



The four seasons come, and the four seasons go
 in a cycle that spins our life away
 the new year is here and the old one has gone
 For time it doesn't stop for anyone.

For ... *three*... months of the year it's the season of the spring
 When all the begin to sing
 Everything's and new
 Spring lambs, budding too
 It's like unto ourselves when just a

Now the sun is on the sea and the wind is free
 The summertime is here in all its
 In months of gay life our cares are all unknown
 It's like unto ourselves when we are

Soon the moon will hide its light from the heavens in the
 Too are these sunny days fading
 But there's beauty to be seen in these autumn leaves green
 And our like these leaves are decaying

Now stormy winds do blow with its frost and sleet and
 The harshness of wintertime is
 And at this stage man reaches his old age
 And the meets its end where it began.

cycle: round
to spin: form wool by twisting
lamb: young of he sheep
bud: partly opened flower
gay: cheerful
care: attention
to fade: lose colour or freshness
to decay: go bad, lose power
sleet: falling snow mixed with rain
harshness: cruelty
stage: period

The **Wolfe Tones** are an Irish Folk music band. They use elements of Irish traditional music in their songs. Their name was taken from the Irish patriot and rebel Theobald Wolfe Tone. The origins of the group go back to 1963, when three neighbouring boys from a Dublin suburb became musical friends. "Four Seasons" is on the album "Rifles of the I.R.A."

SPRING	<i>March</i>	<i>April</i>	
SUMMER			
AUTUMN			
WINTER			<i>February</i>