

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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### The Seasons Round

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The sun has gone down and the sky it looks red,  
Down on my soft pillow where I lay my head.  
When I open my eyes for to see the stars shine,  
Then the thoughts of my true love run into my mind.

The sap has gone down and the leaves they do fall.  
To hedging and ditching! our farmers they'll call.  
We will trim up their hedges, we will cut down their wood;  
And the farmers they'll all say, Our faggots run good.

Now hedging being over, then sawing draws near.  
We will send for the sawyer, the woods for to clear.  
And after he has sawed them and tumbled them down,  
Then there he will floor them all on the cold ground.

When sawing is over, then seed-time comes round.  
See our teams, they are all ready preparing the ground.  
Then the man with his seed-lip he'll scatter the corn,  
Then the harrows they will bury, to keep it from harm.

Now seed-time being over, then haying draws near.  
With our scythe, rake, and pitch-fork, those meadows to clear,  
We will cut down their grass, boys, and carry it away;  
We will turn it to the green grass and then call it hay.

When haying is over, then harvest draws near.  
We will send to our brewer to brew us strong beer.  
And in brewing strong beer, we will cut down their corn;  
We will take it to the barn, boys, to keep it from harm.

Now harvest being over, bad weather comes on;  
We will send for the thrasher to thrash out the corn.  
His hand-staff he' Il handle, his swinger he' Il swing;  
Till the very next harvest we `Il all meet again.

Now since we have brought this so cheerfully round,  
We will send for the jolly ploughman to plough up the ground.  
See the boy with his whip and the man to his plough;  
Here's a health to the jolly ploughman that ploughs up the ground.

Now things they do change as the time passes on;  
I'm afraid I'll have occasion to alter my song.

You'll see a boy with a tractor a-going like hell;  
Whatever farming is coming to, there's no tongue can tell.

recorded by The Copper family

NOTE: This song used to be followed by a Toast to the Plough: Success to the bright plough-share, and may it never rust. Verse nine is, of course, a recent addition by the Copper family. Other versions have been collected in Southern England and published under the title of The Seasons of the Year.

JY