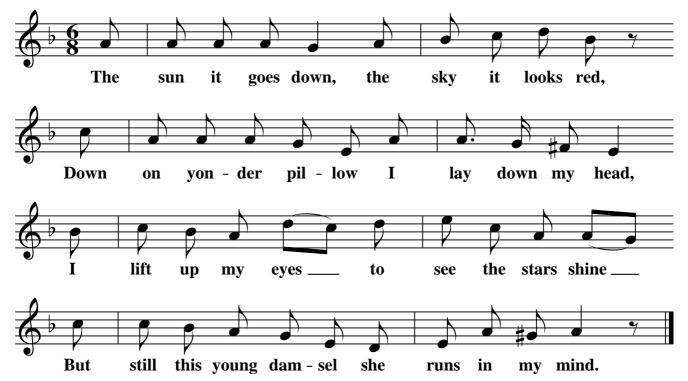
## The Seasons of the Year



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 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.