

The four seasons

Violine

Refrain Irish folk

The four sea-sons come and the four sea-sons go

in a cycle that spins our life a - way the new year is

here and the old one has gone For time it doesn't stop for an- y

one For three month of the year is a season of the spring

When all the birds be - gin to sing Everything's bright and

new, spring lambs, trees budding too It's like onto our-selves when just a

child

The four Seasons

Refrain Oh the four seasons come, and the four seasons go
in a cycle that spins our life a-way
The new year is here and the old one has gone
for time it doesn't stop for any-one

©rattatui

- 1 For three months of the year is a season of the spring
When all the birds begin to sing
Everything's bright and new, spring lambs, trees budding too
It's like onto ourselves when just a child
- 2 Now the sun is on the sea and the wind is blowing free
The summertime is here in all its glory
In these month of gay life our cares are all unknown
It's like onto ourselves when we are young
- 3 Soon the moon will hide its light from the heavens in the night
Too fast these sunny days are fading
But there's beauty to be seen in these autumn leaves once
green, and the lives, like these leaves, are decaying