

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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All Among the Barley

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Now is come September, the hunter's moon begun
And through the wheaten stubble is heard the frequent gun
The leaves are pale and yellow, and kindling into red
And the ripe and bearded barley is hanging down its head

All among the barley, who would not be blithe
When the ripe and bearded barley is smiling on the scythe

The spring is like a young man who does not know his mind
The summer is a tyrant of most ungracious kind
The autumn's like an old friend, who loves one all she can
And she brings the bearded barley to glad the heart of man

The wheat is like a rich man, it's sleek and well-to-do
The oats are like a pack of girls, laughing and dancing too
The rye is like a miser, it's sulky, lean, and small
And the ripe and bearded barley is monarch of them all

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First heard this from either Deborah Sandler or Holly Tannen.
Got the words from Deborah, 1983. From the singing of the
Welsh group Swansea Jack. JN

JN