

Washington Revels Winter Wassail Pub Sing
Sunday, January 31, 2021
Sing-Along Lyrics

ALL FOR ME GROG

CHORUS:

**All for me grog, me jolly jolly grog,
All for me beer and tobacco.
For I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin,
Now across the western ocean I must wander.**

Where are me boots, me noggin', noggin' boots,
They're all gone for beer and tobacco.
For the heels they are worn out and the soles are kicked about,
And me toes are lookin' out for better weather.

CHORUS

Where is me shirt, me noggin', noggin' shirt,
It's all gone for beer and tobacco,
For the collar is all worn, and the sleeves they are all torn,
And me back is lookin' out for better weather.

CHORUS

Where are me trousers, me noggin' noggin trousers,
All gone for beer and tobacco,
For the fly's all torn out and the buttons knocked about,
And me arse is lookin' out for better weather.

CHORUS

I'm sick in the head and I can't afford a bed,
It's all gone for beer and tobacco,
I see centipedes and snakes and I'm full of pains and aches,
And me brain is lookin' out for better weather.

CHORUS

SHEPHERD'S SONG

There's No Ale on the Wolds

We shepherds are the best of men that e'er trod English ground,
When we come to an alehouse we value not a crown;
We spends our money freely; we pay before we go,
There's no ale on the wolds where the stormy winds do blow.

**We spends our money freely; we pay before we go,
There's no ale on the wolds where the stormy winds do blow.**

As I walked over Mount Star plain the frost did cut my feet,
My ewes and lambs hung out their tongues, around me they did bleat,
There I plucked up my courage and over hills did go,
And I drove them to fold where the stormy winds do blow.

**There I plucked up my courage and over hills did go,
And I drove them to fold where the stormy winds do blow.**

And when that I had folded them I turned my back in haste
I went into an alehouse, good liquor for to taste.
For drink and jovial company, they are my heart's delight
While my sheep lie asleep, through the cold and stormy night.

**For drink and jovial company, they are my heart's delight
While my sheep lie asleep, through the cold and stormy night.**

Come every valiant shepherd that has a valiant heart
You must not be faint-hearted but boldly play your part.
And when your sheep are folded, to the ale-house you may go
There's no ale on the wolds where the stormy winds do blow.

**And when your sheep are folded, to the ale-house you may go
There's no ale on the wolds where the stormy winds do blow.**

WELCOME TABLE

I'm goin down to the River of Jordan

Oh yes, I'm goin down to the River of Jordan one of these days, hallelujah,

I'm going down to the River of Jordan,

I'm goin down to the river of Jordan one of these days

I'm gonna eat at the welcome table

Oh yes, I'm gonna eat at the welcome table one of these days, hallelujah

I'm gonna eat at the welcome table

Eat at the welcome table one of these days

I'm gonna feast on milk and honey

Oh yes, I'm gonna feast on milk and honey one of these days, hallelujah

I'm gonna feast on milk and honey

Feast on milk and honey one of these days

I'm gonna drink from the crystal fountain

Yes, I'm gonna drink from the crystal fountain one of these days, hallelujah

I'm gonna drink from the crystal fountain

Drink from the crystal fountain, one of these days

I'm gonna sing and never get tired

Yes, I'm gonna sing and never get tired one of these days, hallelujah

I'm gonna sing and never get tired

Sing and never get tired, one of these days

BELLS OF NORWICH

Words and Music by Sydney Carter, © 1981 Stainer & Bell, Ltd./ Hope Publishing Co.

Loud are the bells of Norwich and the people come and go

Here by the tower of Julian I tell them what I know

Ring out bells of Norwich and Let the winter come and go

All shall be well again I know

Love like the yellow daffodil is coming through the snow

Love like the yellow daffodil is Lord of all I know

Ring out bells of Norwich and Let the winter come and go

All shall be well again I know

Ring for the yellow daffodil, the flower in the snow

Ring for the yellow daffodil and tell them what I know

Ring out bells of Norwich and Let the winter come and go

All shall be well again I know

All shall be well I'm telling you Let the winter come and go

All shall be well again I know.

