

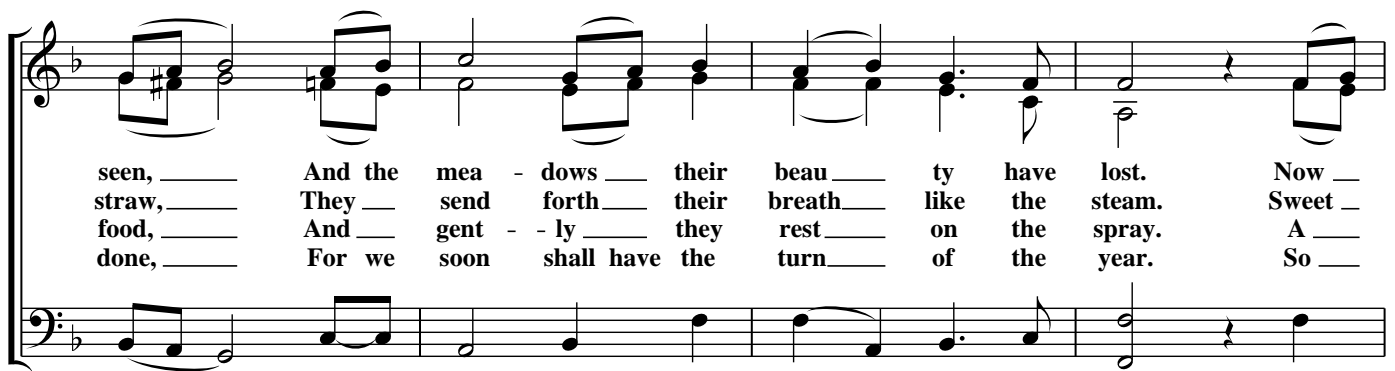
Copper's Christmas Song

The Trees Are All Bare

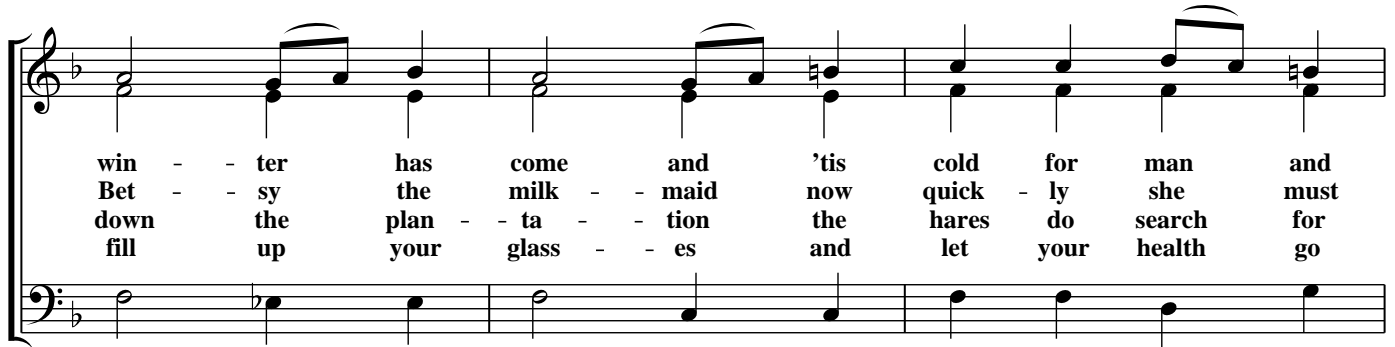
The Copper Family
Rottingdean, Sussex (traditional)



