

Byth-yach - Avalow ryb an Mor (Cornish for: Wassail - Apples by the Sea)

Byth-yach, Wassail, Wassail, Wassail
Byth-yach, Wassail, Avalow ryb an Mor

May there be friendship and toil and laughter,
May there be dancing and cider galore!
May there be scything and pruning and staking,
May the trees feed us abundance and joy!

May there be children and running and laughter
May there be singing and memories to share
May volunteers be abundant, keen, eager and willing
To learn and contribute, the fruits to bear!

May there be bees for pollen and honey,
May there be plenty of flowers for them.
May there be workshops to learn about nature,
Sharing our knowledge, being valued and heard.

May there be all types of cookers and eaters,
Each with their history for years to come.
May nature be nurtured, abundant and fruitful,
May all our revels be joyful and fun

Time to have a break, toast the trees and sing the rest later.

May there be rainfall and sunshine and breezes,
May there be apples and honey this year
May the seasons forever keep changing,
May the leaves fall and new buds appear.

May there be bobbing and carving and pressing
May there be pies, cakes and crumbles to share.
May there be Oss's with cloaks flowing wide,
Teasing and prancing round glowing bonfires.

Eve gave Adam an apple, an apple, an apple.
Adam he ate it, now look what we know!
So we peopled the planet, the planet, the planet,
and now we will love it and care for it still.

Let's toast to the trees with our cider and cheer,
Sing loud as we dance through the orchard this year.
Dip toast in the cider then hang on the branches,
Raise hats to the bounty of Great Mother Earth.

Meur ras (thank you) to:

Music: Pip Wright www.pipwright.co.uk,

Words: everyone! Cornish translation: Jim Daniel

Wassail the Silver Apple

by Mike O'Connor

Wassail! Wassail! May the coming year.
Peace and plenty bring, to all who
wassail here.

Drink to the bud and the blossom.
Drink to the root of the tree.
Drink to the fruit of the Summer
Wassail let the cider run free

Fire at the spirit of Winter
Fire at the spirit of night
Fire at the spirit of darkness
Wassail the bringer of light

Wassail the silver shilling
Wassail the silver moon
Wassail the silver apple
Drink Hail the sign of the sun

Old Apple Tree

Old apple tree we wassail thee
And hoping thou will bear
For who doth know where we shall be
'Til apples come another year

For to bear well and to bloom well
So merry let us be
Let everyone take off their hats
And cry out to the old apple tree

Old apple tree we wassail thee
And hoping thou will bear
Hat fulls, cap fulls, three bushel bag fulls
in a little heap under the stairs

Source: Maud Karpeles, Cecil Sharp's Collection of English Folk Songs, II, 528. Noted by Cecil Sharp from William Crockford at Bratten, Somerset, 12 September 1906.