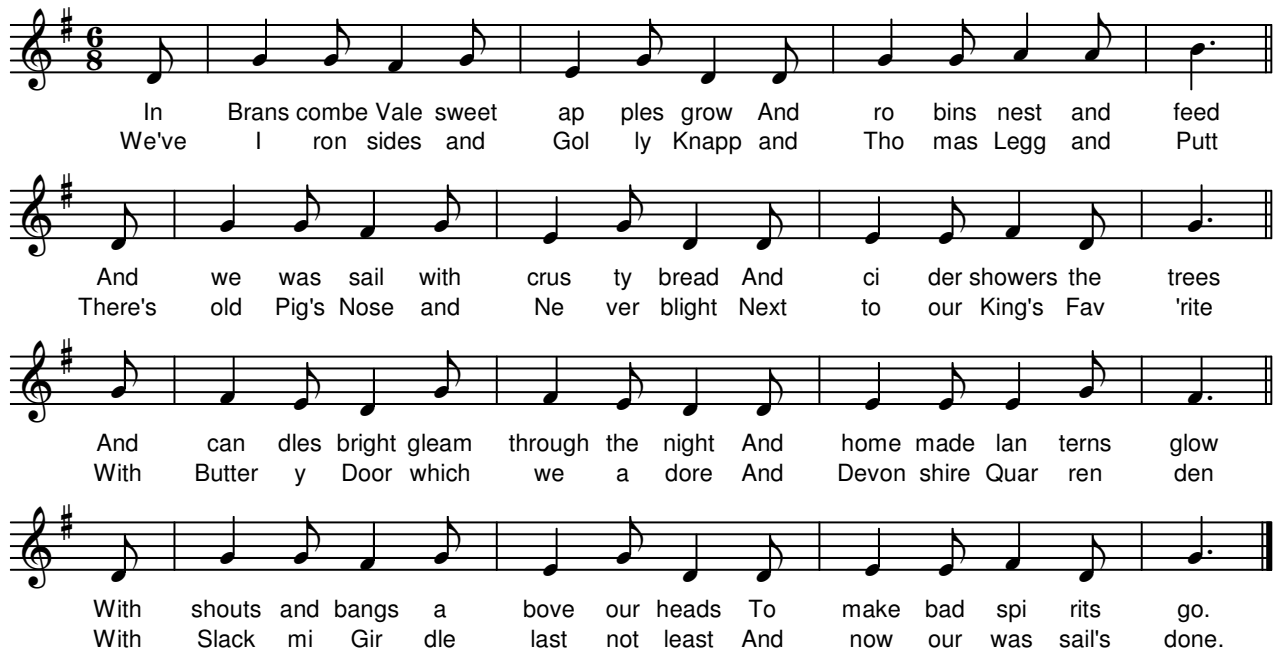


Branscombe Wassail Song



In Branscombe Vale sweet apples grow And robins nest and feed
We've Iron sides and Golly Knapp and Thomas Legg and Putt

And we was sail with crusty bread And cider showers the trees
There's old Pig's Nose and Never blight Next to our King's Fav'rite

And candles bright gleam through the night And home made lanterns glow
With Butter y Door which we adore And Devon shire Quarren den

With shouts and bangs above our heads To make bad spirits go.
With Slack mi Girdle last not least And now our was sail's done.