

The frost lies on the hedgerows and the icy winds do blow
While we poor weary labourers strive through the driving snow.
Our dreams fly up to glory - up where larks have flown.
When we go rolling home, when we go roiling home.

So pass the bottle round and let the toast go free.
Here's a health to every labourer wherever they may be.
Fair wages now and ever. Let's reap what we have sown.
When we go rolling home, when we go roiling home. .

Turn Turn Turn

Pete Seeger

To Everything (Turn, Turn, Turn)
There is a season (Turn, Turn, Turn)
And a time for every purpose, under Heaven

A time to be born, a time to die
A time to plant, a time to reap
A time to kill, a time to heal
A time to laugh, a time to weep

A time to build up, a time to break down
A time to dance, a time to mourn
A time to cast away stones, a time to gather stones together

A time of love, a time of hate
A time of war, a time of peace
A time you may embrace, a time to refrain from embracing

A time to gain, a time to lose
A time to rend, a time to sew
A time to love, a time to hate
A time for peace, I swear it's not too late

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Fall

AROUND THE PLACE I'LL KNOW THAT FALL IS HERE

(Charlie Maguire) <https://youtu.be/FSZOHNrGvU> - Sally Rogers

When the cows no longer care to go
Out in their pastures far and near
But stand close in the last warm sun
Around the place, I'll know that fall is here.

And when the corn goes into dent
Across the fields like old men appear
We pick it and store it all away
Around the place, I'll know that fall is here.

And when the limbs of the apple and the pear
Lean down with their fruit so near
And the children go a gathering
Around the place, I'll know that fall is here.

And when the hunters come from town
Seeking the pheasant and the deer
With their dogs in front to point the game
Around the place, I'll know that fall is here

When straw and hay are in the barn,
Stacked to the roof tier on tier
Smelling like the summer come and gone
Around the place, I'll know that fall is here

Around the place you'll know that fall is here
When the evenings come early and the mornings are clear
Over fallow fields I've worked this year
Around the place, I'll know that fall is here

My Lady of Autumn

Dave Webber

My Lady of Autumn, sing me your song
Play me your tune; tell me I'm wrong
Tell me you don't mean the things that you say
Tell me that we'll find a way.

Your eye clear as winter, your touch fresh as spring
You weigh like the summer, free as birds on the wing
The seasons are changing, it's time you were gone
The colors of you will go on.

Fields that were golden are changing to brown
Leaves that were green now tumble to the ground
The warm sun of summer makes way for the snow
I know it's time; you must go.

The light, it is changing, the sky's overcast
Winter is here now, autumn is past
Deep in this dark world some warmth I must find
Though it's winter in the valley, it's still autumn in my mind.

I heard all the songs that the children sing
And listened to love's melodies
I've felt my own music within me rise
Like the wind in the autumn trees.

Someday when the flowers are blooming still
Someday when the grass is still green
My rolling waters will round me bend
And flow into the open sea

So here's to the rainbow that followed me here
And here's to the friends that I know
And here's to the song that's within me now
I will sing it where'er I go.

Chorus Counterpoint by Bruce Baker. Rainy Camp 1998
Rivulets and waterfalls are laughing as they twine together, and
Laughing as they roll along and run into the sea
Laughing rolling running freely and winding and free
You laughing rolling running river
You changing ever changing river
Let's Go, you and me river, run down to the sea

Rolling Home

by John Tams

Round goes the wheel of fortune. Don't be afraid to ride.
There's a land of milk and honey waits on the other side.
There'll be peace and there'll be plenty. You'll never need to roam.
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.

Rolling home, when we go Rolling home
When we go Rolling, roiling,
When we go roiling home.

And the gentry in their fine array do prosper night and morn
While we into the fields must go to plough and sow the corn.
The rich may steal the power, but the glory's ours alone.
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.

The summer of resentment. The winter of 'despair.
The journey to contentment is set with trap and snare.
Stand true and stand together. Your labour is your own.
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.

