

The Seasons of the Year

The sun it goes down, the sky it looks red,
Down on yonder pillow I lay down my head,
I lift up my eyes — to see the stars shine —
But still this young dam-sel she runs in my mind.

The musical score is written on four staves in G major and 3/8 time. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The first staff ends with a fermata over the word 'red,'. The second staff ends with a fermata over 'head,'. The third staff has two measures with a fermata over the words 'shine —'. The fourth staff ends with a double bar line.

The sun it goes down and the sky it looks read,
Down on yonder pillow I lay down my head,
I lift up my eyes to see the stars shine,
But still this young damsel she runs in my mind.

When the sap it goes up the tree it will flaw,
We'll first branch him round, boys, and put in the saw;
But when we have sawed him, and tumbled him down,
Then we do flaw him, all on the cold ground.

When flawing is over, haying draws near,
With our scythes and our pitchforks some grass for to clear;
But when we have mowed it and carried it away
We first called it green grass, we now call it hay.

When haying is over, then harvest draws near,
We'll send for the brewer, to brew us strong beer;
To brew us strong beer for the hard working men
For they work late and early till harvest does end.

When the sap it goes down the the leaves they do fall,
The farmer to his hedging and ditching to call,
But when it's hard weather there's no working there
Then into the barn, boys, some corn for to clear.

When Spring it comes on, the maid to her cow,
The boy to his whip, and the man to his plough,
And so we bring all things so cheerfully round,
Success to the ploughman that ploughs up the ground.