

## Cornucopia

Jethro Tull

The barley grows and ripened, feeds  
The hungry souls who toil and sweat  
They gather to give thanks and praise  
For wealth and peace, repay the debt

I make for them a bounty  
To reward the pains of honest men  
Ask only for their loyal faith  
In planting seeds to sprout again

My sister joins the happy throng  
To dance and sing with all who care  
To lie with her in soft repose  
Gold diadem in golden hair

Summer sounds of combine wheezing  
On the top fields, by the lane  
Which winds down rutted tracks to sleepy  
Barns, the dryer for the grain

Farmer eyes fixed on the headlands  
Dazzled by the dipping sun  
Which lights the corners of her eyes  
The farmer's wife, we lie as one