

# January Man

Christy Moore

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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