

Seasons of the Year

[Instrumental]

Dance around the maypole and hold your ribbons tight
Dance around in circles, move left and then move right.
Interweave the ribbons and shorter they'll become
Then reverse the pattern, you're back where you begun.

[Instrumental]

Dance around the maypole and hold your ribbons tight
Dance around in circles, move left and then move right.
Interweave the ribbons and shorter they'll become
Then reverse the pattern, you're back where you begun.

All our work is set by the seasons of the year
From the winter fallow to the Autumn crops
Every day is as long as the sun is in the sky
And the work is never done, but when it's dark it stops.

One day I could be scaring off the birds
It's a boring job, just to keep them off the seeds,
If I fall asleep, I'll be woken with harsh words
And a beating from the farmer is where that will lead.

All our work is set by the seasons of the year
From the winter fallow to the Autumn crops
Every day is as long as the sun is in the sky
And the work is never done, but when it's dark it stops.

One day I could be mucking out the cow-sheds
It's a filthy task, in the mud – and worse,
I must finish here before I can go back home to bed
Or a beating from the farmer comes my way with a curse.

All our work is set by the seasons of the year
From the winter fallow to the Autumn crops
Every day is as long as the sun is in the sky
And the work is never done, but when it's dark it stops.

One day I could be feeding all the hens
It's a fun job, too, watching how they fuss and peck,
And I have to make sure it is shared through all the pens
And the farmer isn't there to see that I don't slack!

All our work is set by the seasons of the year
From the winter fallow to the Autumn crops
Every day is as long as the sun is in the sky
And the work is never done, but when it's dark it stops.

One day I could be harvesting the corn
It's a tiring day collecting up the straw
And I cannot slow down, though I've worked so hard all day
Or a beating from the farmer makes me red and raw.

All our work is set by the seasons of the year
From the winter fallow to the Autumn crops
Every day is as long as the sun is in the sky
And the work is never done, but when it's dark it stops.

[Instrumental]

After the harvest the festival starts
A feast in the barn with games and a dance
This is one time of year when there's joy in our hearts
And even the farmer is merry for once!

[Instrumental]

Round: After the harvest the festival starts
A feast in the barn with games and a dance
This is one time of year when there's joy in our hearts
And even the farmer is merry for once!

Group 1: once, plus 3 lines

Group 2: once, plus 2 lines

Group 3: once, plus 1 line

Group 4: once.