

Four Seasons

The Wolfe Tones

Oh the four seasons come, and the four seasons go
In a cycle that spins our life away
The new year it is here and the old one has gone
For time it doesn't stop for any one
For 3 months of the year is the season of the spring
When all the birds begin to sing
Everything's bright and new, spring lambs, trees
budding too
It's like unto ourselves when just a child
And the four seasons come ...
Now the sun is on the sea and the wind is blowing free
The summertime is here in all its glory
In these months of gay life our cares are all unknown
It's like unto ourselves when we were young
And the four seasons come ...
Soon the moon will hide its light from the heavens in
the night
Too fast are (sic) these sunny days are fading
But there's beauty to be seen in these autumn leaves
once green
And our lives, like these leaves, are decaying
And the four seasons ...
Now stormy winds do blow with its (sic) frost and wind
and snow
The harshness of wintertime is here
And at this late stage man reaches his old age
And the cycle meets its end where it began
And the four seasons ... (last line of chorus repeated
once)