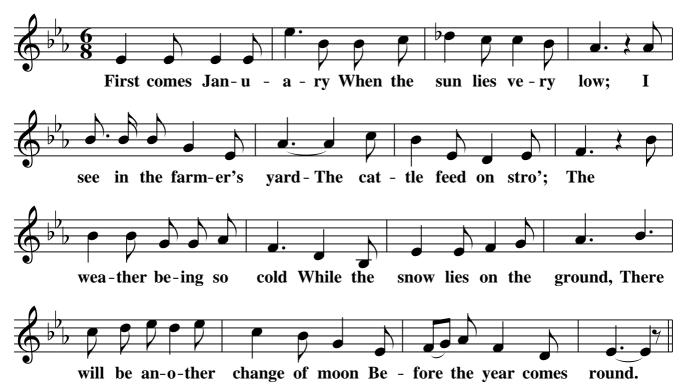
The Months of the year.



First comes January When the sun lies very low; I see in the farmer's yard The cattle feed on stro'; The weather being so cold While the snow lies on the ground, There will be another change of moon Before the year comes round.

Next is February, So early in the spring; The Farmer ploughs the fallows The rooks their nests begin. The little lambs appearing Now frisk in pretty play. I think upon the increase, And thank my God, today. March it is the next month, So cold and hard and drear. Prepare we now for harvest, By brewing of strong beer. God grant that we who labour, May see the reaping come, And drink and dance and welcome The happy Harvest Home.

Next of months is April, When early in the morn The cheery farmer soweth To right and left the corn. The gallant team come after, A-smoothing of the land. May heaven the Farmer prosper Whate'er he takes in hand.

In May I go a-walking To hear the linnets sing. The blackbird and the throstle A-praising God the King. It cheers the heart to hear them To see the leaves unfold, The meadows scattered over With buttercups of gold.

Full early in the morning Awakes the summer sun, The month of June arriving, The cold and night are done, The Cuckoo is a fine bird She whistles as she flies, And as whistles, Cuckoo, The bluer grow the skies. Six months I now have named, The seventh is July. Come lads and lasses gather The scented hay to dry, All full of mirth and gladness To turn it in the sun, And never cease till daylight sets And all the work is done.

August brings the harvest, The reapers now advance, Against their shining sickles The field stands little chance. Well done! exclaims the farmer. This day is all men's friend. We'll drink and feast in plenty When we the harvest end.

By middle of September, The rake is laid aside. The horses wear the breeching Rich dressing to provide, All things to do in season, Me-thinks is just and right. Now summer season's over The frosts begin at night.

October leads in winter. The leaves begin to fall. The trees will soon be naked No flowers left at all. The frosts will bite them sharply The Elm alone is green. In orchard piles of apples red For cyder press are seen. The eleventh month, November, The nights are cold and long, By day we're felling timber, And spend the night in song. In cozy chimney corner We take our toast and ale, And kiss and tease the maidens, Or tell a merry tale.

Then comes dark December, The last of months in turn. With holly, box and laurel, We house and Church adorn. So now, to end my story, I wish you all good cheer. A merry, happy Christmas, A prosperous new year.