Jack in the Green

Jack in the Green

Now winter is over I'm happy to say
And we're all met again in our ribbons so gay
And we're all met again on the first day of spring
To go about dancing with Jack in the green
Jack in the green, Jack in the green
To go about dancing with Jack in the green

Now Jack in the green is a very strange man
Though he dies every autumn, he's born every spring
And every year on his birthday, we will dance through the streets
And in return Jack, he will ripen our wheat (as above)

With his mantle he'll cover the trees that are bare
And our gardens he'll trim with his jacket so fair
And our fields he will sow with the hairs on his head
And our grain it will ripen till old Jack is dead

Now the sun is half up and betokens the hour
That the children arrive with their garlands of flowers
So now let the music and dancing begin
And touch the young heart of young Jack in the Green

SOF