

CHRISTMAS SONGS IN THE ENGLISH FOLK TRADITION

Ryton Carols 2024

1. CARHAMPTON WASSAIL

Traditional Campton (Carhampton)

1 Lily white lily. Oh lily white thin
Please to come down and let us come in
Lily white lily. oh lily white smock
Please to come down and pull back the lock

Ch Our wassail, jolly wassail,
And joy come to our jolly wassail
How well they may bloom and
How well they may bear
So we may have capfuls of cider next year

Ch Oh master and mistress oh are there within
Please to come down and pull back the pin

Ch There was and old farmer and he had an old
cow
But how to milk her, he didn't know how
He put his old cow down in its old barn
And a little more liquor won't do us no harm

Ch 2 Harm me boys, harm me boys harm
A little more liquor won't do us no harm

Ch For it's our wassail, jolly wassail
And joy come to our jolly wassail
How well they may bloom,
How well they may bear
So we may have capfuls of cider next year

4 For the ringles and the jingles,
And the tenor of the song goes merrily
Merrily, merrily, for the tenor of the song
goes merrily

Spoken. Hapfuls capfuls, three bushel bagfuls
Little heaps under the stair, Hip hip hooray

2. THE KING Traditional from Pembrokeshire.

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 the silks of the best
With ribbons so rare, No King can compare

We have travelled many miles, over hedges and styles
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

Now Christmas is past, 12th night was the last
And we'll bid you adieu, brave joy to the new

Joy health love and peace, be all here in this place
By your leave we will sing, concerning our King

3. GOWER WASSAIL

Traditional from Watersons Frost and Fire

A wassail, a wassail throughout all this town
Our cup it is white and our ale it is brown
Our wassail is made of the good ale and true
Some nutmeg and ginger the best we can brew

chorus
Fol-de- doll, loll-de-doll-de-doll,
Fol-de-doll-de-doll, loll-de-doll-de - de
Fol-der-rol loll-de- ded-dy, sing too-ra-lie- doe

Our wassail is made of the Elderberry bough
And so, my good neighbours we'll drink unto though
Besides all on earth we have apples in store
Pray let us come for 'tis cold by the door

There master and mistress sitting down by the fire
While we poor wassail boys do wade through the mire
And so pretty maids with your silver headed pin
Please open the door and let us come in

We know by the moon that we are not too soon
And we know by the sky, that we are not too high
And we know by the stars, that we are not too far
and we know by the ground that we are within sound

There our wassail boys, growing weary and cold
Drop a bit of small silver into our old bowl
And if we should live, for another New Year
Perhaps we may call and see who do live here

4. THERE ARE NO LIGHT ON OUR CHRISTMAS TREE

Cyril Tawney

Chorus

There are no lights on our Christmas tree
We must not spoil the tel-e-vee
No party games no mistletoe
Just whistle Wenceslas and out you go

5. HERE WE COME A WASSAILING TRAD.

1. Here we come a wassailing,
Among the leaves so green
Here we come a wandering, so fairly to be seen
Now is winter time, stranger's travel far and near
And we wish you, and send you, a happy New Year

2. Bud and blossom, bud and blossom,
Bud and bloom and bear
So that we may cider, for all of the next year
Hatfuls and in capfuls, an bushel bags and all
And cider running out, of every gutter whole

3. Down in this muddy lane, there is and old red fox
Starving and a shivering, and licking his old chops
Bring us out your table, and spread it if you please
And give us hungry wassailers, a bit of bread and cheese

4. I've got a little purse, and it's made of leather skin
A little silver sixpence, would line it well within
Now is winter time, stranger's travel far and near
And we wish you, and send you, a happy New Year

6. TAR BARREL IN DALE

By George Unthank

Written 31.12.98 about the New Year 'Tar Barrel' fire tradition
carried out in the village of Allendale, Northumberland.

chorus

Tar Barrel in dale
Fire in snow
We'll toast the New Year
Bid farewell to the old

The Old Year out, the New Year in
Please will you let, the lucky bird in?
With bottle in hand, and a piece of black coal
A stranger's a friend when First Footing yer go

At midnights approach, the band you can hear
The fiery procession of guisers draws near
With friends and good company with voices so clear
Singing in harmony bringing in the New Year

Off the heads of the guisers, the blazing barrels are hurled
On to the bonfire, smoke, sparks and flames swirl
Amid cheers and rejoicing, the rites of old 'Father Time'
We link hands together, and sing 'Auld Lang Syne'

Through out the year, when we sing this song
With old friends and new friends, sing along
May good fortune be with you, from all sorrows refrain
Till that happy time, when we all meet again

7. THE HOLLY AND THE IVY Traditional

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

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

2 Now the holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good

3 Now the holly bears a blossom,
As White as any flower
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet savior

4 Now the holly has a bark,
As bitter as any gall
But Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
For to redeem us all

5 Oh the holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn
But Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
On Chrissy-mas day in the morn

8. MALPAS WASSAIL *Traditional*

Now the harvest being over, and Christmas drawing in
Please open your door, and let us come in

Ch With our wassail, wa-----sail , wa----ssail
And joy come to our jolly wassail

There's the master and the mistress, sitting down by the fire
While we poor wassail boys, do trudge through the mire

The master and mistress, sitting down at their ease
Put your hands in your pockets, and give what you please

This ancient old house, we will kindly salute
It is the old custom, you need not dispute

Here's the saddle, and the bridle, they're hung up on the
shelf, If want any more, you can sing it yourself

Here's a health to the master, and a long time to live
Since you've been so kind, and so willing to give