

All Among The Barley

Come out 'tis now September and the hunter's moon begun.
And through the wheaten stubble is heard a frequent gun.
The leaves are pale and yellow and kindling into red.
And the ripe and bearded barley is hanging down its head.

Chorus

**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 girl who does not know her mind.
The summer is a tyrant of most ungracious kind.
But, the autumn is an old friend, who loves us best he can.
And he brings the bearded barley to glad the heart of man.

Chorus

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

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