

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