



The Friends of
**Putnoe Wood
& Mowsbury Hillfort**

Here We Come a Wassailing

Here we come a-wassailing, among the leaves so green
Here we come a-wand'ering, 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 neighbours' children whom you have seen before.

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

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

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

God bless the master of this house, likewise the mistress too;
And all the little children that round the table go.

Wassail Chorus

Ooooooh Apple Tree bloom, Oooooo Apple Tree bear
That the bees might make honey,
And we shall make money, from our cider every year!