

Time to remember the poor

Now the win-ter is come with its cold chill-ing breath and the
leaves do fall off from the trees All
na - ture is touched with the fin - ger of death and the
streams do be - gin for to freeze When the
wan - ton young boys on the wa - ter will slide and the
frost o - ver - cov - ers the moor When with
health rich en - joy eve - ry - thing that is good that's the
time to re - mem - ber the poor

- 1 Now the winter is come with its cold chilling breath
And the leaves do fall off from the trees
All nature is touched with the finger of death
And the streams do begin for to freeze
When the wanton young boys on the water will slide
And the frost overcovers the moor
When with health rich enjoy everything that is good
That's the time to remember the poor
- 2 When the cold feathered snow does begin for to fall

And whiten the prospect around
When the hills and the dales are all buried in wreaths
That cover all over the ground
When green things are withered and gone out of sight
And the rivers are froze on the shore
When with health rich enjoy everything that is good
That's the time to remember the poor

3 When the poor harmless hare to the woods may be traced
by the print he has left in the snow
When our lips and our toes are turned blue with the frost
And the sportsman a shooting do go
When a poor Robin Redbreast approaches our cot
And icicles hang o'er the door
When the bright twinkling stars proclaim the cold night
That's the time to remember the poor

4 When the sea shall enlarge and the waters increase
And the rivers shall vehement grow
When the fish from their station obtain a release
And in danger the travellers go
When your journey is stayed by the wide swelling flood
And your bridges are useful no more
When with health rich enjoy everything that is good
That's the time to remember the poor

5 O the time draweth nigh when the seasons on Earth
All the world will agree with one voice
All nations unite to salute the blessed morn
And the ends of the Earth will rejoice
When death is deprived of his cold chilly sting
And the grave is a terror no more
When angels and men alleluja shall sing
Then the rich will lie down with the poor

John Taylor, Postbridge aged 85, Tune not recorded in Killerton Ms but can be found in the Rough Ms. Baring-Gould gives a second version which he says is closer to the broadside ballad..