

## THE RIPE AND BEARDED BARLEY (Trad. Arranged by Anna Tabbush)

Come out, it's now September  
The Hunter's Moon's begun  
And through the wheat and stubble  
We hear the frequent gun  
The leaves are fading yellow  
And burning into red  
While the ripe and bearded barley  
Is hangin' down its head

*All amongst the barley  
Who would not be blithe?  
When the ripe and bearded barley  
Is smilin' on the scythe*

Wheat is like a rich man  
He's sleek and well-to-do  
The Oats are like a pack of girls  
A lithe and dancing crew  
Rye is like a miser  
He's sulky, mean and small  
But the ripe and bearded barley  
Is Monarch of them all

Spring is like a young maid  
Who does not know her mind  
The Summer, he's a tyrant  
Of the most ungracious kind  
Autumn, he's an old friend  
Who pleaseth all he can  
He brings the bearded barley  
To glad the heart of men