The mists of spring can make them fade away
Hide behind clouds **in** all the shades of grey
But sometimes in the evening the rays break through
The Brothers in their glory say goodnight to you

And Oh! the sunsets of the long summer's eve
Such incredible beauty, hard to believe
Six short weeks, savor every one
its Buckthorn and the Needles **until** the rains come

Washed October skies of brilliant blue and white
Turn to purple gold and copper as comes the night
Then to pink and turquoise, the light is gone
And Mt Constance says it's autumn, the year's moving along.

It's a slow kind of time, all along the ragged spine
Ra dances through the days of this life of mine
The wheel goes round. The sun goes down
Behind the Olympics, across Puget Sound.

RIVER (Bill Staines) <https://youtu.be/MJiEsiO9ZRI>

I was born in the path of the winter wind
And raised where the mountains are old
The springtime waters came dancing down
And I remember the tales they told

The whistling ways of my younger days
Too quickly have faded on by
But all of their memories linger on
Like the light of a fading sky.

River, take me along,
In your sunshine, sing me your song
Ever moving and winding and free
You rolling old river, you changing old river
Let's you and me river run down to the sea!

I've been to the city and back again
I've been moved by some things that I've learned
Met a lot of good people and I called them friends
Felt the change when the seasons turned

Urge For Going

Joni Mitchell

A Em G
I awoke today and found
Em A
the frost perched on the town
Em A
It hovered in a frozen sky
G A
then it gobbled summer down
D C
When the sun turns traitor cold
D C E E7
and all the trees are shivering in a naked row

A G
I get the urge for going
A Asus2 A
But I never seem to go
G D A
I get the urge for going
G D A
When the meadow grass is turning brown
G D A Em A
Summertime is falling down and winter is closing in

I had me a man in summertime
He had summer-colored skin
And not another girl in town
My darling's heart could win
But when the leaves fell on the ground
Bully winds came around and
Pushed them face down in the snow
He got the urge for going
But I never seem to go
I get the urge for going
When the meadow grass was turning brown
Summertime is falling down and winter was closing in

Now the warriors of win ter
They gave a cold triumphant shout
And all that stays is dying
And all that lives is gettin' out
See the geese in chevron flight
Flapping and racing on before the snow

They got the urge for going
They get the urge for going
When the meadow grass is turning brown
Summertime is falling down and winter is closing in

I'll ply the fire with kindling now
I'll pull the blankets up to my chin
I'll lock the vagrant winter out and
I'll bolt my wanderings in
I'd like to call back summertime
Have her stay for just another month or so

But she's got the urge for going
So I guess she'll have to go
She gets the urge for going
When the meadow grass is turning brown
And all her empire is closing down
Summertime is falling down and winter is closing in

And I get the urge for going
When the meadow grass is turning brown
And summertime is falling down.

When Fall Comes to New England

https://youtu.be/f9_Fij0mW48 (Cheryl Wheeler)

When Fall comes to New England	GDG
The sun slants in so fine	CCD
And the air's so clear	CG
You can almost hear the grapes grow on the vine	C Em CD

The nights are sharp with starlight	GDG
And the days are cool and clean	CCD
And in the blue sky overhead	C G Em
The northern geese fly south instead	C G Em
And leaves are Irish Setter red	C G Em
When Fall comes to New England	C G D G

When Fall comes to New England
And the wind blows off the sea
Swallows fly in a perfect sky
And the world was meant to be

The January Man

Dave Goulder

The January man he goes around in woolen coat and boots Of leather
The February man still shakes the snow from off his Clothes and blows his hands
The man of March he sees the Spring and wonders what The year will bring
And hopes for better weather.

Through April rain the man goes down to watch the birds Come in to share the summer
The man of May stands very still to watch the children Dance away the day
In June the man inside the man is young and wants to Lend a hand
And smiles at each new comer.

