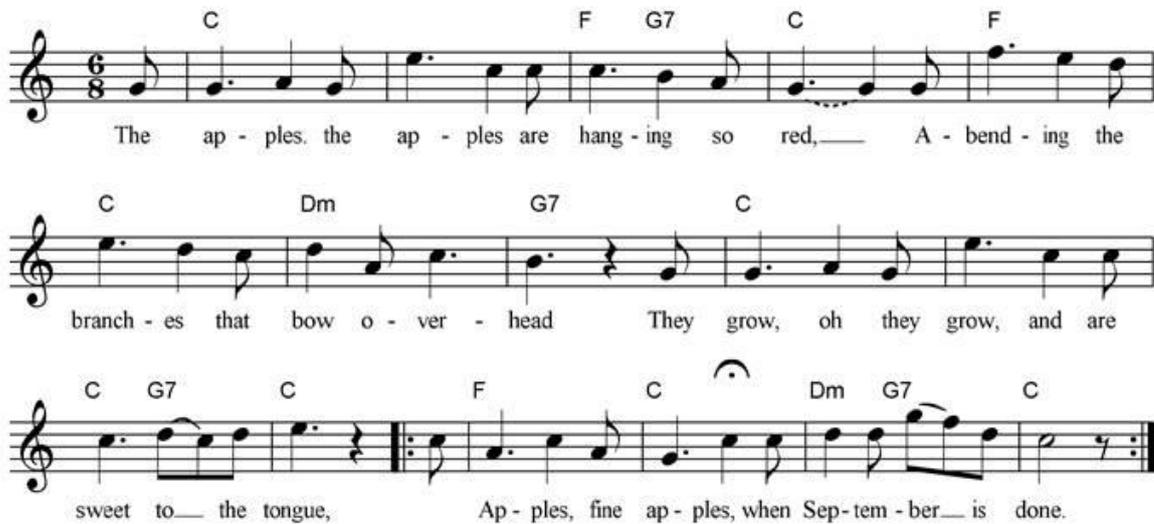


The posy rhyme

A calendar circle dance from Somerset. The daisy verse refers to an old Somerset saying, 'If you can put your foot on twelve daisies at once Spring has really come.' Adapted from 'The posy rhyme' has a verse for each season; here I have ordered it to fit in with the school calendar beginning with Autumn. Order it as you wish or just sing one verse for each season. The Spring / Daisy verse is here:

<https://studio.youtube.com/video/ZMCMGymRob8/edit?o=U> Published in 'The chime child' or 'Somerset singers' collected by Ruth L. Tongue. Music adapted by Dany Rosevear as the original tune was too difficult for my meagre talents; here you will find a simpler melody, more suited to the young. **Form a 'slow' circle 'with an in-and-out walking step and swinging of arms.'**



The ap - ples, the ap - ples are hang - ing so red, — A - bend - ing the
branch - es that bow o - ver - head They grow, oh they grow, and are
sweet to — the tongue, Ap - ples, fine ap - ples, when Sep - tem - ber — is done.

The apples, the apples, are hanging so red,
A-bending the branches that bow overhead,
They grow, oh they grow, and are sweet to the tongue
Apples, fine apples, when September is done.



The holly, the holly, a-shining in sight,
Its leaves they do glisten, its berries be bright,
It grows, oh it grows, at the ending of the year,
To cheer up our houses when Christmas is near.



The daisy, the daisy, she sits in the grass,
Where the little birds nest and the little lambs pass,
She grows, oh she grows, in a fine silver ring,
And when there are twelve, it is the sweet, sweet Spring.



The roses, the roses, they sit up above,
Where no one may pick them to give to their love,
They grow, oh they grow, all so pretty as ev'ryone knows
And sweetly they smell when Summer is at its close.