READ 'EM JOHN

John brought the letter and he laid it on the table
Tell all the members read 'em,
Oh Read 'em let me go

Read 'em John (Read 'em)
Read 'em John (Read 'em)
Read 'em John (Read 'em)
Oh Read 'em let me go.

Read 'em John (Read 'em)
Read 'em John (Read 'em)
Read 'em John (Read 'em)
Oh Read 'em let me go.

And a one by one
And two by two
Three by three
And a four by four
Tell all the members read 'em
Oh read 'em let me go

Read 'em John (Read 'em)
Read 'em John (Read 'em)
Read 'em John (Read 'em)
Oh Read 'em let me go.

Read 'em John (Read 'em)
Read 'em John (Read 'em)
Read 'em John (Read 'em)
Oh Read 'em let me go.



GOWER WASSAIL

A-wassail, a-wassail throughout our town,
Our cup it is white and our ale it is brown.
Our wassail is made of the good ale and cake,
Some nutmeg and ginger, it's the best we can make.

**Fol-dee-dol, lol-dee-dol-dee-dol,
Lol-dee-dol-dee-dol, lol-dee-dol-dee-dee,
Fol-dee-derol, lol-dee-der-dee, Sing too-ra-li-doh.**

Our wassail is made of the elderberry bough,
And so my good neighbours, we'll drink unto thou,
Besides all on earth, you'll have apples in store,
Pray let us come in for it's cold by the door.

**Fol-dee-dol, lol-dee-dol-dee-dol,
Lol-dee-dol-dee-dol, lol-dee-dol-dee-dee,
Fol-dee-derol, lol-dee-der-dee, Sing too-ra-li-doh.**

There's a master and a mistress sitting down by the fire
While we poor wassail boys do wait in the mire.
And you pretty maid with your silver-headed pin,
Please open the door and let us come in.

**Fol-dee-dol, lol-dee-dol-dee-dol,
Lol-dee-dol-dee-dol, lol-dee-dol-dee-dee,
Fol-dee-derol, lol-dee-der-dee, Sing too-ra-li-doh.**

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

**Fol-dee-dol, lol-dee-dol-dee-dol,
Lol-dee-dol-dee-dol, lol-dee-dol-dee-dee,
Fol-dee-derol, lol-dee-der-dee, Sing too-ra-li-doh.**

We hope that your apple trees prosper and bear
So that we may have cider when we call next year
And where you have one barrel we hope you'll have ten
So that we may have cider when we call again

**Fol-dee-dol, lol-dee-dol-dee-dol,
Lol-dee-dol-dee-dol, lol-dee-dol-dee-dee,
Fol-dee-derol, lol-dee-der-dee, Sing too-ra-li-doh.**

A PLACE IN THE SUN

Words and Music by Stevie Wonder (1966)

Like a long lonely stream
I keep runnin' towards a dream
Movin' on, movin' on
Like a branch on a tree
I keep reachin' to be free
Movin' on, movin' on

**'Cause there's a place in the sun
Where there's hope for ev'ryone
Where my poor restless heart's gotta run
There's a place in the sun
And before my life is done
Got to find me a place in the sun.**

Like an old dusty road
I get weary from the load
Movin' on, movin' on
Like this tired troubled earth
I've been rollin' since my birth
Movin' on, movin' on

**There's a place in the sun
Where there's hope for ev'ryone
Where my poor restless heart's gotta run
There's a place in the sun
And before my life is done
Got to find me a place in the sun.**

You know when times are bad
And you're feeling sad
I want you to always remember

**Yes, there's a place in the sun
Where there's hope for ev'ryone
Where my poor restless heart's gotta run
There's a place in the sun
Where there's hope for ev'ryone
Where my poor restless heart's gotta run
There's a place in the sun
Where there's hope for ev'ryone...**

SCRUMPY CIDER

Words and Music by Trevor Crozier and Kevin Sheldon, © 1977 – Adapted by Jennifer Cutting

My story starts a few years back, in a little cider mill.
A poor old dog lay down to rest 'cause he was feelin' ill;
He chose a most precarious perch above the apple press,
An' in his sleep he tumbled in and perished in distress.

