Friends of Putnoe Wood & Mowsbury Hillfort Wassail 2015 with HEMLOCK MORRIS

All will make a formal procession, Piper, Wassail King and Queen, Morris, Friends of Putnoe Woods and invited guests.

Upon entering the orchard, all will process around the orchard whilst making as much noise as possible (this is to awaken the trees from their slumber) by using musical instruments, biscuit tins, saucepan lids, etc. or shouting and clapping, and come to rest at the chosen tree.

Hemlock Grove will bestow a Blessing upon the Iree.



Mowsbury Hill Fort Wassail 2015 Ceremony

(Arrangement based on Horton Kirby Wassailing Ceremony)

The Royal Couple will be adorned with a golden nut for good luck!

All Sing "Here we come a-Wassailing"

Everyone chants the Wake-Up rhyme. (This is because the tree spirits have fallen asleep for the winter)

ALL:

Grand old Apple Tree, we have come to Wassail thee...

May your branches grow heavy, as your sweet apples grow

May you bring forth much fruit for us here below

The **Wassail Queen** sprinkles wassail onto the roots of the tree, (cider from the Wassail Bowl) whilst the **Wassail King** says these words...

Old Apple Tree, awake and grow - take nourishment from the earth below Old Apple Tree, we anoint thine root - Great Bearer of our Autumn fruit Old Apple Tree may your blossoms fall - then grow your apples for one and all Old Apple Tree, to you good cheer - bring forth your fruit for us this year

(Everyone 'hints' to the tree that they would like lots of apples by walking around the tree pretending to be carrying a heavy basket full of fruit).

Toast is hung onto branches of the tree by members of the Wassail group. (This is to encourage the good spirits to visit the tree in the form of Robins. These good spirits will help the tree with producing plenty of fruit.)

All sing "The Gloucestershire Wassail Song"

End of formal ceremony.



Here We Come A-Wassailing!

Here we come a-wassailing, among the leaves so green, Here we come a-wand'ring, so fair to be seen.

Love and joy come to you, and to 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 neighbors' children whom you have seen before

Love and joy...

Good master and good mistress, as you sit beside the fire, Pray think of us poor children who wander in the mire.

Love and joy...

We have a little purse, made of ratching leather skin; We want some of your small change to line it well within.

Love and joy...

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

Love and joy...

Protect this orchard from the wind, from winter's frost and snow Take care of us kind visitors that wander to and fro.

Love and joy...

The Gloucestershire Wassail (Hemlock Adaptation 2015)

O' Wassail! O' 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 the Wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.
Drink to thee, Drink to Thee
With the Wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.

Here's to our mare, and to her right eye,
God send our mistress a good Christmas pie;
A good Christmas pie as e'er I did see,
With the Wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.
Drink to thee, Drink to thee
With the Wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.

Here's to our cow, and to her long tail, God send our master us never may fail Of a cup of good beer: I pray you draw near, And our jolly Wassail it's then you shall hear. Then you shall hear, then you shall hear. And our jolly Wassail it's then you shall hear.

Here's to the maid in her lily white smock
Who tripped to the door and slipped back the lock
Who tripped to the door and pulled back the pin
For to let these jolly Wassailers in.
Wassailers in, Wassailers in
For to let these jolly Wassailers in.

Here's to our horse and to his right ear
God send our master a happy new year
A happy new year as e're he did see
With the Wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.
Drink to thee, Drink to Thee
With the Wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.