

Old apple tree, We wassail thee
And hoping thou will bear
For the lord doth know where we
shall be and apples another year.
For to bear well and to bloom well
so merry let us be, let every man
take off his hat and shout to the
old apple tree.

Old Apple Tree we wassail
thee and hoping thou will bear
Hats full, caps full, three
bushel bags full
And a little heap under the
stairs