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.

Chorus.

The Boar's Head Carol

The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary.
I pray you good masters be merry,
Quot estis in convivio.

(so many as are in the feast)

Caput apri defero

Reddens laudes Domino.

*(The boar's head I bring,
giving praises to God)*

The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all this land,
Which thus bedecked with gay garland
Let us servire cantico.

(let us serve with a song)

Caput apri defero

Reddens laudes Domino.

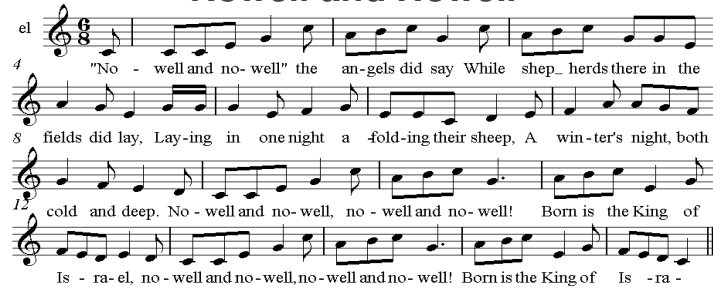
Our steward has provided this
In honour of the King of bliss
Which on this day to be served is
In Reginensi atrio

(in the Queen's hall)

Caput apri defero

Reddens laudes Domino.

Nowell and Nowell



Here we come a Wassailing

Here we come a wassailing
Among the leaves so green,
Here we come a wandering
So fair to be seen

*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.*

We are not daily beggars
That beg from door to door,
But we are neighbour' children
Whom you have seen before
Chorus

Good Master and good Mistress,
As you sit by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
Are wandering in the mire.
Chorus

We have a little purse
Made of ratching leather skin:
We want some of your small change
To line it well within.
Chorus

God bless the Master of this house,
Likewise the mistress too;
And all the little children
That round the table go.
Chorus

Nowell and Nowell the Angels did say
While shepherds there in the fields did lay;
Laying in one night a-folding their sheep,
A winter's night both cold and bleak.
*Nowell and Nowell, Nowell and Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel!
Nowell and Nowell, Nowell and Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel!*

And then there did appear a star
To wise men three in country far
Unto the earth it gave a great light
And there it continued a day and a night
Chorus

The star it shone all in the north-west
O'er Bethlehem city it took its rest
And there it did both stand and stay
Right over the house where our Lord lay
Chorus

There entered in those wise men three
With reverence, upon their knee,
And offered up, in rich portent
Both gold and myrrh and frankincense
Chorus

Betwixt an ox-manger and an ass
There our blessed Messiah was
To save our souls from sin and thrall
He is the Redeemer of us all
Chorus

The Clementsing Song

Clemancy! Clemancy! Apples and pears
Up in the attic and under the stairs.
One for Peter, two for Paul,
Three for Him who made us all.

An apple, a pear, a plum, or a cherry,
Any good thing to make us all merry.
Up with your stockings and on with your shoes,
If you haven't got apples then money will do.

Put your hand in your pocket and take out your keys.
Go down in the cellar and fetch what you please.
Some of your mutton and some of your veal.
If it is good, pray give us a deal.

The roads are so dirty, our boots are so thin.
Our pockets are empty and got nothing in!
Off with the pot and on with the pan,
A good red apple and we will be gone.

All Hail to the Days

5 All hail to the days that merit more praise Than all the rest of the year, And
 9 welcome the nights that double de lights As - well for poor as for peer. - Good
 13 for - tune at tend each - merry man's friend That - doth but the best that he may. For
 get ting old wrong in - ca rols and songs, To - drive the cold win ter a - way. -

All hail to the days that merit more praise
 Than all the rest of the year,
 And welcome the nights that double delights
 As well for as the peer as the poor !
 Good fortune attend each merry man's friend,
 That doth but the best that he may;
 Forgetting old wrongs, with carols and songs,
 To drive the cold winter away.

This time of the year is spent in good cheer,
 And neighbours together do meet
 To sit by the fire, with friendly desire,
 Each other in love to greet;
 Old grudges forgot are put in the pot,
 All sorrows aside they lay;
 The old and the young doth carol this song
 To drive the cold winter away.

To mask and to mum kind neighbours will come
 With wassails of nut-brown ale,
 To drink and carouse to all in the house
 As merry as bucks in the dale;
 Where cake, bread, and cheese is brought for your fees
 To make you the longer stay;
 At the fire to warm 'twill do you no harm,
 To drive the cold winter away.

When Christmas's tide come in like a bride
 With holly and ivy clad,
 Twelve days in the year much mirth and good cheer
 In every household is had;
 The country guise is then to devise
 Some gambols of Christmas play,
 Whereat the young men do best that they can
 To drive the cold winter away.

When white-bearded frost hath threatened his worst,
 And fallen from branch and briar,
 Then time away calls from husbandry halls
 And from the good countryman's fire,
 Together to go, to plough and to sow
 To get us both food and array,
 And thus will content the time we have spend
 To drive the cold winter away.



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Sussex Carol

On Christmas night all Christians sing,
 To hear the news the angels bring;
 On Christmas night all Christians sing,
 To hear the news the angels bring;
 News of great joy, news of great mirth,
 News of our merciful King's birth.

Then why should men on earth be sad,
 Since our Redeemer made us glad; (rpt)
 When from our sin He set us free,
 All for to gain our liberty.

When sin departs before Your grace,
 Then life and health come in its place; (rpt)
 Angels and men with joy may sing,
 All for to see the newborn King.

All out of darkness we have light
 Which made the angels sing this night; (rpt)
 "Glory to God and peace to men,
 Now and for ever more. Amen."

As I Sat on a Sunny Bank

As I sat on a sun-ny bank, a sun-ny bank a sun-ny bank; As
 I sat on a sun - ny bank, on Christ - mas Day in the morn - ing

As I sat on a sunny bank,
 a sunny bank, a sunny bank;
 As I sat on a sunny bank
 on Christmas Day in the morning.

I saw three ships come sailing in,
 come sailing in, come sailing in;
 I saw three ships come sailing in
 on Christmas Day in the morning.

I ask-ed them what they had in,
 (etc.)

They said they had the Saviour in,
 (etc.)

I ask-ed them where they found him,
 (etc.)

They said they'd found him in Bethlehem,
 (etc.)

Now all the bells on Earth shall ring,
 (etc.)

And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing,
 (etc.)

As I sat on a sunny bank,
 (etc.)