

"The Drayton Wassail, or The Wassail Birds"

Put away your shotgun, Farmer Turner
Or you may scare away the wassail birds
As unlike our rumbustious West Country cousins
We have lesser evil spirits to contend with

Put away your shotgun, Farmer Turner
And instead toast the wassail tree
To provide, for the wassail birds,
The nourishment of the cider-soaked bread

Put away your shotgun, Farmer Turner
And pour sweet cider on the wassail tree roots
So the slumbering wassail tree
Is quietly comforted by our husbandry

Put away your shotgun, Farmer Turner
And with us sing a hearty song
To awake the resting wassail tree
Calling "Welcome and eat your fill" to the wassail birds

Put away your shotgun, Farmer Turner
Relish the forthcoming apple cider crop
Made possible by the wassail birds
Keeping the fruit tree free from greedy grubs

Put away your shotgun, Farmer Turner
And think on this tale of pagan practice
Of the three sided symbiosis
Between the farmer man, the apple tree and the wassail bird