

## 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)