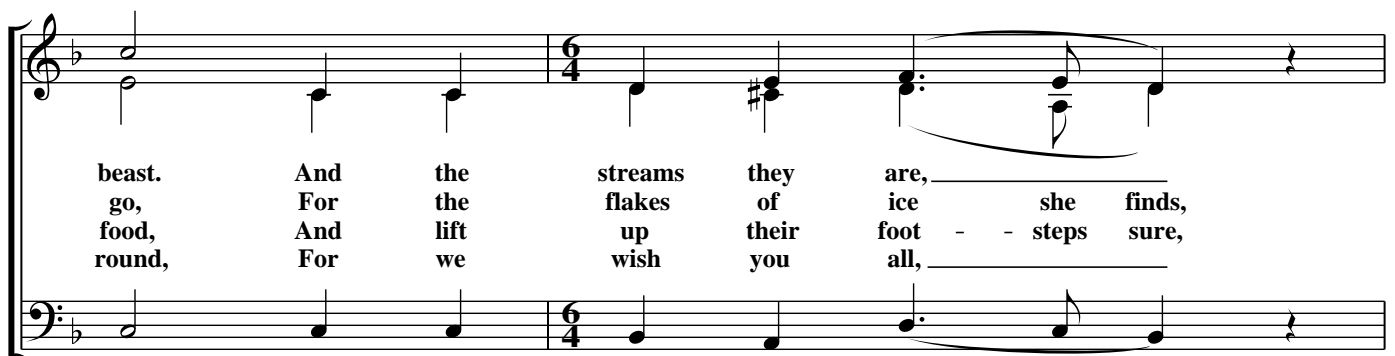
1. The trees are all bare, not a leaf to be
 2. 'Twas down in the farm - yard where the ox - en feed on
 3. 'Tis now all the small birds to the barn - door fly for
 4. Now Christ - mas is come and our song is al most



seen, And the mea - dows their beau ty have lost. Now
 straw, They send forth their breath like the steam. Sweet
 food, And gent - ly they rest on the spray. A
 done, For we soon shall have the turn of the year. So



win - - ter has come and 'tis cold for man and
 Bet - - sy the milk - - maid now quick - ly she must
 down the plan - - ta - - tion the hares do search for
 fill up your glass - - es and let your health go



beast. And the streams they are, she finds,
 go, And For the flakes of ice - - steps sure,
 food, And For the lift up their foot - - all,
 round, For we wish you you all,

And the streams they are all fast bound down with frost.
 For the flakes of ice she finds a - - float - ing on her cream.
 And lift up their foot - steps sure for fear they do be - tray.
 For we wish you all a joy - ful New Year.

The trees all are bare, not a leaf to be seen,
 And the meadows their beauty have lost.
 Now winter has come and 'tis cold for man and beast,
 And the streams they are,
 And the streams they are all fast bound down with frost.

'Twas down in the farmyard where the oxen feed on straw,
 They send forth their breath like the steam.
 Sweet Betsy the milkmaid now quickly she must go,
 For flakes of ice she finds,
 For flakes of ice she finds a-floating on her cream.

'Tis now all the small birds to the barn-door fly for food
 And gently they rest on the spray.
 A-down the plantation the hares do search for food,
 And lift up their footsteps sure,
 And lift up their footsteps sure for fear they do betray.

Now Christmas is come and our song is almost done
 For we soon shall have the turn of the year.
 So fill up your glasses and let your health go round,
 For we wish you all,
 For we wish you all a joyful New Year.

Roud Index 1170. Unknown outside of Sussex, although it appears to derive from 'Winter', a poem written by Thomas Brerewood of Horton, Cheshire (d. 1748). The few known traditional singers it was collected from include the the Downs shepherd, Michael Blann from Upper Beeding, whose MS songbook is in the Sussex Library; George Townshend of Lewes, Sussex who was recorded in the 1960s, a version of which is transcribed in Ken Stubbs book, "The Life of a Man"; and lastly by the Copper Family, who recorded it on their 1971 Leader Records 4-LP box set, "A Song for Every Season". This version is from Bob Copper's book of the same name, with the harmony parts based on Graham Pratt's setting in his book "Winter Songs in Harmony, Book Two: Carollers From Hell".