In July the man in cotton short he sits and thinks and Being idle
The August man in thousands take the road to find the Sun and watch the sea
September man is standing near to saddle up another Year
And Autumn is his bridle

The man of new October takes the rain and early frost Is on his shoulder
The poor November man sees fire and mist and wind and Rain and winter ere
December man looks through the snow to let eleven Brothers know
They're all a little older

The January man he comes around again in coat and boots Of leather
To take another turn and walk along the icy roads he Knows so well
The January man is here the start of each and every Year
Along the road forever

Olympic Mountain Anthem

(Mariide)

The wheel goes round The sun goes down
Behind the Olympics across Puget Sound
And the seasons pass slowly through the glass
In the picture window of the home on Phinney Ridge

Far to the south sets the winter sun
Behind Mt. Elinor and Mt. Washington
Snow reflecting sky telling big white lies
For the colors are warm on the peaks of ice

Then follow that road, cornfields just as far as you can see.
Follow that road back through time, back through distance, back to me

If you're drivin' by in autumn, you should follow up the river to Bear Lake.

That's the time to see the colors. There's an old covered bridge you'll want to take.

Late at night, be careful. Just be sure to look for deer out on the road.

And if it's early in the morning, sometimes it gets foggy. Take it slow.

But follow that road, sugar maples far as you can see.
Follow that road back through time, back through distance, back to me.

If you get the notion in December to drop by for just a day,
There's that tiny little road that no one knows about. It's safe to go that way.

It's up between two fields, so the sunlight melts the ice by afternoon.
You'll see two houses by the fields. Someone's always there. If not, they'll be back soon.

So follow that road, snowdrifts just as far as you can see.
Follow that road back through time, back through distance, back to me.

You'll remember in the springtime how the puddles look like pieces of the sky,
Fallen down by the roadside to delight any stranger passing by.
The softness of the grass on Raven Hill where we counted stars at night--
You must know how much I miss you, and that any way you get here is all right.

Just follow that road, wildflowers just as far as you can see.
Follow that road back through time, back through distance, back to me.

When the acorns line the walkways
Then winter can't be far
From yellow leaves a blue jay calls
Grandmothers walk out in their shawls
And chipmunks run the old stone walls
When Fall comes to New England

(Bridge)

The frost is on the pumpkin

The squash is off the vine

And winter warnings race across the sky

The squirrels are on to something

And they're working overtime

The foxes blink and stare and so do I

CD

G Em

C G D

CD

G Em

C G D

'Cause when Fall comes to New England
Oh I can't turn away
From fading light on flying wings
And late good-byes a robin sings
And then another thousand things
When Fall comes to New England
When Fall comes to New England

Winter

Winter is icumen in

Ezra Pound 1913

Winter is icumen in,

Lhude sing Goddamm,

Raineth drop and staineth slop,

And how the wind doth ramm!

Sing: Goddamm.

Skiddeth bus and sloppeth us,

An ague hath my ham.

Freezeth river, turneth liver,

Damm you; Sing: Goddamm.

Goddamm, Goddamm, 'tis why I am, Goddamm,

So 'gainst the winter's balm.

Sing goddamm, damm, sing goddamm,

Sing goddamm, sing goddamm, DAMM.

In the bleak midwinter

L-Rosetti, M – Holst

In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan;
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter
Long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold Him
Nor earth sustain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty —
Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him, whom Cherubim
Worship night and day,
A breastful of milk
And a mangerful of hay;
Enough for Him, whom Angels
Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

Angels and Archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim
Thronged the air;
But only His Mother
In her maiden bliss
Worshipped the Beloved
With a kiss.

What can I give Him,
Poor as I am? —
If I were a Shepherd
I would bring a lamb;
If I were a Wise Man
I would do my part, —
Yet what I can I give Him, —
Give my heart.

