

The Months

The first is Jan-u-ar-y the sun lies ve-ry low I
 saw all in the fa-rm yard the cat-tle feed on stro' the
 wea-ther be-ing ve-ry cold the snow lies thick on the grou-nd I -
 saw an al-ter-a-tion be-fore the sun went down

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.

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.

The next is September
 Harvest thrown aside.
 In ordering the breeches
 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

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.

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.

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
 Of its gay coat of green.

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.

Six months now have I ended
 The seventh is July,
 Some lads into the fields go
 Their valour for to try
 The farmer cries, My hearty lads
 Come, let's be of one mind,
 For night is coming on with speed
 Make hay whilst the sun doth shine

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

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.

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.

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 Mary Sukey, charwoman, Lifton June 1889