The Reapermen (A Simple Farming Song)

Words and Music: Andrixos Seljukroctonis (same tune as Song of the Hirth Banner

So Hearken ye Reapermen, the rich grainfields call. Catch now each wheat stalk as in straight rows they fall.

Hone ye your sharp scythe, the harvest's at hand. And mark ye the bounty of our rich fertile land.

Hearken ye Reapermen, the rich grainfields call.
Catch now each wheat stalk as in straight rows they fall.
Hone ye your sharp scythes, the harvest's at hand.
And mark ye the bounty of our rich fertile land.

1 Gather in east field, which father first plowed.
The hiss of our sickles was constant and loud.
Remember his lessons, lest memories fade.
'Twas there that we first learned our harvester's trade.

2 Head to the north field, its acres so cold.
Hurry to harvest, 'ere winter takes hold.
Newest of grainyards in our bounteous stead.
We'll make it to spring eating fine northern bread.

3 Turn now the grain knives to our rich stand out west.
Feasting after famine fulfills us the best
Each year a fresh harvest will strengthen the field,
By rotating the crops there we triple our yield.

4 The winter wheat ripens in the land of the south
Tended with care by the Great River's mouth.
Hasten to harvest, lest you're caught in the flood.
It's hard to cut wheat when you're knee-deep in mud.

Friends, what have we done to be reapers of grain?
Why are we masters of the bountiful plain?
By planting and weeding and guiding the plow,
Our work through the seasons brings rich harvest now.

Note: The first four verses are sung in rotation.
>From mid-March through mid-August, the order is 1234.
>From mid-August through mid September, the order is 2341.
>From mid September through mid-February, the order is 3412.
>From mid-February through mid-March, the order is 4123.

Rule Number One: As the author of this work does not wish this piece sung from a lyrics-sheet, please do not print it in a font larger than 10 point. Please ensure that this statement accompanies all copies of these lyrics that you make