

# Primrose Lane

<https://riverofsong.uk/>



*A song for the seasons.*

*Beside a railway line there is a long green lane we share with our neighbour. It is such a delight to stroll down with its many plants, both wild and garden escapees, each changing as the seasons pass. Often one plant prevails to inspire the lane's seasonal name. It is also a reminder of my teaching days taking my young charges on exciting nature walks down such lanes.*

*Words and music by Dany Rosevear.*

G D7 G D7 G

Come for a walk down Prim - rose Lane, It's Spring, it's Spring, it's Spring once a - gain.

C G D7 G D7 G

Daf - fo - dil - lies, blue - bells, ting - a - ling - a - ling! Each step a - long the lane makes my heart sing.  
All a - long the hedge - row new life's blos - som - ing, La - la, la - la, la, la, la, la, la.



Come for a walk down Primrose Lane.  
It's Spring, it's Spring, it's Spring once again.  
Daffodillies, bluebells, ting-a-ling-a-ling,  
All along the hedgerow new life blossoming,  
Each step along the lane makes my heart sing.  
*Lala, lala, la, la, la, la, la.*

Come for a walk down Honeysuckle Lane,  
It's Summer, it's Summer, it's Summer once again.  
Dog rose, foxglove, goldfinch on the wing,  
All along the hedgerow creatures buzz and skim,  
Each and every one makes my heart sing. *Lala...*

Come for a walk down Blackberry Lane,  
It's Autumn, it's Autumn, it's Autumn once again.  
Hazel cobs and fallen fruit, fungi in a ring,  
Leaves of many colours scattered by the wind,  
Each and every one makes my heart sing. *Lala...*

Come for a walk down Snowdrop Lane,  
It's Winter, it's Winter, it's Winter once again.  
Old man's beard and rose hips, a rich crab apple store,  
Sleeping in a leaf bed hedgehog gently snores,  
Waiting for the Spring to return once more. *Lala...*

