

Candlemas Eve

Kate Rusby

Down with the rosemary and bay,
Down with the mistletoe,
Instead of holly, now up-raise
The greener box, to show
The greener box to show.

This times do shift, thus times do shift,
Each thing it's time doth hold,
New things succeed, new things succeed,
As former things grow old.

The holly hitherto did sway,
Let box now domineer,
Until the dancing Easter day,
On Easter's eve appear,
On Easter's eve appear.

This times do shift, thus times do shift,
Each thing it's time doth hold,
New things succeed, new things succeed,
As former things grow old.

The youthful box which now hath grace,
Your houses to renew,
Grown old, surrender must it's place,
Unto the freshened yew,
Unto the freshened yew.

This times do shift, thus times do shift,
Each thing it's time doth hold,
New things succeed, new things succeed,
As former things grow old.

When yew is out, then birch comes in
And many the flowers beside,
Both of a fresh and fragrant kin,
To honour Whitsuntide,
To honour Whitsuntide.

This times do shift, thus times do shift,
Each thing it's time doth hold,
New things succeed, new things succeed,
As former things grow old.