CHORUS:

**Scrumpy, cider, scrumpy, cider, from the apple tree,
Scrumpy, cider, scrumpy, cider, full of pedigree.**

Oh... how his master missed him so, likewise his mistress too,
Until their sorrows to relieve, they sampled of the brew.
Well, rock me socks, says Farmer Cox, the like I ne'er did sup;
Go summon all the neighbours in and bid them take a cup.

CHORUS

Oh...all the folk who drank that night, got drunk as drunk could be,
They wondered how the scrumpy had acquired such potency,
But the farmer kept his council, as he took another drop,
When, suddenly, the poor old dog... came floating to the top!

CHORUS

Now... a silence fell upon the room and every man did frown;
They recognised old Bendigo, though he was upside down.
The vicar lost his colour and collapsed upon the floor,
The squire he lost his britches in the fight to reach the door.

CHORUS

Fear not, then, shouted Farmer Cox, for in his life, I vow,
He never bit nor man nor child, and he won't bite no one now,
And this shall be his epitaph, "Here lies poor faithful Ben,
Who perished in a scrumpy vat but quickly rose again!"

CHORUS

So... if you're ever down that way, and you go into a bar;
Ask for Dead Dog Scrumpy; it's the best there is by far.
Refuse all imitations and you'll sleep just like a log,
You'll always recognise it by... THE HAIR OF THE DOG!

CHORUS (x2)

SCANDALIZE MY NAME

I met my brother the other day
And gave him my right hand
As soon as ever my back was turned
He scandalized my name

Now do you call that a brother?

No, no

You call that a brother?

No, no

You call that a brother

No, no

Scandalize my name

I met my sister the other day
And gave her my right hand
As soon as ever my back was turned
She scandalized my name

Now do you call that a sister?

No, no

You call that a sister?

No, no

You call that a sister?

No, no

Scandalize my name

I met my preacher the other day
And gave him my right hand
As soon as ever my back was turned
He, too, scandalized my name

Now do you call that religion?

No, no

You call that religion?

No, no

You call that religion?

No, no

Scandalize my name.

Scandalize my name.

Scandalize my name.

THE TURNING YEAR (A NEW YEAR'S TOAST)

by Jennifer Cutting

Oh, kind companions gathered here, all at the turning of the year,
The hour grows late, our hearts grow fond, in melody shall be our bond.
We live in hope, we pray for peace, we meet with joy the year's new lease,
The falling snow, the icy moonlight shining clear,

SO LET US SING TO WELCOME IN THE TURNING YEAR.

Now Yule is past, the old year fades; time heals all wounds, or so they say.
Though battle-scarred, we will prevail; we hold the pen that writes the tale.
Do not regret the flow of years; for there is naught that disappears;
Our every kindness written large, among the stars;

SO LET US SING TO WELCOME IN THE TURNING YEAR.

The tallest trees, the barest boughs, the callow choir of earnest vows.
Whatever boon we ask of life, we ask it here, we ask it now.
So let us toast to absent friends; to those we've hurt, let's make amends;
And those we love, let's set them free, yet hold them near,

SO LET US SING TO WELCOME IN THE TURNING YEAR.

The minutes pass, the hour strikes, the mighty flares light up the night
Now let us raise a festive glass, that all we hope may come to pass.
I wish you joy, I wish you peace, I wish you health, but more than these
The power to know, just what to keep and what let go.

**SO LET US SING TO WELCOME IN THE TURNING YEAR...
SO LET US SING TO WELCOME IN THE TURNING YEAR.**



AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And auld lang syne

**For auld lang syne, my jo,
For auld lang syne.
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.**

We twa hae run about the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.

**For auld lang syne, my jo,
For auld lang syne.
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.**

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right guid willy waught,
For auld lang syne.

**For auld lang syne, my jo,
For auld lang syne.
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.**

For all upcoming events, see:

revelsdc.org
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