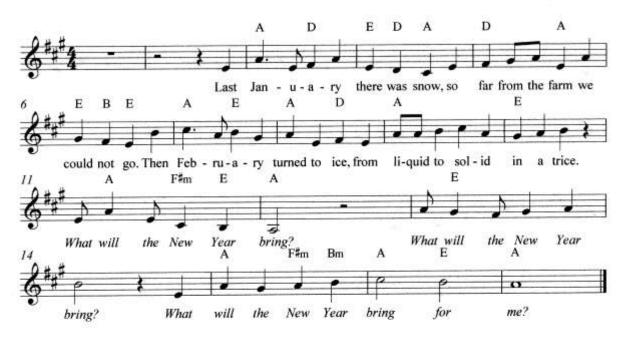
What Will the New Year Bring for Me?

Words and Music: Nigel Harbron



Last January there was snow, so far from the farm we could not go.

Then February turned to ice - from liquid to solid in a trice.

Ch: What will the New Year bring?
What will the New Year bring?
What will the New Year bring for me?

March brought drifts of snow so deep; we walked over walls in search of sheep. In April, snow-melt drowned the land, depositing layers of mud and sand.

May was a month we all enjoyed, with sun on our backs and our spirits buoyed. June was fair with skies of blue; the grass grew faster than the sheep could chew.

Then in July our son was born, appropriately at the point of dawn. But August saw my wife fall ill; in debt to neighbours for their goodwill.

September was the hospital run, with work on the farm too hastily done. In October we were together again, in time for gales and driving rain.

November brought more sad news, yet, with my dog on a one-way trip to the vet. December's gloom was all around, and nothing grew in the cold, cold ground.

January - 2010



Winters 'up north' in England are not what they used to be, but every now and then we are reminded of the past. This was certainly the case in January 2010 when even the River Eden began to look more like the Hudson River.

December - 2015



The bridge in the top picture is centre-left - I think.