Seasons

Country Life

Watersons

I like to rise when the sun she rises
Early in the morning
And I like to hear them small birds singing
Merrily upon their laylums
And hurrah for the life of a country boy
And to ramble in the new mowed hay

In spring we sow at the harvest mow
And that is how the seasons round they go
But of all the times if choose I may
I'd be rambling through the new mowed hay

For I like to rise when the sun she rises
Early in the morning
And I like to hear them small birds singing
Merrily upon their laylums
And hurrah for the life of a country boy
And to ramble in the new mowed hay

In winter when the sky is gray
We hedge and ditch our times away
But in summer when the sun shines gay
We go ramblin' through the new mowed hay

For I like to rise when the sun she rises
Early in the morning
And I like to hear them small birds singing
Merrily upon their laylums
And hurrah for the life of a country boy
And to ramble in the new mowed hay

FOLLOW THAT ROAD

By Anne Hills sung with Tom Paxton

If you're coming in the summer, you'd be better to split off on Thirty-Five
There's the Starlight Drive-In Movie, on your left, just beyond the county line
Right after that, you'll see two silos. One is silver; one is blue.
'Bout a quarter mile further, make a left onto Highway Forty-Two.

Summertime

(Gershwin)

Summertime

And the living is easy

Fish are jumping

And cotton is high

Your daddy's rich

And your ma is goodlooking

So hush, little baby

Don't you cry

One of these mornings

You're gonna rise up singing

Then you'll spread your wings

And take to the sky

But until that morning

There is nothing can harm you

No, no, no, no

With your daddy and mommy

Standing by

Spring

Birds in the Spring

The Copper Family

One May morning I chanced for to roam,
And strolled through the fields by the side of the grove.
It was there I did hear the harmless birds sing
And you never heard so sweet as the birds in the spring.

At the end of the grove I sat myself down
And the song of the nightingale echoed all round.
Their song was so charming, their notes were so clear,
No music, no songster can with them compare.

All you that come here, the small birds to hear,
I'll have you pay attention, so pray all draw near.
And, when you're growing old, you will have this to say,
That you never heard so sweet as the birds on the spray.

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(The Copper Family) <https://youtu.be/tpMNxVRSu3I>

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Dancing at Whitsun

It's fifty long springtimes since she was a bride
But still you may see her at each Whitsuntide
In a dress of white linen with ribbons of green
As green as her memories of loving

The feet that were nimble tread carefully now
As gentle a measure as age will allow
Through groves of white blossoms, by fields of young Corn
Where once she was pledged to her true-love

The fields they stand empty, the hedges grow (go) free--
No young men to turn them or pastures go see (seed)
They are gone where the forest of oak trees before
Have gone, to be wasted in battle

Down from the green farmlands and from their loved ones
Marched husbands and brothers and fathers and sons
There's a fine roll of honor where the Maypole once Stood
And the ladies go dancing at Whitsun

There's a straight row of houses in these latter days
All covering the downs where the sheep used to graze
There's a field of red poppies (a gift from the Queen)
But the ladies remember at Whitsun
And the ladies go dancing at Whitsun

Flower Carol

<https://youtu.be/8Dyc1eXOioQ>

Spring has now unwrapped the flowers,
Day is fast reviving
Life in all her growing powers
Towards the light is striving:
Gone the iron touch of cold,
Winter time and frost time,
Seedlings, working through the mould,
Now make up for lost time.

Herb and plant that, winter long,
Slumbered at their leisure,
Now bestirring, green and strong,

Find in their growth a pleasure:
Gold the green enhancing;
Flowers make glee among the hills,
And set the meadows dancing.

Through each wonder of fair days,
God himself expresses;
Beauty follows all his ways,
As the world he blesses:
So, as he renews the earth,
Artist without rival,
In his grace of glad new birth,
We must seek revival.

Earth puts on her dress of glee;
Flowers and grasses hide her;
We go forth in charity,
Brothers all beside her;
For, as man this glory sees,
In the awakening season,
reason learns the heart's decrees,
And hearts are led by reason.

Praise the Maker, all ye saints;
He with glory girt you,
He who skies and meadows paints,
Fashioned by your virtue;
Praise hi, seers, heroes, kings,
Heralds of perfections;
Brothers, praise him, for he brings
All to resurrection!

Summer

Summer is a coming in

Summer is a-coming in, Loudly sing cuckoo
Groweth seed and bloweth mead, And springs the wood a-new
Sing cuckoo

Ewe now bleateth after lamb, Loweth after calf the cow
Bullock starteth, buck now verteth
Merry sing cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo
Well singest thou cuckoo, Nor cease thee never now