

## "Through The Seasons"

There are many of us who, even in this modern age, live our lives through the seasons  
The springtime brightens our mood, with bud and leaf returning to the trees  
And the children dance around the maypole, to welcome back Jack In The Green  
In the warmth of Summer, we gather the grain for our beer and the apples for our cider  
The young at heart canoodle under the willow trees by the water, or make love atop the haystacks  
And the oldies, with their folding chairs and picnic hampers , listen to folk music at the outdoor  
festivals. The colours of Autumn see the strong beer produced and the apples pressed and fermented  
And we come together, getting a sweat on at the barn dances, while trying not to fall over too much  
In the cold of Winter, we gather around the open fire, tell stories, chuckle at the mummers and  
morris. And raise a toast to the trees of the orchard with a hearty wassail  
Through the seasons, always turning, always changing, always the same

### Through The Seasons

There are many of us who, even in this modern age, live our lives through the seasons  
The springtime brightens our mood, with bud and leaf returning to the trees  
The sound of the woodpecker tap tapping away, is joined by the cuckoo heralding the change of the  
season  
The children dance around the maypole, to welcome back Jack In The Green  
With the jangle of bells the morris men of Adderbury cavort and the delight of the hobby horse  
Grand National at Banbury's Song and Ale  
In the warmth of Summer, we gather the grain for our beer and the apples for our cider  
The swallows swoop in the balmy evenings catching the insects on the wing  
The young at heart canoodle under the willow trees by the water, or make love atop the haystacks  
And the oldies, with their folding chairs and picnic hampers, listen to folk music at the outdoor  
festivals of Cropredy and the New Forest  
The trialling hobby horse beasts gather at Sidmouth and at Broadstairs mayhem surrounds the black  
garmented demented hooden horses  
The colours of Autumn see the strong beer and pickles produced and the apples pressed and  
fermented into cider at The Fleece, Bretforton  
The murmurations of the starlings fill the sky with enchanting patterns high above the Severn  
estuary  
And we come together, getting a sweat on at the barn dances at Stroud, while trying not to fall over  
too much from exertion and ale  
And while the bonfires light the night sky, the music turns indoors to escape the increasing chill and  
damp  
In the cold of Winter, we gather around the open fire, tell stories, chuckle at the mummers and  
morris and ring handbells on Boxing Day  
We marvel at the resilience of the robin and the wren, oblivious to the hardships caused by the  
frosted ground  
And we raise a toast to the trees of the orchard with a hearty wassail, guided by the bare-footed  
druid  
At Chepstow, and spreading across Wales, the long nights bring out the Mari Lwyds to celebrate the  
New Year and frighten the children  
Through the seasons, always turning, always changing, always the same