January Man

Out of Alba

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

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