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The Green Grass

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The sun has gone down and the sky it looks red,
And down on my pillow where I lay my head
I lift up mine eyes for to see those stars shine
And the thought of my true love still runs in my mind.

The sap is gone down and the trees they will flaw
We 'll branch them all round, boys, and clap in the saw
We'll saw them asunder and tumble them down,
And then we will flaw them all on the cold ground.

Now flawing is over and haying draws near,
With our pitchforks and rakes, boys, likewise some strong beer,
We'll cut down our grass, boys, and carry it away
We will first call it green grass and then call it hay.

Now haying is over and harvest draws near,
We'll send to the alehouse to brew some strong beer,
We'll cut down our corn, boys, and roll it along,
We'll take it to the barn, boys, and keep it from harm.

Now harvest is over and winter's come on,
We'll jump into the barn, boys, and thresh out some corn
Our flails we will handle and boldly we 'll swing,
Till the very next morning that's now coming in.

When spring it comes on, there's a maid to her cow
There's a boy to his whip, and a man to his plough
Here's a health to our shepherds and carters all round
Here's a health to the jolly ploughman that ploughs up the ground.

flaw: strip off bark.

From English Country Songbook, Palmer