

Taken down from J. Potter, Post Bridge by H.FLS. 1888



Taken down from H. Westaway, Belstone by H.F.L.S. 1889



A.

1. First comes January  
The sun lies very low  
I see in the farmer's yard,  
The cattle feed on stro'  
The weather being so cold  
The snow lies on the ground.  
There will be another change of the moon  
Before the year comes round
2. Next is February  
So early in the Spring.  
The farmer ploughs the fallows  
It is a glorious thing,  
The little lambs are playing  
Alongside of their dam,  
I thought upon the increase,  
And thanked God for the same.
3. March is the next month,  
So early in the year  
Preparing for the harvest  
By brewing of strong beer.  
It's long before the time,  
God knows who'll live to see,  
Then a health to the Queen,  
And the Royal Family.
4. April is the next month,  
So early in the morn,  
I saw the cheery farmer

- A-sowing of his corn.  
The gallant team came after  
A-smoothing of the land.  
I hope all things may prosper  
Whate'er he takes in hand.
5. In May I walked out,  
To hear the birds to sing.  
Their note was most delightful,  
Paying homage to their King.  
It charms my heart to hear them,  
As I walk on my way,  
Each warble in their notes  
As they sat on yon tree.
6. So early in the morning  
It was the month of June,  
The birds were singing merrily  
Were changing note & tune.  
The cuckoo is a fine bird  
She whistles as she flies,  
And as she whistles Cuckoo!  
The summer doth draw nigh.
7. Now six months now have I mentioned  
The seventh is July.  
Come lads & lasses to the fields  
The fallows for to try.  
Come now let us be merry  
And all in Chorus sing  
All over the Nation  
The bells do farewell ring
8. August brings the harvest,  
Come let us now advance.  
With meat & liquor plentiful,  
The work won't stand no chance.  
The farmer says, Well done my lads!  
This day will be your friend.  
Come let us drink & make good work,  
And so the harvest send.
9. By the middle of September,  
The harvest lay aside.  
The horses wear the breeching  
Rich dressing to provide.  
To do all things in season  
Methinks is just & right,  
For summer now is ended,  
'Tis cold by day and night.
10. October is a winter month,  
I hope you know it all.  
The trees will soon be naked  
The leaves begin to fall.  
The frost will cut them off,  
And never more be seen,  
For robbéd are the meadows  
That were so gay and green.

11. The fifth of November  
Is call'd Gunpowder plot,  
We keep it in remembrance,  
Or it would be forgot.  
Come, now let us be merry  
And all in chorus sing.  
All over the nation  
The bells do farewell ring
12. December is the last month,  
That I'm going to mention,  
I shall not go no further,  
It ai'nt my intention.  
To conclude, & to be merry boys!  
And to be of good cheer.  
I wish you a merry Christmas  
And a happy New Year.

Taken down from J Potter, Post Bridge, Sept. 1888.

- B.
1. The first is January,  
The sun lies very low,  
I saw in all the farmyard  
The cattle feed on stro'  
The weather being very cold  
The snow lies on the ground,  
I saw an alteration,  
Before the sun went down.
  2. same as A.
  3. March is much a-noted  
As any in the year,  
Providing for the harvest,  
And brewing of brown beer.  
It's long before the time  
God knows who'll live to see  
So we drink a health to George the King  
And fight his enemy.
  4. same as A.
  5. As I walked forth one morning  
The birds began to sing  
They sang so loud, melodious  
In homage to their King.  
It charms my heart to hear them,  
As I go on my way.  
Each kind of bird was singing  
'Twas in the month of May.

For further information see [www.sbgsongs.org](http://www.sbgsongs.org)

6. As I rode out one morning  
 The lark began his tune  
 Each kind of bird was singing  
 'Twas in the month of June.  
 The cuckoo is a fine bird  
 She whistles as she flies  
 And as she whistles Cuckoo!  
 The bluer grow the skies.
7. Six months now have I ended  
 The seventh is July,  
 Some lads into the fields go  
 Their \*valour for to try \* *{illegible}*  
 The farmer cries, My hearty lads  
 Come, let's be of one mind, \* \*or let's be one I say  
 For night is coming on with speed  
 Make hay whilst the sun doth shine
8. same as A.
9. The next is September  
 Harvest thrown aside.  
 In ordering the breeches \* \*Breeches = Brack-land  
 And drawing to provide.  
 The Farmer cries, My hearty lads  
 Come let's be of good cheer.  
 For night is coming on with speed,  
 'Tis equal night and day
10. October is a winter month,  
 The world doth know it well,  
 The trees look cold & naked,  
 The leaves begin to fall.  
 It is cut off by the early blast  
 And leaves no more are seen.  
 Likewise it strubs+ the meadow +strub = to rob.  
 Of its gay coat of green.
11. The fifth of November  
 Is called Gunpowder Plot  
 O keep it well in remembrance  
 And do not let it be forgot.  
 The eleventh month, November  
 The nights are cold & long  
 By day we fell the timber  
 And spend the night in song
12. same as A.

Taken down from Mary Sukey, charwoman, Lifton June 1889