

Come See the Boys Go Round

Come, see the boys go round
How sweet the music goes
Bring forth the plough to break the ground
Raise up the shining Rose

When Christmastide is gone and past
When fields lie stark and bare
Then let us brave the winter's blast
Without a fear or care
Without a fear or care my boys
Let each with one accord
Now dance the round on frozen ground
With ribbons, drum and sword

Come, see the boys go round &c

Now first of all comes Besom Bess
A-sweeping with her broom
To drive out winter's cold distress
To clear and make the room
To clear and make the room my boys
That we may sport and play
With swords that clash and brightly flash
Upon this holiday

Come, see the boys go round &c

Let Lord and Lady start the game
Let Tom Fool sing the song
That wakes those heroes of great fame
Who roll the year along
Who roll the year along my boys
For only they know how
The plough becomes the shining sword
The sword becomes the plough

Come, see the boys go round &c

Now enter in those heroes bold,
Those heroes of great fame
Their forefathers in days of old
Each bore a glorious name
Each bore a glorious name my boys
Likewise a shining blade
They leap and spin, the swords go in
And thus the Rose is made!

Come, see the boys go round &c