

Bert Jansch, The January Man

Oh the January man,
He walks the road in woollen coat
And boots of leather;
The February man still shakes the snow from off his hair
And blows his hands;
Oh 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
Watching the children dance away the day;
In June the man inside the man
Is young and wants to lend a hand,
And grins at each new colour.

And in July the man,
In cotton shirt, he sits and thinks
Of being idle;
The August man in thousands takes the road
To watch the sea and find the sun;
September man is standing near
To saddle up and leave the year,
And autumn is his bridle.

And the man of new October
Takes the reins, and early frost
Is on his shoulders;
The poor November man sees fire and rain and snow and mist
And a winter gale;
December man looks through the snow
To let eleven brothers know
They're all a little older.

And the January man
Comes round again in woollen clothes,
And boots of leather,
To take another turn and walk along the icy road
He knows so well;
Oh the January man is here
For starting each and every year
Along the road forever.